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SOME ENGLISH STATESMEN

BY

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AUTHOR OF "WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF ROOSEVELT" AND "THE REAL KAISER"

IN any review of the men who are piloting England through her present unexampled difficulties, it is inevitable that one should begin with the Prime Minister. But I must own to a certain diffidence in doing so. I do not know Mr. Asquith; I have never exchanged a word with him. I have, however, heard and read a great many of his speeches; I have watched his career pretty closely from the time he was introduced into public life as one of Mr. Gladstone's discoveries; I have constantly sat above him in the House of Commons; and I have been moderately well placed for finding out what the average man, in and out of Parliament, says and thinks of him. The real Mr. Asquith may, of course, be very different from my outside estimate of him — one sees inevitably only the worst side of a public man in public. But, such as it is, it is at least unprejudiced and independent.

Asquith is one of those men whose successes never surprise those who know them best. From the moment he entered his teens, he has been not merely distinguished, but supreme among his contemporaries. As a boy he took all the school prizes. As a youth he won the blue riband of classical scholarship, the Balliol, became president of the Oxford Union,— the famous debating society of the University,— took a "double first," carried off the Craven scholarship, and so impressed his professors and fellow graduates, from Dr. Jowett downwards, that perhaps no man ever left Oxford amid so many or such confident predictions of a brilliant future.

He matured early, and a character sketch of him in those Oxford years would probably need little modification in detail and none at all in essentials to-day. A companionable youth among his chosen associates, but at no pains to be popular or ingratiating outside his own circle; a hard reader, and nothing of an athlete, with few recreations beyond whist, chess, and talk; a lucid, confident, somewhat arrogant, but undeniably effective debater at the Union; one whom a few swore by and many, perhaps, were more inclined to swear at, but of whose ability, directness, strength of character, and dry, triumphant adequacy there could be no question — such was Asquith thirty-five years ago, and such, in the fundamentals of mind and temperament, he remains to-day.

Asquith a Self-Made Man

Asquith has made his own way in life. A Yorkshireman of Puritan stock, born in moderate circumstances, he started out with none of those advantages of family influences and connections and high social position that in England, more perhaps than in any other country, smooth the path of professional and political ambition. He had his full share of the ordinary anxieties and difficulties of the briefless barrister, and he alleviated them, as do most briefless barristers, by journalism and lecturing. It was during this period of trial and uncertainty, when he was still only five-and-twenty, with his career all to make, that he took a step which the Asquith of the popular imagination — the somewhat hard, self-centred embodiment of the sterner efficiencies — would never have taken: he married. One has to remember that. One has to remem-

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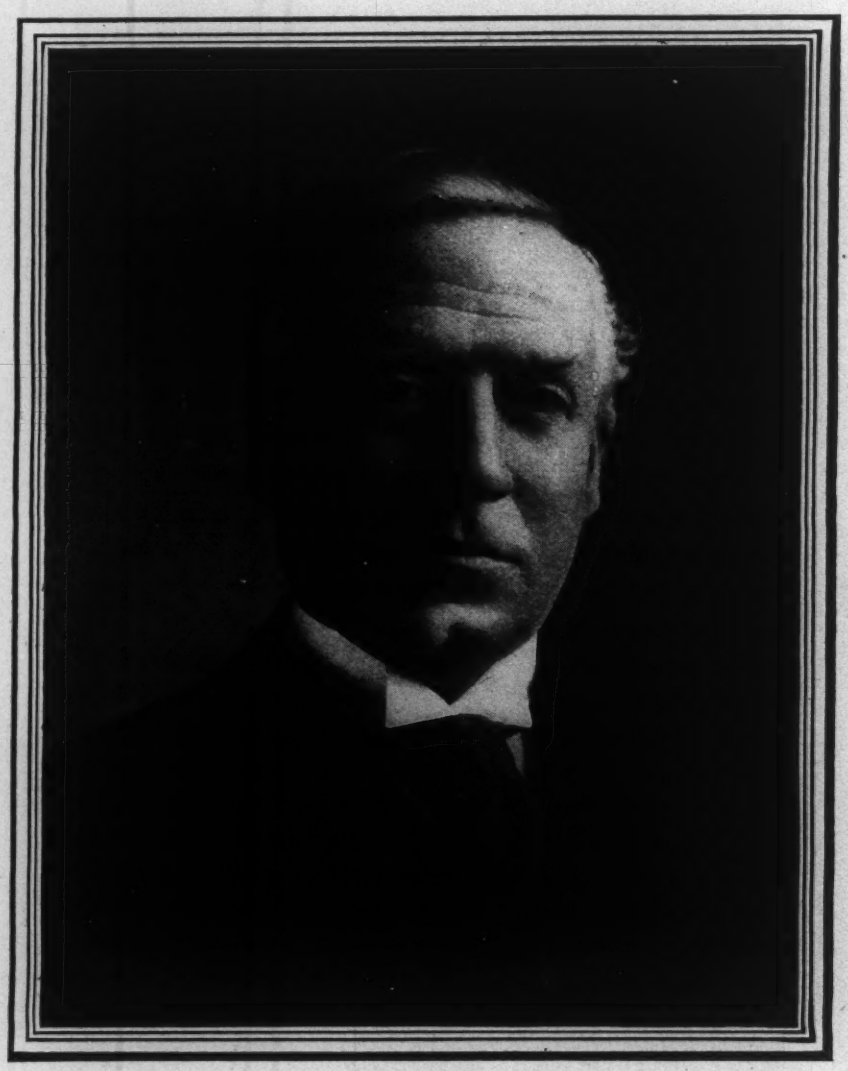
ber also that years afterwards he sought and won, as his second wife, Miss Margot Tennant, perhaps the most brilliant and the keenest-witted woman in the British Isles. And, further, one must bear in mind all the reports that reach one of his staunchness as a friend, his

at the age of thirty-four, entered Parliament. The British House of Commons, unlike the American House of Representatives, does not as a rule take kindly to lawyers, but Asquith gained its ear at once. It was not, however, as a politician, but as an advocate, that he first



RT. HON. HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH

PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND SINCE 1908 AND LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY. HE HAS GUIDED THE ENGLISH NATION THROUGH TWO GENERAL ELECTIONS AND A MOMENTOUS CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS WITH AN EFFICIENCY AND DETERMINATION THAT HAVE STAMPED HIM AS ONE OF THE FOREMOST OF LIVING ENGLISHMEN

pride in the achievements of his gifted son, his sociability and considerateness as a host and companion. Asquith, after all, is human. That softer, warmer, more emotional side of him is not non-existent merely because the outer world is rarely, if ever, allowed to see it.

It is a quarter of a century since Mr. Asquith, became something of a national figure. He unsuccessfully but very ably defended John Burns when he was arrested in connection with the Trafalgar Square riots of 1887 — the same John Burns who is now President of the Local Government Board in the Cabinet of which Mr. Asquith is the official head. Two years

later the famous Parnell Commission gave him his great chance. It fell to Mr. Asquith to cross-examine Mr. Macdonald, the manager of the *Times*. He did so with a masterly, merciless completeness that caught the popular fancy, was highly approved of by the profession, and put Mr. Asquith among the first flight of English lawyers.

Used His Powers for Reform as Home Secretary

From that moment his star rose rapidly. He began to figure in all the great cases, in society, and in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone conceived a warm regard and admiration for his qualities, and in 1892, when the Liberals returned to power, made him Home Secretary. He proved himself a strong, competent, and open-minded administrator; he met and solved three extremely troublesome questions with a firmness that lifted him at once altogether out of the ruck of time-serving politicians; and the freshness and vigor with which he stretched his official powers in the cause of social reform, in fighting sweating and overcrowding, and in protecting the health and industrial interests of the working classes, made him the idol of Labor and penetrated the national consciousness with a new sense of its social responsibilities.

In 1895, when the Conservatives came back into office, Mr. Asquith returned to his law practice, and for some years afterwards took only a casual, but always a prominent, part in politics. Throughout the Boer War he ranged himself with the Rosebery group of Liberals, and steadily supported his political opponents in a cause which he held to be above party. But it was not, I think, until Mr. Chamberlain, in 1903, launched his fiscal programme that the country took the full measure of Mr. Asquith's abilities. The controversy precisely suited his trenchant, lucid style. Eight years ago he was one of the very few Liberals — so long had the question slept, so little did any one expect to see it reopened — who really knew why they were Free-Traders. He at once took up Mr. Chamberlain's challenge, dogged his footsteps from town to town, and answered him speech for speech and point for point until it almost looked as if the issue would resolve itself into a gladiatorial combat between the two men.

Asquith's Rise to the Premiership

The great wave that in 1906 carried the Liberals to power in unprecedented force landed Mr. Asquith in the second highest post in the ministerial hierarchy, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Already it was clear that he was a predestined Premier. Within his own party he had no rival, no one who united as he did the range, the abilities, and the kind of hold upon the people that are essential qualifications for the highest office of all. When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman early in 1908 laid down the reins, King Edward merely interpreted the universal expectation of the party and the people in summoning Mr. Asquith to take them up. For the past three years, through two general elections and amid a momentous Constitutional crisis, he has guided the nation and the Empire with an efficiency, an authority, and a determination that have stamped him as one of the foremost of living Englishmen.

Asquith has in an abundant degree the combative qualities that a party leader must have to be successful. He is a first-class fighting man, always supremely sure of himself, never at a loss for an effective retort, never far below the top of his form, and able to bring all his guns into action at a moment's notice. For pungency, vigor, concise and clean-cut compression, and a wealth of sonorous and cogent diction, there is nobody in the House of Commons to equal him. However damaging the attack upon the Government, there is a cheer of perfect confidence from the Liberal ranks when Asquith gets up to answer it. The stocky figure of medium height, the strong, clean-shaven, fresh-complexioned face that belies the white hair above it, give out an instant impression of assurance. With few gestures, squarely confronting the Opposition, the Prime Minister begins to speak. There is no appeal to passion in what he says, no loose generalities, no attempt at rhetoric, nothing subtle or bewildering. The sentences roll out with a hammer-like precision; the points made are direct and unambiguous; the argument never wanders; the humor is of the plain knockdown British brand; the language is massive without being ornate and virile without being overstrained; one gets the effect of some perfect machine producing an almost effortless fusillade of logical, ordered dialectics.

How a Man Without Enthusiasms Leads Enthusiasts

I have, indeed, known Asquith to succeed, by a speech of pitiless, piled-up lucidity and compactness, in lashing his party into an enthusiasm such as even Mr. Gladstone could not always evoke. But the enthusiasm was wholly intellectual; the cheers were for the achievement, not for the man. For, while his speeches in their way are models of what public speaking

should be, they are not oratory. They lack the tone and color, the raptures and abandon and exaltations, of true oratory. Mr. Asquith always seems to know almost too well just what he is going to say and how he is going to say it. He never appears to be in the slightest danger of being carried out of himself. One could imagine him speaking equally well to no audience at all, or to an audience of broomsticks. The bloodless rigidity of excellence that runs through all his efforts seems to be independent of all spiritual communion between the speaker and those whom he is speaking to.

It would be, perhaps, unfair to say that the party of all the enthusiasms is led by the man with none. Mr. Asquith's Liberalism is not only a strongly held and closely reasoned creed: it is also an instinct, a vital part of the man himself, the sincerity of which is beyond question. At the same time, and by comparison with large sections of his party and with some of his principal lieutenants, the opinions, the manner, the whole bearing and attitude of the man have an air of almost piquant moderation and restraint. He is scrupulous of the dignities and traditions of his high office, of the decencies and amenities of Parliamentary debate, of the repute and decorum of public life; and of by no means all of his associates can as much be said. However much they may differ from his views and policies, all Englishmen are at one in feeling that the great succession of British Premiers suffers no deterioration in Mr. Asquith, and that his manliness, his impeccable honesty both of mind and character, and his great experience of affairs and his unfailing competence are assets, particularly in such critical times as these, of the first value to the State.

RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR
JUST AFTER MAKING HIS FAMOUS SPEECH IN WHICH HE SANCTIONED THE THROWING OUT OF THE BUDGET

But he is not a popular man. He has little of the "magnetism" that Americans prize so highly in their politicians. The insufficiency at which I have glanced in his speeches is equally noticeable in the man himself. Lord Rosebery has gone bail for it that Mr. Asquith has qualities of heart even more remarkable than his qualities of head, and those who know him intimately simply laugh at the notion that he is really as austere as he seems. But the average man remains slightly sceptical. He finds in Mr. Asquith a lack of expansiveness, one whose drawbridge is rarely down, whose amiable and appealing weaknesses, if he has any, are rarely visible. His political manner is not ingratiating. There is about him a warning air that fools will not be suffered gladly. Men accuse him of the superiority which is commonly associated with Oxford. They suspect that his inclination is to treat stupidity as a sort of crime. He holds himself almost too well in hand; he is barricaded almost too completely against the possibility of committing an indiscretion; he has measured his capabilities to a nicety that seems positively excessive; the monotony of his hard, high, and constant success is almost too metallic for human nature's daily food. Just as one misses in his oratory the touch and tone that would fuse and elevate the whole, so in the man one sighs, at times, for the glow and the mellow streak that would temper and relieve his unvarying self-continence.

Balfour Suspected of Caring Too Much About Blue China

Mr. Balfour, his principal antagonist and closest friend, and the leader of the Opposition

in the House of Commons, is a very different type of man. It is thirty-seven years since he entered Parliament. Even then he was a marked man. Not only was he Lord Salisbury's nephew, but he had made a reputation on his own account. It was not, to be sure, a reputation of the kind that every young man of six-and-twenty would care to have. Mr. Balfour was suspected of being something of a dandy and a good deal of a dilettante. Tales of the enormous hours he would lie in bed, of his passion for blue china, Burne-Jones, and golf, and of the various nicknames he had earned among the robust undergraduates of Cambridge, used to float about the lobbies of the House. His tall, willowy frame, and a face that was attractive but not strong, bore out his reputation. His manners seemed to confirm it. He lounged about on the benches with an air of the utmost nonchalance, his long legs crossed in front of him, his head resting on the back of the bench, his eyes peacefully surveying the ceiling. It was most difficult for the stolid British householder to detect the makings of a statesman beneath such a show of airy negligence. The House laughed at him and his languid ways. Few, if any, saw in him anything but an amiable and indolent aesthete who had strayed into politics by accident, who would soon tire of the game and bury himself once more among his books and china.

RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE
THE CHAMPION OF WALES, WHO HAS MADE THAT NATION FOR THE FIRST TIME POLITICALLY EFFECTIVE

Balfour was quick to master the parry and thrust of Parliamentary debate, and, as the nephew of a Prime Minister who never neglected the political interests of his relatives, he stepped almost as a matter of course into one of the minor Ministerial offices. But he had been in Parliament a dozen years or more before anything happened to make one think that a brilliant career was in store for him. His chance came in 1887. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was obliged by ill health to retire from the Irish Secretaryship, and Mr. Balfour was chosen as his successor. The appointment was one of the greatest surprises ever sprung in modern English politics. That this slim, delicate "philosopher" should essay the most difficult and engrossing office in the service of the British Crown, an office that had killed Mr. Forster and turned Sir George Trevelyan's hair white and broken down Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, seemed incredible to the point of laughter.

"Pretty Fanny" and the Irish Nationalists

It was a momentous day when Mr. Balfour took his seat on the front bench, among the derisive howls of the Irish Nationalists and the dubious encouragement of his friends. Lord Salisbury, however, had made no mistake. The mistake was made by the Irish members when they prophesied that "Pretty Fanny" would be either out of his office or in his grave in three months. They did their best to make good their threat, but they had yet to learn their man. Mr. Balfour met their jeers and insults and obstruction with a calm that was phenomenal. He never let himself be "drawn." They could make no headway against his unvarying good humor. An aristocrat to the finger-tips, he governed Ireland on the highly aristocratic principle of treating it as a nursery of ill-conditioned children, who had to be coerced into obedience; and in the House he simply smiled while the Irish members raged.

LLOYD-GEORGE IN HIS HOUSE AT CRICCIETH

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS LLOYD-GEORGE WAS AN OBSCURE LAWYER IN A SMALL WELSH COUNTRY TOWN: TO-DAY HE IS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, THE IDOL OF HIS COUNTRYMEN, AND ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL, IN SOME WAYS THE MOST POWERFUL, INFLUENCE IN BRITISH LIFE

Three months went by, and he had neither died nor resigned. On the contrary, he had ceased to be "Pretty Fanny." He was now the "base, bloody, and brutal Balfour," and history was ransacked for tyrants and oppressors to compare him with. All this passed by the Chief Secretary like the idle wind. His glacial indifference, his measured, stinging sarcasms, wore them down. It was in all ways a remarkable personal triumph, hailed both by the party and the country with almost exaggerated fervor. Balfour came out of it mentally hardened, physically made over, a new and vigorous man, saved by hard work. On the death of Mr. W. H.

Smith in 1891, his accession to the leadership of the House of Commons was undisputed. Eleven years later, when Lord Salisbury resigned at the time of King Edward's coronation, Mr. Balfour became leader of the whole Conservative party and Prime Minister of England.

His warmest admirers, I imagine, would hardly contend that Mr. Balfour has been as great a success as Prime Minister or as leader of the Conservative party as he was as Irish Secretary. He seems to be one of those men who need opposition to brace them. With his back to the wall, hemmed in by his foes, he displays the tenacity of a Scotchman and the guile and resourcefulness of an Irishman. But as the captain of an overpowering majority in the House of Commons he repeatedly made blunders that only the strength and discipline of his followers kept from being catastrophes. There is a strain of weakness or indifferentism, if not of petulance or fretfulness, in him somewhere that seems to warp his judgment and sap his fibre when the pressure of a hand-to-hand fight is removed. A past master in the art of conducting a defence or a retreat, he is flaccid and hesitating in attack. So long as he remains in politics the Conservatives can have no other leader. They know it and admit it. Yet I doubt whether any leader was ever regarded with such mingled despair and admiration, admiration for his parts and personality, despair for the lack of force and strenuousness and decision that at times goads his more militant followers almost into revolt.

Balfour Not a Man of Action

Within four years of his accession to the Premiership he allowed his party and his government to drift to the greatest electoral disaster that has been known in the annals of British politics. In 1909 he sanctioned, approved, and instigated the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Budget for the year, an action which precipitated the Constitutional crisis in which Great Britain is still desperately entangled. Since then there have been two General Elections, and in each one of them Mr. Balfour has been worsted. Lord Salisbury, indeed, if he were to return to earth, would hardly recognise in the broken, Protectionist, referendum-advocating, and purely opportunist party of to-day the mighty, triumphant, and steadfast host that he committed less than ten years ago to his nephew's charge.

It was Mr. Chamberlain's plunge into tariff reform that showed Mr. Balfour's defects most clearly. He was then Prime Minister. But he would neither embrace the new doctrine nor disavow it. He took refuge instead in a mist of subtleties and evasions through which no pursuer proved able to track him. He subordinated everything to gaining time and saving the party from irrevocable disruption. The consummate ingenuity with which he avoided every trap and every peril, baffled all inquiries, "cornered" the Opposition, and wrapped friend and foe alike in a fog of brilliant and bewildering sophistries, constituted a Parliamentary performance of the utmost dexterity. But it was not a performance of the kind that attracted the people. To them it seemed shifty, disingenuous, and feeble; and the tidal wave of condemnation which in 1906 overwhelmed Mr. Chamberlain's policy owed much of its impetus to Mr. Balfour's "tactics."

Even to-day, after eight years of the fiscal controversy, there is hardly an Englishman who could say with any confidence what Mr. Balfour's views are. The Protectionists of his own party do not really trust him. His pledge to submit a Tariff Reform Budget to a Referendum before it becomes law seems, to them, indeed, very much like shelving, or evading, responsibility for the whole question. The Liberal Free-Traders, on the other hand, still affect to believe that Mr. Balfour is a Free-Trader at heart and in his moments of unguarded instinct would talk Free Trade as naturally as Mr. Asquith. And the uncertainty is not due to any want of mental candor or of mental trenchancy in Mr. Balfour. His books show not only a keen and honest but a positive intellect. But it is an intellect of the kind that is most positive when it is most agnostic, and most trenchant when it is most concerned to justify an attitude of scepticism and doubt. Its range and acuteness and fertility find their freest field in the work of critical destruction. There are few settled questions for Mr. Balfour; his strongest intellectual conviction is, perhaps, a denial of the finality or permanence of anything. That subtle, supple, spacious, free-roving mind of his affirms little, analyses all things, and hardly finds a firm refuge anywhere.

A Statesman Should Not Think Too Much

For a leader in the hurly-burly of politics such a mental equipment as this is not always an advantage. Politics are for the one-idea'd men, or at any rate for the men with only one idea at a time. To the plain party man, pining for a clear lead, Mr. Balfour's refinements seem to smack of casuistry, and his hesitations, which are really the fruit of his scrupulous intellectual honesty, to argue an incurable vacillation. And if Mr. Balfour's cast of mind thus handicaps

him, so also does his temperament. He is not a pachyderm like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, nor has he anything of Mr. Gladstone's compelling and sustaining energy. His is the leisurely disposition that often goes with a quick-moving mind. Music, pictures, literature, philosophy, and golf compete for possession of him with the attractions of politics. Largely and unavoidably, the work of leadership is against the grain. The continuous, petty, chafing strain, the constant attendance at the House, the multitude of little details that have to be seen to,— and Mr. Balfour hates details and figures and minutiae of all kinds,— the necessity of listening to the cranks that find their way to Westminster — all this, to a man of Mr. Balfour's wide and delicate culture and extreme sensitiveness, must seem like a daily foretaste of the inferno. Hardly a winter comes around that he does not break down under it and take to his bed and a diet of hot gruel.

Balfour's Great Personal Popularity

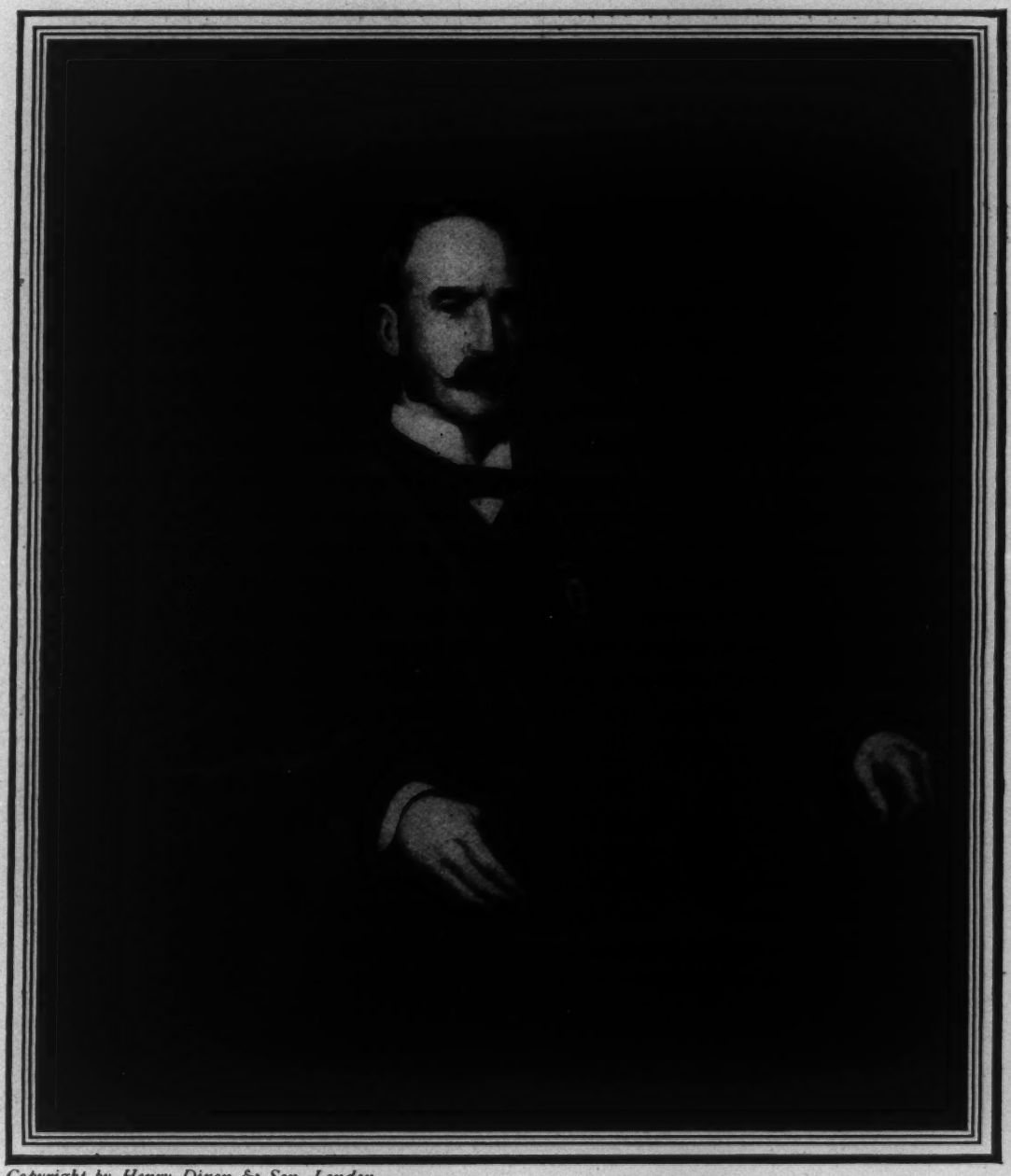
How is it, then, that he manages to retain his easy, indisputable ascendancy? Well, in the first place, the Conservatives have no one like him, no one who unites his social position and associations, his long and intimate experience of Parliamentary life and business, his noble gift of oratory, and his flashing, luminous, versatile mind. And, in the second place, the man himself, the extraordinary charm and sweetness and sympathy of his character, make him the most warmly liked member in the whole House. The House of Commons is not a body that gives its esteem or affections lightly. Mr. Balfour has won its regard by deserving it. The House is his natural sphere. He needs an audience that will catch the lightest shades and appreciate the most delicate turns to bring out all his powers. Then the quick play of humor and fancy, the exquisite retort that tickles while it demolishes, the strong, cool, persuasive reasoning, and at times the honest, irrepressible indignation, especially when a friend or colleague is unfairly attacked, make a matchless Parliamentary performance.

The country, while he has never roused, as other and lesser men have often roused, its passionate enthusiasm, yields to Mr. Balfour the respect and confidence that always go out to a public man who is transparently incapable of anything low or mean, and not only sets a high standard himself but makes others live up to it by the mere influence of atmosphere. But at Westminster he has endeared himself to both sides of the most critical Chamber in the world by a hundred bonds of real, personal affection. Mr. Gladstone loved him as a son. His perfect courtesy to opponents, those little touches of chivalry that count for so much in an excitable and disputatious assembly, his disdain for mere personalities and the instant elevation of tone that his disdain engenders, have done more even than his gifts of mind and speech to establish him in the first place in the sentiments not only of his own party but of the whole House. If he is not a great leader, he is an irresistible critic, a fine intellect, an engaging, even a fascinating, character, and a great gentleman.

The Wonderful Welshman

Two men could hardly differ more completely in opinions, upbringing, and instinctive ways of looking at things than do Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd-George. The former is an aristocrat, a Scotchman, a member by right of birth of the governing class, a man of wealth who has never had to work for a living, a product, and an exceptionally fine one, of the best education that Great Britain has to offer. The latter is a Welshman, born in humble circumstances, a "man of the people" in every sense, whose life has been a constant and triumphant battle, and who has picked up for himself such knowledge as he possesses of the things that no amount of contact with life can teach. Twenty-odd years ago an obscure lawyer in a small Welsh country town; to-day Chancellor of the Exchequer, the idol of his countrymen, and one of the most powerful, in some ways the most powerful, influence in British public life — the bare record of his career from the village green to Downing Street is enough by itself to arrest one's instantaneous attention and to proclaim a man far removed from the common run.

Though of old yeoman stock, Mr. Lloyd-George's father was for most of his life a schoolmaster, and only reverted to the soil when his health demanded an out-of-door existence. Dying while still a young man, he left his widow and two children almost wholly unprovided for, and Mr. Lloyd-George's earliest recollection is of his home and furniture being sold up. An uncle, who was the shoemaker and unsalaried Baptist preacher in a village in North Wales, took charge of the family, and it was there, in a district saturated with the history and romance of the country, that Lloyd-George grew up, a quick-witted, high-spirited lad, disciplined by severely straitened circumstances, speaking both the Welsh and English tongues, and an eager listener at the informal parliament of neighbors and peasants that foregathered in the cobbler's workshop, there to discuss theology and politics,— they go together in Wales, — the iniquities of landlordism, and the oppres-



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THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE

FROM A PAINTING DONE FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, AND NOW IN GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA

siveness of a social system that seemed to care so little for human life and happiness and so much for property and game.

The "Passionate Patriot" of Wales

Those early years have left an ineffaceable mark on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was then that he imbibed a spirit of passionate and poetic patriotism for Wales, and all that Wales contains of lonely lake and mist-clad mountain and rushing stream and ancient haunts of chivalry and romance. It was then that there was implanted in him a fiery and abiding sense of compassion for the disinherited, the "under dog," the millions who toil and ineffectively murmur. The iron of poverty entered into his soul, not to corrode it with unavailing bitterness, but to sting it with indignation and revolt. He was a born rebel. He is a

rebel still. There is perhaps no man in the British Isles to whom the smugness and conventions, the appalling contrasts and inequalities, the buttressed authorities and arrangements of life in Great Britain are more absolutely repugnant. There is no man in whom the religion of humanity is more incarnate.

Lloyd-George's Start in the Law

That admirable man, the shoemaker uncle, set aside the scanty savings of a lifetime to prepare his nephew for the law, and together they quarried out of old dictionaries and grammars and text-books the knowledge that enabled him to pass the necessary examinations. At sixteen he was duly articled to a firm of solicitors; at twenty-one he had qualified as a solicitor himself. The expense had completely drained his exchequer; he had not even the fifteen dollars to buy the robes without which he could not practise in court. But success was not long in coming. A case of a kind peculiarly calculated to appeal to Welsh sentiment — a case involving the right of a Nonconformist to be buried in the graveyard of the local Episcopal church — was brought to him, and his conduct of it made him the hero of the neighborhood. "Should the vicar," he told the village, "refuse to open the gates, then break down the wall which your subscriptions have built, force your way into the churchyard, reopen the grave, and bury the old man by his daughter." The advice was followed to the letter, and its legality was confirmed by the highest court in the realm.

In a few years Lloyd-George had built up one of the largest practices in North Wales. But the law never engrossed him. He joined debating societies; he plunged into the movement against the payment of tithes; he stumped the countryside on behalf of land reform and temperance; and, when the County Councils came into being, he roused the peasantry to shake off "the old feudal yoke of squirearchy," and was himself elected to the Council of Carnarvonshire. A new Wales was born in the stress of that campaign. The spirit of Welsh nationalism and Welsh democracy awoke once more; the old order of things, that permitted Wales to be represented in the Imperial Parliament by landlords and commercial magnates or imported carpet-baggers, who neither spoke the language of the people nor had the wit or knowledge to look after their special interests, was clearly breaking up, and it was as an impassioned advocate of Welsh patriotism and the common Welsh people, peasants and workingmen, that Mr. Lloyd-George in 1890 was elected to the House of Commons.

He Has Made the Welsh Effective in Politics

It is too much to say that Lloyd-George has made a nation. But it is not too much to say that he has made that nation for the first time politically effective and politically conscious of itself. He marshalled the Welsh forces in Parliament into a single whole, and led them with a vigor and brilliancy not surpassed by Parnell. He pressed forward Welsh claims and rights as they had never been pressed before and against both the chief English parties in turn; he withstood even Gladstone for the sake of Wales. Could he have had his way, a Welsh party, absolutely independent of any English connections, biassed in favor of the Liberals but by no means annexed to them, would have been evolved. As it was, he passed over from the tributary of Welsh nationalism to the broader stream of British Liberalism, without, however, parting with one jot of his localised patriotism. "Gallant little Wales" has in him the gallantest little champion she has yet produced. On all questions of domestic politics his voice is the voice of the Principality. He is as Welsh as O'Connell was Irish — more so, indeed, because he speaks the native tongue of the people. One would have to go back to the days of Owen Glendower to discover a leader who has won to an equal degree the enthusiasm that Mr. Lloyd-George commands among his warm-hearted and impressionable countrymen.

It took but a few years for Mr. Lloyd-George to stamp himself on the House of Commons as a master of Parliamentary strategy and a daring, brilliant, biting swashbuckler of debate, the only man, indeed, on the Liberal side who could stand up to Joseph Chamberlain and return him blow for blow undismayed. He had from the first the three indispensable qualifications for political success — courage, the incommunicable gift of seizing the occasion and attracting notice, and, lastly, an unwearied assiduity. And to these attributes he added a pervasive and irrepressible humor, passion, sincerity, the legal eye for a weak argument, the legal turn for fresh and luminous exposition, and a wholly Celtic touch of idealism, zealotry, and imagination.

The Boer War was the event that first brought him into really national prominence. He made himself the most intensely hated of all pro-Boers; he was mobbed more than once; it was only by desperate shifts that on one occasion he escaped being killed. But the English are not a resentful people, and they admire courage. When they think to-day of the war and Mr. Lloyd-George's part in it, they think

RT. HON. JOHN BURNS

THE FIRST WORKINGMAN TO REACH CABINET RANK IN ENGLAND. HE BEGAN LIFE AS A MACHINIST ON SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A WEEK. TO-DAY HE IS HEAD OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD

of a man who, however misguided, wrong-headed, and mischievous, had at any rate the supreme political courage to stake his career on his conscience. The ordeal of those exciting years did much to mature his powers, and hardly had the war ended than the Education Bill of 1902 gave him yet ampler scope for pungent attack. As a Welshman and as a Nonconformist it bitterly offended him, and he threw himself upon it with a dash and vehemence that thrilled his countrymen with something of the fervor of a religious revival. He organised the Principality into what was little less than a rebellion against the enforcement of the Act. When the Tariff Reform movement was launched, Mr. Lloyd-George found another opportunity to hand. He shared with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill the distinction of being the most effective and sparkling of all the upholders of Free Trade.

Lloyd-George "the Business Man of the Cabinet"

That was the close of the first stage of Lloyd-George's public career. The second opened in 1906, when, on the return of the Liberals to power, he became president of the Board of Trade. There were many who gasped when the fiery young Welshman, the consummate mob-orator whose name had become a synonym for all that was most tumultuous in politics, was entrusted with the care of British industry and commerce. His appointment was the last appointment "the City" would have thought of. Yet none turned out so supremely well. Among many successful Ministers, he proved the most successful. In two years he raised a comparatively minor office to the highest level of prominence and utility. He averted great industrial conflicts; he passed some bold and beneficent measures; he tackled and solved problems that his predecessors had found insoluble; he showed himself to be beyond comparison the business man of the Cabinet. When it was known that Mr. Lloyd-George had taken up a question, people ceased to worry about it. It grew to be almost an article of faith with the masses and in the world of business, that he could not fail.

From the presidency of the Board of Trade he passed to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. As such he devised the momentous Budget of 1909, with its heavy super-taxes, the capture of part of the "unearned increment" of land, and its swinging duties on licenses. As such he has made himself the supreme advocate of the "condition of the people" question and of all measures of social reform. As such, too, he has surpassed all his colleagues in the vehemence, almost the virulence, of his attacks upon the House of Lords. No man in Great Britain has anything like his following among the masses, or his power of handling them to the utmost limit of emotion.

The Representative of Newer England

There are at least six Lloyd-Georges. There is the Lloyd-George who lets himself go among his beloved Welsh hills with an exuberance of poetic and half-mystical declamation that makes the ordinary Englishman mutter something about the "Celtic temperament." There is the Lloyd-George, the Cabinet Minister, persuasive, polite, sagacious, pertinent, and conciliatory. There is the Lloyd-George, the administrator, composing disputes partly by his great tact and experience, partly by his almost instantaneous perception of what is essential as well as of what is possible, and partly by the reflex action of his open and winning personality upon those with whom he is dealing. There is the Lloyd-George who holds forth upon Liberalism and social miseries and the "idle rich" with restrained, semi-religious fervor. And there is the Lloyd-George, the often vulgar, the often ranting, but always conquering demagogue, who plays upon vast audiences with the touch of another Cleon, and seems to care as little whether the points he makes have reason, decency, justice on their side, so long as they are effective.

And, finally, there is Lloyd-George the man, the warm-hearted, practical idealist, frank, engaging, and generous, as outspoken, cheery, and approachable to-day as when he was still an unknown novice. There is a tremendous air of life about him. He has something of Mr. Roosevelt's tingling alertness and far more than the ex-President's stock of geniality. Though he always hits his hardest, he is utterly destitute of malice and pettiness. He belongs altogether to the democracy of talent. One simply cannot imagine him "putting on side" or cultivating the English habit of "condescension." No man is so little hampered by formulae, or looks facts straighter in the face, or has so great a capacity for growth. Not a widely read man, not much of a thinker, he makes up for all deficiencies of culture and intellect by the intensity of his feelings and a sound, hard-headed instinct for practicality.

The glow and zest and responsiveness of his nature, his candid, pouncing mind, the wholesome boyish streak that runs through all he says and does, the infectious freshness of his talk and outlook, his whole air of blithe com-

radeship, combine to make him, if not the greatest, at any rate the most remarkable personality in British politics to-day.

The Career of Lord Lansdowne

If Mr. Lloyd-George may be taken as representative of the newer England,— the England that judges men by what they are and do, and not by the non-essentials of birth or position or wealth,— Lord Lansdowne, the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, may stand equally well for a type of the older and more aristocratic England. Indeed, his whole career is a picture in little of the British system. It is a part of that system that men in ancient lineage and great possessions should look upon office as a birthright, should find the path to public activity and distinction thrown invitingly open to their footsteps, and should gradually have it recognised as something of a political axiom that they simply cannot be got rid of. Lord Lansdowne's record is a proof of how much experience and an early initiation into public life may do for even an average man, and of how important, how almost vital, it is in England to get the right start. There is no country I know of in which it is so difficult for a man to rise by his own exertions. On the other hand, and as a natural corollary, those who are born into a settled position in England, who inherit a title and an estate and the means to support both, have what is perhaps the easiest and most delightful existence to be met with in Europe.

Lord Lansdowne began with the supreme initial advantage of being the son of his father. It is an old and distinguished family that goes back to the Conquest and beyond. Losing his father in boyhood, Lord Landsowne came into the family titles,— there are some fourteen of them,— the family estates, about half a dozen in number, including the treasures of Bowood and Lansdowne House and 150,000 acres of land, and a seat in the House of Lords, on his twenty-first birthday. Three years later he added vastly to his wealth and his social influence by marrying the eldest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn.

With such a start failure is difficult. Lord Lansdowne had only to let it be known that he wanted an office for an office to be given him. In the Under-Secretaryships that were immediately provided for him he did nothing distinguished and nothing foolish. His first real test came when, in his thirty-eighth year, he went to Canada as Governor-General. Little is expected from a Governor-General beyond the capacity to appear to govern. Lord Lansdowne possessed that capacity, and knew how to adorn it. An excellent French scholar, he scored a great hit by addressing the French-Canadians in their native tongue and with a flawless Parisian accent. He put down Louis Riel's rebellion, was the first Governor-General to cross the Rockies on metals, and powerfully forwarded the settlement of the Canadian Fisheries question.

The Boer War Fiasco

From Canada he proceeded to the Viceroyalty of India. He proved an eminently safe, competent, and unexciting ruler of the great dependency. Returning home, he became Secretary for War, and as such had to bear the odium for the catastrophes and bunglings of the Boer War. A dozen years ago all England was clamoring for his Lordship's official head. It was proved by a deadly accumulation of evidence that, though he entered the War Office four years before Mr. Kruger's ultimatum, and had thus ample time to foresee and prepare, he did, if possible, less than nothing; that he was as blind as a mole to the signs of the coming crisis; that warnings the most earnest and emphatic filtered through him as through a sieve; that he disregarded the advice of his professional colleagues; that his policy, in short, was to let the morrow take care of itself, to slide as comfortably through the day's routine as might be, and leave everything to chance.

Such a failure in any other country would have been decisive. But, in strict accordance with the workings of the British system, Lord Lansdowne, having lamentably failed in one office, was immediately given another and better one. He became in 1900 Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and in that office he more than redeemed himself. He made, it is true, not a few mistakes. His handling of the Boxer difficulty was far inferior in humanity, foresight, and practicality to Mr. John Hay's, and he steered Great Britain straight into the Venezuelan mess of 1903 under circumstances that made every Englishman's ears tingle. On the other hand, he contributed effectively to the many influences that were making for an Anglo-French *entente*, and when confronted in 1901 with the alternative of a Russo-Japanese or an Anglo-Japanese alliance, he boldly elected to cut loose from tradition and to execute the most momentous curve in British policy of the past half century.

On Lord Salisbury's death in 1902, Lord Lansdowne succeeded to the leadership of the Conservative party in the House of Lords. As such he has had it in his power to reject any

measure sent up by the Liberal majority in the House of Commons during the past five years. With one exception, he has used his power with caution and discretion. But the rejection of the Budget in 1909 — a proceeding that Lord Salisbury would never have sanctioned — was a blunder the effects of which will be felt, have indeed already been felt, from top to bottom of the whole British Constitutional system.

In himself as in his career Lord Lansdowne is an excellent type of the great English seigneur. A prudent, polished, naturally dignified man, of cultivated tastes, fond of sport, with a lucid though in no ways a profound mind, of a reserved disposition that nothing has yet been known to ruffle, of a fine instinctive courtesy, always pertinent and pointed in his speeches, magnificently self-possessed, with the saving grace of humor, and altogether contemptuous of the arts of advertising — his right to a foremost place in that "governing class" which is now tottering to its fall is beyond impeachment. While not in the least a great man his abilities are thoroughly respectable, and for more than forty years, in spite of every inducement to a life of easy leisure, they have been placed, with hardly a thought of self, at the service of the State.

MR. ASQUITH, AT THE OPENING OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

Burns' History Proves that the World Moves Fast

Over against Lord Lansdowne, and in sharpest contrast to him, one may put the redoubtable figure of Mr. John Burns. Two decades ago England rang with the terror of his name. To-day moderate men give thanks that so steady and conservative a man should be at the head of the Local Government Board. He used to stand in the public mind for all that was incendiary, visionary, and revolutionary. To-day men look upon him as a firm brake on the runaway coach of Labor. He is the first workingman to reach Cabinet rank in England. For many years he was the idol of his class; he is now regarded by a large section of it with an almost venomous distrust.

The Labor M. P's in the House of Commons, indeed, tilt at no one as they tilt at John Burns. They fling his old speeches in his face; they brand him as a traitor; they fulminate with passionate extravagance against the conduct of his office. And John Burns meets them and handles them without gloves. He loves a fight. Nothing pleases him better than to fall upon some pet project of the Labor men and tear it to pieces. He is at his best when hitting the hardest, and, by a happy instinct for the picturesque, he always seems to reserve his most formidable blows for the members of the party from which he has graduated. He fairly stamps upon them. Confident, ruthless, supremely self-reliant, a master of the pithy phrase, and a born fighter, there are few men in the House or out of it who can hold their own with John Burns in the rough and tumble of debate.

His career has been one of storm and toil. He began life as a machinist on seventy-five cents a week, a fatherless boy with his mother dependent upon him. It must have been the Scotch blood in him that made him so passionate to educate himself. The passion has lasted. There are few men in England with a larger or a more thoroughly digested library on social and economic questions; there is no man in England who has studied the lives of the poor at such close range or with a more understanding sympathy. His little home in Battersea is a book-store from cellar to garret, and its owner has not only read but mastered its contents, and can draw on all he has gathered from it for instantaneous service.

Young Burns and His Red Flag

Even before he was twenty he had made himself known as a stump orator on Clapham

Common and a pungent letter-writer to the local papers. The economics of poverty, problems of housing, the workings of the poor law, the causes of unemployment, the organisation of industry — he took to such topics as readily as most boys of his age and class take to football and betting. His employers discharged him, not for slackness or inefficiency, but because they did not care to have a bitter, active propagandist of Socialism and discontent on their pay-rolls. Flung into the ranks of the unemployed and boycotted by the ring of engineering masters, Burns threw himself wholly into the work of agitation. In the '80's he made himself known all over London as the leader of the unemployed, "the man with the red flag." He was frequently arrested; he was once actually imprisoned; for all well-to-do people his name became synonymous with anarchy, riots, and spoliation.

A change began to come over John Burns when he was elected to the London Common Council. The agitator turned by degrees into the administrator. He was the only Labor representative on the Council, and his experience, sanity, and good humor quickly made themselves felt. He proved himself an indefatigable Councillor, inspecting and inquiring into everything on his own account, and securing reform after reform in the treatment and wages of the Council's employees, the conditions of its contracts, the provision of parks, drainage works, asylums, public control of the London street-car system, the erection of artisans' dwellings, and so on.

When he entered Parliament in 1892, he found the same sort of work waiting to be done on a far larger scale. He gained the ear of the House at once — first, because he never spoke without having something to say; secondly, because the breezy, vigorous confidence of the man, his sincerity and enthusiasm, made indifference impossible; and thirdly, because on many subjects he probably knew more at first hand than all the rest of the House put together. Everything that concerned the well-being and interests of the working classes found John Burns equipped at all points. A great deal of the social and industrial legislation of the past twenty years bears the mark of his influence, and you would have to search long and deep to come across another M. P. whose career has been so demonstrably useful and constructive.

With his snow-white hair, his large and deeply lined forehead, his great, brown, burning eyes, his square and sturdy figure, his head thrown massively back, his whole bearing suggestive of power and combat, John Burns is a striking figure as he rises to address the House or as he tramps up and down the Terrace outside with free and swinging stride. But to see him at his best you should see him some Saturday afternoon in one of the public parks, among his own people, giving and exchanging salutations, patting a youngster on the head, helping to fish out a ball that has fallen into the pond, showing a boy how to handle a cricket bat, skipping over the ropes with the girls, congratulating the mothers, jesting with the policemen — the very picture of zest, health, and jollity.

Burns the Biggest Product of the Working Classes

The workingmen know him and love him. They recognise in him the biggest man that their class in England has yet produced. And John Burns knows them and loves them in return, and uses both his knowledge and his affection to rebuke, chastise them, and shame them into elevating themselves. Himself a non-smoker and a total abstainer, he never shrinks from rubbing in his conviction that there is little the Government can do for the workingman compared with what the workingman can do for himself. No man has spoken out so strongly against drink and betting. No man has insisted more trenchantly that social and industrial reform must begin with the individual. It is there that he parts company with Keir Hardie and his followers. They are Socialists and look to the State for everything; while John Burns hates nothing so much as the thought of the English workingman becoming a prey to that policy of pauperising coddle which the Labor party holds out as the highest social ideal. John Burns wishes to see the workingman brave, upright, and, above all, independent. From the very first he has had the profoundest contempt for the charity-mongers and the vicarious philanthropists whose plan of spoon-feeding the unemployed ends, as he says, "in the demoralisation of the donors and the degradation of the recipients." Whether he or Keir Hardie really represents the English workingman of to-day is perhaps the greatest of the many anxious questions that the British people are now considering.

The Adventures of Miss Gregory

by Perceval Gibbon

The Governor of the Gaol

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

A DOOR of his house opened upon the graveled yard of the prison, and Alexander, the son of Nicholas,— Alexander Nicolaievitch,— temporary acting Governor of the Gaol, had no need to go farther than the step to oversee the arrival of the new batch of prisoners as they were herded in under the oil-lamps of the gateway. He had been prepared for them even before the telephone message from the police bureau had warned him that they were to come; for there had been noise in the streets since the morning, and it was a time when those who broke silence in Russia usually broke heads as well.

The lamps in the gateway were bright in the early frost of the evening, and the doorstep upon which the Governor stood was within the circle of their illumination. The prisoners, some thirty of them, collected at a street corner in an indiscriminate charge by the police and soldiers, had a view of him as they were guided into the yard; their restless eyes took him in with the spike-crowned stone walls and all the hard formality of the prison. They saw him as a tall, burly figure in a gray uniform greatcoat, peaked cap, and boots; they had hardly time, perhaps, to note that his beard was as gray as his coat, or that the marks of rank upon his uniform showed that age was coming upon him without promotion. With more than thirty years of service behind him, Alexander Nicolaievitch was still a lieutenant, upon a lieutenant's pay, with no hope even of being confirmed in the post of Governor of the Gaol and so securing a provision for his old age.

From his place on the doorstep, he looked down on the new prisoners with a stolid countenance. The last of them was in, and the warder on duty was closing the big gate behind them with a jar of iron bolts. Most of them were young men of the student and clerk types; but there were also two or three women. The Governor noted that one of these leaned upon the arm of a friend and sobbed quietly, but without ceasing, her free hand covering her face, while the woman who supported her stood patiently at her side, and let her weep without seeking to suppress her. It was this last upon whom the Governor's gaze dwelt finally — a short, sturdy woman, not much younger than himself, who alone, of that nervous, uneasy throng, seemed entirely at her ease. Her smooth gray hair swept back from a strong, cheerful face, and she looked about her with a quiet watchfulness, as if she were preparing to deal firmly with her environment. There was nothing in her of the strained alertness that characterized the others; she was serene, critical, a figure of force.

"The police will send the papers to-morrow." The sergeant who spoke nodded confidentially at the Governor.

"Very well," he answered. It was a frequent irregularity of those unquiet times, when the mechanism of government was adapted at a moment's notice to new and strange uses. "Take them in," he ordered.

"Forward, there!" shouted the sergeant; and the police began to bustle the prisoners toward the door of the prison building, where, for lack of cells to accommodate them, they were to pass the night in the corridor. The crowd of them, that had come quickly enough through

the streets under guard, seemed to discover a reluctance to pass definitely under lock and key; they shuffled and hung back, and the Governor heard their breathing, suddenly harsh and short.

"Get along, there!" shouted the sergeant, in a spasm of peremptory activity. "Drive them in, men. What are you waiting for? In with you!"

He was a gaunt man with high cheek-bones like a Chinaman, and furry red hair under his cap. He thrust roughly among the silent prisoners, and began to shove them forward by ones and twos, making a strange picture of violence by contrast with their unhappy passivity. His men did their part, and the throng of helpless men and women was set moving toward the open door. The weeping woman broke into a wail.

"Here!" cried the sergeant, reaching toward her. "If you want to squawl, go and squawl inside!"

He had her by the nape of the neck, and his shove nearly threw her on her face. Only the arm of her companion saved her from a fall. The gray-haired woman steadied her, and looked over her shoulder at the sergeant with a face of grim wrath, and spoke half a dozen words in some crisp tongue that the Governor did not understand.

"MISS GREGORY, RECOVERING HER FEET, HAD AN INSTANT'S VIEW OF THE GIRL'S FACE"

"On with you!" cried the sergeant, and would have laid hands upon them again. But the Governor, without moving, spoke a single word.

"Halt!" he said.

The word fetched the sergeant spinning round on his heel to face the grizzled officer. He stood as if in astonishment at the Governor's motionless figure and stolid face, and then, with a manner of pained resignation, saluted. Alexander Nicolaievitch had not spent more than thirty years with his regiment, to be misunderstood when he gave an order.

The gray-haired woman watched the sergeant's collapse, and permitted herself to give the Governor a little approving nod before she led her weeping companion after their fellows. The sergeant stared after them as they passed into the prison, and frowned in an effort of thought. He was to remain on duty in the gaol that night, and it occurred to him that he might find an opportunity to repay the snub that he had received, with interest.

The Governor smiled as the gray-haired woman and her companion passed from sight. He liked the agreeable presumption of the nod she had given him. He had known recruits in the regiment, raw mujiks new from the starved

lands, who treated the Colonel with that same genial equality till it was knocked out of them. He put her down, in his mind, for some decent woman from a village who had found herself in the crowd when the arrests were made — his mother had been such a one. He was still smiling reminiscently as he turned back into the house and entered the sitting-room, where he had left his wife when the arrival of the prisoners was announced to him.

His wife was seated at the desk which is part of the furniture of every Russian house, and looked up with puckered brows as he came in. She was a stout, gray woman who would have been placid and a little colorless but for the insistent worries that attend a life limited by a lieutenant's pay. When he went out, the pair of them had been at work upon accounts, and she had before her a sheaf of bills and an abacus, the contrivance of red and blue beads on a frame of wires with which the Russian helps out his arithmetic.

"All right?" she asked perfunctorily.

"Yes, all right," he answered, sitting down at the other side of the desk, with his cap on his knees. "Thirty-two prisoners — arrests on the street."

She heard him without attention; her eyes were on the papers before her. They had not been out of debt for twenty years; for even a Russian lieutenant, married and elderly, with no social credit to maintain, must preserve a certain decency of appearance upon a strictly inelastic scale of pay, and juggling with their accounts was one of their chief occupations.

"There's eighty roubles we ought to pay at once," she suggested. "I suppose ——"

Alexander Nicolaievitch shook his head. Varvara, his wife, stared at him a moment or two consideringly.

"Then we pay nothing this month?" she inquired.

"How can we? *You* know what money there is," answered her husband, for it was Varvara who kept the purse. "As Governor here, I am only paid quarterly, and it won't last the quarter."

Varvara drew the abacus toward her with her plump red hands, rough with a life of kitchen work.

"Then," she said, making it ready for a sum in addition,— "then you've no hope — no hope at all — of — of —— "

"Of what? Of being confirmed?" Alexander Nicolaievitch laughed shortly. "Think, Varvara! The chief has five daughters, all married — five sons-in-law to provide for! Why, the thing's as good as settled. I might as well hope to be a general — a minister — as Governor here. No; it'll last a couple of months, and that's something, you know. And then — back to the regiment."

"It'll last," said Varvara, with bitter conviction, "as long as this trouble lasts and there are dangerous men to be put in prison. When it's safe again, they'll send you off."

"It may be that," agreed her husband.

Varvara sighed. The temporary post as Governor of the Gaol represented the nearest approach they had ever made to prosperity. It carried with it a comfortable home, servants, a sufficient salary, and some consideration in the town. It was hard to reach it only to lose it, after precarious years in garrisons, with gold braid and authority to decorate their lives, and the mean, pressing every-day lack of money to render it all empty and tasteless. She glanced at the paper of figures before her.

"Seventy-eight and sixty-six," she murmured, and began to slap the red and blue beads back and forth smartly. Her husband let his cap slide to the floor, and sat back, watching her. There was nothing for him to say; and when he thought of the future, reaching forward through dull days of routine to an old age of black want for them both, he could only shudder and be dumb.

Varvara was still clicking her beads when the red-haired sergeant entered and saluted. He had come to report that the prisoners were duly established and their names taken.

"All right," said the Governor.

The sergeant saluted again, but hesitated. He still wore his injured air, as of a man who does his duty under difficulties.

"There is one," he said, "a woman, who says —— "

"Yes; what is it?" Alexander Nicolaievitch demanded curtly.

"She says she is English," said the sergeant. "There is a student who interprets for her, and she says that she is English, and that to-morrow we — that is, your Excellency — will have to answer for keeping her in prison. She is very threatening."

"Is she?"

"Yes. And she demands to see your Excellency."

"She'll see me presently, when I make my inspection," answered the Governor. "And the woman who was weeping — is she all right?"

The sergeant shifted his feet uneasily. "She is still weeping," he admitted. "They say that she was struck by somebody — out there, in the crowd."

"Somebody will be flogged, if I lay hands on him," said the Governor, eyeing the man gloomily. He had all a soldier's dislike for police

methods. He nodded a dismissal, and the sergeant went, glad to take himself beyond the reach of further questions.

Varvara looked up from her calculations.

"If this Englishwoman makes trouble," she said, "they'll sacrifice you."

"Of course they will," agreed her husband, and stooped to raise his cap from the floor. It was time to make his visit to the gaol.

The woman who wept had come to rest at the far end of the corridor. Her gray-haired companion had steered her through the throng of prisoners and made her sit down upon her shawl, with her back against the wall. Here she crouched, and let her hand fall away from her face, so that those who were near could see that she was yet a girl, a meager, helpless thing, with one side of her face blackened and swollen as if some one had hit her with a bludgeon. As a matter of fact, it was a gun-butt, and the man who did it had hit her again — on the breast — so that now she could not find strength to stay her weeping. She lay back against the wall, crying helplessly. The prisoner who spoke English frowned at the sight, and spoke to her gray-haired friend.

"She is too feeble for all this," he said, in the clear, staccato tones of the educated Russian. He wore the uniform of a university student. "It is not a time for feeble people — no!"

The gray-haired woman was bending over the girl, with her handkerchief in her hand. She stood upright to reply to him.

"No," she agreed thoughtfully. "Feeble people are safe only in strong countries. That's the real trouble here, my friend. Now, do you think you could get me some water for her? That bruise ought to be bathed."

"I will try," said the student, and backed away through the people behind him.

The gray-haired woman sighed, and put her hands to her head in an endeavor to restore herself to some semblance of neatness. In the course of her travels — and she had traveled much — she had known experiences more alarming than the prospect of a night in prison, but few that had promised more of mere discomfort. The thirty-odd prisoners were settling down now, disposing themselves as best they could to spend the night on the stone floor; and already their breath made the narrow corridor oppressive. Some talked in low tones, and even laughed, and along their ranks there glowed the tips of cigarettes. She disliked the prospect of twelve or more hours without soap and water and oxygen, and she knew there would be weariness in rendering service to the hurt girl. Russia had got upon her nerves; it seemed to her that one could hardly touch its surface without discovering deeps of wrong and cruelty and pain. From her hotel in this dull provincial town of southern Russia she had gone out to the streets, drawn by the crowd below her windows, which seemed to hold out possibilities of interest. That there were also possibilities of danger was a fact Miss Gregory, author of the "Saharan Solitudes," was not likely to take into consideration.

"The most careful man I ever knew," she said once to her brother, when he addressed remonstrances to her on the subject of taking risks out of mere curiosity, "died of chloroform at his dentist's. So what's the use of bothering?"

In her fur cap and short fur-lined coat, she drifted with the crowd — just such a crowd as might gather in an English country town on a holiday evening. It moved aimlessly up and down the chief street; and now and again there was a little shouting, and once, at some distance from her, the cheerful noise of window-smashing. A student here and there attempted a speech, but failed to hold an audience; and a young man in ragged clothes, with a rapt, tormented face like a crazy angel, cleared a circle about him, and began, with tremendous gestures, to teach it a song. When the current of people had borne her past, she could still catch his high, rather hysterical voice, insisting again and again upon a single line of the song, and raving at the sheepish, staring people who would not take it up and sing it. It was very interesting, in its way, after Miss Gregory had got over a certain disappointment at the mildness and good nature of it; she felt she had a right to expect worse things of Russia in a season of general unrest. The student and the singer and the window-smashers gave her an impression of a nucleus, an insufficient leaven, of force and purpose striving in vain to overcome the inertia of an overpowering mass of dull and unappreciative people.

She was close to the corner of the street, and it was in her mind to turn and leave it all, when the surprise came. She was hemmed in among people, and could see only those next to her, so it came with no warning. A loud, harsh voice rasped some brief words that had the sound of an order, and on the heels of it there was a moment of astonished silence. Then the moving crowd halted and swayed and broke, and there were cries and yelps of fear and anger, as blue-uniformed men with weapons came driving through, striking to right and left of them with the flat of short swords and with the butts of rifles. They broke through the alarmed, unready people like a pack of hounds through stiff grass, and men and women went down

before them under the impact of their rush and their blows. One of them charging along the pavement — a tall, red-headed fellow with the eyes and cheek-bones of a Chinaman — brushed Miss Gregory with his shoulder and sent her reeling against a wall. A girl near her uttered a little squeal of terror, and the soldier, thrusting toward her, heaved up his rifle and smashed her backward with the butt. The packed mass of people behind her kept her from falling to the ground, where she might have been safe from further injury, and he hewed at her again.

Miss Gregory, recovering her feet, had an instant's view of the girl's face, convulsed with pain and blindly uplifted; and then it was blotted from her as the steel-shod butt of the rifle beat it down. She screamed and ran forward; but the tall soldier had pushed on, and was busy a dozen paces away at a point where some students were grouped back to back and giving real trouble at last.

Miss Gregory raised the girl, a gasping sob of pain and terror, and applied herself to doing what little she could to restore and comfort her. There was nowhere to take her, and she could only hold her up against the wall and wait till the street should be cleared. *Then*, she promised herself, there should be a reckoning; people should learn what it cost to inconvenience and imperil the sister of Major-General Sir Howard Gregory of Addington Hall, Kent, the friend of ambassadors and ministers, the aunt of consuls-general. She would have somebody's head on a charger for this — she even noted the phrase for use at a later stage. In a moody magnificence of wrath, she stood apart, upholding the sobbing girl, and saw the thrusting, fleeing crowd dissolve into lonely little tragedies of swift grouping and violent dénouement. The wild-haired singer furnished one feverish incident. He came running down the road with a revolver in his hand, halting and swinging about to shoot at soldiers and policemen. Miss Gregory had a clear view of him as he came abreast of her, and saw, almost with awe, that the torment was gone from his face and it was radiant with glee and the joy of strife. Life had dealt niggardly with him hitherto, but now it was closing in a heaped-up opulence of sensation and action. For several minutes he was victorious and dangerous. The end came when he fired the last of his cartridges at a short, sturdy policeman, who ran at him and dodged spasmodically at the noise of the shot. The singer raised his revolver again, but it clicked uselessly. He dropped it, and as the policeman ran in on him with his short sword swung back for the thrust, he raised both arms heavenward in a sweeping

"THE SERGEANT'S RED HEAD WHACKED BACK AGAINST THE WALL FROM A RESOUNDING BUFFET IN THE FACE"

gesture of superb surrender, and met the sword-point with his breast.

"The fool!" said Miss Gregory, to reassure herself. But she said it without conviction.

Five minutes later she found she was a prisoner, one of a sorry crowd that were hurriedly marshaled between guards and ordered to march. She wanted to protest, to demand the immediate presence of some superior officer who could put matters right; but to no purpose. The tall, red-haired soldier who had struck down the girl was the only person there who appeared to have authority; and at the sound of her voice he came alongside of her, panting with his exertions, and so plainly willing to murder her that she swallowed her indignation and moved on in silence, with the girl hanging weakly on her arm and never ceasing her sobs.

"To-morrow, then!" said Miss Gregory. "To-morrow we'll have things looked into. And until then — it's always stuff for the book!"

Miss Gregory had in hand a book of travels, the fruit of her later wanderings, for which she had great hopes. It was to be poignant with real humanity, alive with character — a book to set a standard for future generations. The reflection that her book would gain by it could reconcile her to almost any mischance.

The English-speaking student contrived somehow to obtain a bowl of water, and aided her to bathe the girl's bruised and swollen cheek. The poor, flimsy creature had not courage to support the sting of the cold water on her sore skin, and cried aloud as they tried to help her. Thus it was that the Governor of the Gaol, making his visit of inspection, came close behind them and spoke before they had noticed his arrival.

The student rose to his feet; Miss Gregory, on her knees before the injured girl, merely looked up.

"Who is it, and what does he want?" she inquired of the student, and continued calmly to steep her handkerchief in the bowl and lay its wetness on the girl's face.

"It is — what you call — the Governor of this place," explained the student. "He asks what is wrong here."

"Oh, does he!" Miss Gregory gave a terse explanation for translation to the Governor. "And that's not all," she went on, when the student had finished interpreting. "This girl was hit first on the breast — with a gun. She ought to be seen by a doctor at once. I can't open her dress to examine her here, with all these men about. If they mean her to die, she shall die decently. Tell him that, please."

Alexander Nicolaievitch heard this interpreted to him, standing over the group of them massively. Then he put a question.

"He says, can she walk?" explained the student to Miss Gregory.

"Nobody carried her here," was the answer. "Where does he want her to walk to?"

"He says," explained the student,— when this had been translated to the Governor and replied to,— "he says, she shall come to his house and his wife shall see her. And he says — you go, too."

"It's a doctor she wants," retorted Miss Gregory ungraciously; but she rose, and helped the girl to her feet.

Alexander Nicolaievitch looked at her closely, for he was revising his original estimate of her position and origin. He knew, as a piece of general information, that the English were an unaccountable race, not to be judged by ordinary, reasonable standards; but he liked the contemptuous power of her fresh-colored face and the solid responsibility of the whole of her.

The red-haired sergeant was in attendance upon the Governor, and when they reached the spot where he was waiting, half way down the corridor, he stepped aside to let them pass. It may have been sheer accident that caused him, in so doing, to place the heel of his heavy boot upon the hand of a recumbent prisoner; but it crunched sickeningly, as if he had thought it out cleverly, and the prisoner bounded where he lay, and tore his hand away with a yell. The girl on Miss Gregory's arm shivered and shrank close to her. Miss Gregory, with eyes snapping sparks, halted. But there was no need for the words that came to her lips. From behind them there reached forward the long, gray-sleeved arm of Alexander Nicolaievitch, soldier and disciplinarian, and the sergeant's red head whacked back against the wall from a resounding buffet in the face.

The sergeant flamed, a flame that died in less than a second, for he was a drilled man with the fear of authority rooted in his marrow. He blinked dizzily, and then saluted with a mechanical movement. The Governor looked at his fist and then at the sergeant, and Miss Gregory smiled approvingly when she saw the unbroken seriousness of his face. He had struck shrewdly and on the instant; but he had not lost his temper.

Varvara, with the abacus still in her hands, looked up at them over her spectacles as they entered; but it needed little explanation from her husband to make clear to her that the girl needed attention. She gave herself to the matter with a kind of silent, efficient promptness that comes of living long years in garrisons; and in a very few minutes the girl was

lying on a bed, and Miss Gregory and the Governor's wife were trying to get into communication with each other across her mishandled body. It was fortunate that both knew a little German and neither knew much.

"It is a doctor she wants, then," agreed Varvara thoughtfully, when they had established this means of conversation.

"*Natürlich*," said Miss Gregory. "Of course."

She could not imagine what made Varvara hesitate; together they had uncovered injuries about the girl's body that made the plainest possible demands for skilled help.

"She — she has no money," remarked Varvara. She sighed, and turned away. "I will send for the doctor," she said.

"Oh, if *money* is necessary!" said Miss Gregory. She had plenty about her; she was equipped with pockets, like a man. She produced a couple of twenty-five-rouble notes and held them out.

Varvara looked at the long yellow notes curiously.

"That is too much for the doctor," she said. "Much too much! Five will be enough."

"Then give me change," said Miss Gregory.

"No," said Varvara. "Put that money back in your pocket till the doctor comes. I have not change enough in the house."

Miss Gregory did not quite understand. She restored the money to its pocket, as Varvara left the room, with the feeling that she had been quietly snubbed for some piece of ostentation, and it made her angry and uncomfortable. The sum, after all, was insignificant; and the woman had mentioned money, and hesitated. What was queer was that Varvara did not look in the least like a person who would grudge what she had to give, and Miss Gregory believed herself a judge of types. The true explanation flashed upon her only when the doctor had come, done his work, and was ready to go again, and it was time to pay him.

Varvara's messenger had summoned the first doctor he could find, a shabby little man with tired, red-rimmed eyes. He, too, was not able to muster change for a twenty-five-rouble note. He wanted six roubles for his fee and medicines, and he murmured apologetically as he patted himself all over, as if sounding for wealth concealed about his person, and smiled sadly.

"You can send me the change in the morning," suggested Miss Gregory. It was embarrassing to stand there and hold out the stiff symbol of money in that opulent way.

The doctor looked doubtful at this. He had understood Miss Gregory to be herself a prisoner, which meant that no one could tell from one hour to another what would happen to her.

Varvara sighed again. "I can manage six roubles," she said slowly. "I think I can manage six roubles."

She opened a drawer in a big wardrobe, and produced thence an iron cash-box with a formidable brass lock. She put it down on the foot of the bed while she fumbled for the key, and then wrestled awhile with the box before it would open. It seemed designed to keep a close enough guard on its contents; it resisted even its owner, clanking like a broken-down clock before its machinery surrendered and let Varvara raise the lid.

"I think I can manage it," she murmured, and turned the hoarded treasure out on the counterpane.

The doctor drew near to help her, and Miss Gregory leaned on the rail of the bed and watched them sorting half-roubles and twenty-kopeck pieces apart. The reluctant cash-box had seemed to imply title deeds, negotiable securities, and the like; but the little hoard of small coins was all it sheltered behind its formidable brass lock and steel bands. With the doctor's help, Varvara made up her six roubles, and had sixty kopecks over — about twenty-five cents. She paid the doctor, and proceeded to lock up what was left in that stern safe-deposit that would yield it up only to persuasion.

"Why!" thought Miss Gregory, aghast with enlightenment, as Varvara replaced the box in its drawer and locked the drawer. "Of course! What a pig I am! It's all she has; it's actually all the poor thing has!"

The discovery even made her a little timid when she had to meet Varvara's eyes again, and this was a new experience for Miss Gregory. That redoubted traveler in both the hemispheres was used to look all comers in the face and speak her mind in plain words; but the thought of her twenty-five-rouble notes and her posture in offering them made her hot all over. She was grateful that Varvara merely concerned herself with bringing her warm water to wash with and making her comfortable.

"When you are ready," she told Miss Gregory, "there will be coffee downstairs."

The doctor had given the injured girl an opiate, so there was nothing to allege as an excuse for refusing the coffee; and, incidentally, she found herself debarred from a project she had entertained of demanding her release from the Governor of the Gaol and promising him complicated trouble if he did not grant it. Everything considered, that line of action no longer appealed to her.

It was a spruce Miss Gregory who presented herself in the little salon below — a Miss Gregory not only restored by soap and water to the

outward proprieties, but a Miss Gregory with the complaisance and diamond-edged sweetness of a *grande dame* determined to capture the liking of her company. Alexander Nicolaievitch, with his fine, grizzled head showing manners; the fact that sixty kopecks in an infirm cash-box stood between them and nakedness was nothing to the point. And as to Miss Gregory, there ranged behind her a noble perspective of county families of assured social

"IT SEEMED DESIGNED TO KEEP A CLOSE ENOUGH GUARD ON ITS CONTENTS"

an unexpected reverend quality now that it was bare, rose and bowed; Varvara looked up from her tray, with a smile. They were all gentlefolk together, for the time; the morrow, with its looming police-court, was not glanced upon. All their lives the Governor and his wife had been of the class that is saluted and made way for — the class that invented fine prominence, of personality fortified by the unshaken esteem of her bankers. She met the bow of Alexander Nicolaievitch with just the right inclination, and gave Varvara back a smile more cordial than her own.

But, of course, something had to be done. Miss Gregory put the matter to Varvara, for the Governor had no word of any tongue but Russian.

"Do you think your husband could spare a messenger?" she asked. "You see, I mustn't put you to more trouble than I can help, and a note to the Chief of Police will put everything right."

"I will ask him," said Varvara. "But" — she glanced at a clock ticking upon the wall above Miss Gregory's head — "it is late for the Chief of Police."

It was just upon midnight.

"If only he gets it," said Miss Gregory, "really, he'll do what I want. Really he will, even if it puts him to the trouble of getting out of bed. *Wirklich* — really!"

But the best the Governor could do for her was to send her note off when the gaol guard was relieved in the morning. Till then he had no one who could leave the prison precincts — not even himself. There was a rule that he could not violate; he hoped Miss Gregory would understand.

Miss Gregory understood, of course. She gave him a nod and her best smile, as Varvara put it into halting German for her.

"But does the Chief of Police know you?" asked Varvara.

"I was out when he called at my hotel," answered Miss Gregory. "But he knows me. Oh, yes; he knows me."

She was willing to make the best of things, since she could not obtain her release; and when Miss Gregory chose, as she chose now, she could be a very agreeable companion. Alexander Nicolaievitch sat, perforce, outside the conversation, a massive and silent presence, rather splendid in his simple uniform; but Miss Gregory, as she warmed to conversation with Varvara, stole frequent glances at his good, capable gravity of countenance. After a while Varvara was telling her about the governorship of the gaol — how the temporary post had seemed to offer to them the means of closing their meager lives in security and comfort, and how that prospect had narrowed and faded.

"Still," said Varvara, "a soldier must be prepared for everything — *nicht?*"

Miss Gregory thought of her brother, the major-general at home in the spacious and ample comfort of Addington Hall, from whose sixty windows he could see no land but his own.

"Who gives this post?" she asked. "The Governor of the town, or who?"

"It is the Chief of Police," said Varvara. "But he is not our friend."

"Nor mine," said Miss Gregory thoughtfully. "Still —— "

She wrote the note that was to be despatched in the morning on the official paper that Alexander Nicolaievitch provided for her. She wrote it deliberately, in English. Let the Chief of Police find a translator, or take the consequences! She knew exactly how to touch him in the joints of his official armor. She made no threats, only demands; and offered him, for purposes of identification, the names of an Imperial Chancellor she had known in Paris, and the Minister of the Interior. It was a dignified piece of correspondence, with a sort of implicit ugliness of intention running through its formal phrasing, which she noted with satisfaction as she glanced it through before handing it to Alexander Nicolaievitch for despatch.

"If he comes before I am up," she said to Varvara, "he can wait. He won't object."

Varvara smiled meditatively, and translated to her husband.

"If he comes, he shall be told," said the Governor gravely.

It was not that they doubted Miss Gregory; neither of them was given to the habit of doubt. But they did not understand her lightsome way of dealing with potentates and dignitaries. There was something of pity in Varvara's gentleness as she conducted Miss Gregory to the bed that was prepared for her; she felt sorry to think of her wakening to a morning whose light would find her powerless in the hands of the system that had made her prisoner.

"Even if — if his Excellency does not come," she said, pausing in the doorway, as she went from the room, "you are rich enough to pay a fine."

"He will come," Miss Gregory assured her. "He'll come. You'll see."

She would have liked to think things over for a while in bed, and arrange the day's impressions for storage in her memory toward the book she was to write. The experience would enhance those pages, so rich with things felt and considered. But, once between the sheets, with a night-dress of Varvara's upon her, she found herself unexpectedly weary.

"I can go over it to-morrow, at the hotel," she decided, and resigned herself to sleep.

But twice, ere she lost herself in slumber, she cocked an ear at a faint clicking noise, as of some one beating a tattoo with his nails on the table in the salon below. She had not been long enough in Russia to recognize the sound of the abacus.

She woke to broad daylight filling the window behind a frost-tracery, and to the unobtrusive presence of Varvara with a tray upon which steamed a glass of straw-colored tea. As soon as she opened her eyes, she was aware that her hostess no longer pitied her; her whole manner testified to subdued respect and admiration.

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Gregory, taking the tea. "How pretty it looks, doesn't it, with

the lemon floating in it? Such a nice color to wake up to!"

"He is there," said Varvara solemnly. "He came at once. I told him he must wait, and he said: 'Certainly, certainly. Do not disturb her upon any account.' And he is waiting — as you said."

"That's right," answered Miss Gregory, sipping her tea comfortably. "But I hope he's not in your way."

"No," said Varvara. "No."

"Then I'll be down in half an hour or so, and talk to him. But how is the poor girl?"

mustached, and the broad fur collar of his coat rose about his ears as he shrugged his shoulders.

"The lady doesn't agree with you," said Alexander shortly. "Nor do I."

"She blames — me?" asked the Chief eagerly. "She is very angry, eh? But you have made her comfortable, it seems. She will listen to reason. Don't you think she will listen to reason?"

"She speaks no Russian. How can I tell?" replied Alexander Nicolaievitch.

"Well!" The Chief of Police gave him a sour look. "If there is trouble, you will not

"'YOU GOT MY NOTE?' SHE DEMANDED'

"She suffers," Varvara told her. "The doctor has been, but he cannot do much here."

"That reminds me," said Miss Gregory, "I owe you six roubles. We'll have her removed to a hospital to-day. And now I'll get up."

In the salon, it had fallen to Alexander Nicolaievitch to keep the Chief of Police company and render first aid to that official's agitated dignity. He had seen his reception of Miss Gregory's directions to wait, and had wondered at his nervous compliance; his intelligence was not alert in such affairs.

"But why didn't you send for me at once?" the great man queried. "This may be a very serious affair — and you are to blame."

He was a stout man, bald and black-

gain by it, my friend! Such stupidity! Such imbecility! Such incompetence!"

"I am not very competent at police work," agreed the elder man, returning his look. "It's a dirty trade, and I am a soldier. But I am competent to crop the ears of any man who calls me an imbecile."

The Chief of Police was not immediately ready with a reply to this suggestion, and conversation languished till the appearance of Miss Gregory brought them both to their feet, bowing.

She came in, with her hat already on her head. Varvara's spectacles looked over her shoulder. She gave her host a greeting of smiles, and then turned to where the Chief of Police was waiting to bubble over with apologies.

"You got my note?" she demanded.

"I came upon the instant," he answered eagerly. "Madame, I am shocked — distressed! I am anxious to offer you my sincerest apologies, my most —— "

Miss Gregory interrupted him. "No," she said, "don't trouble! If you are the responsible person, I can't accept apologies, and your explanations will have to be made elsewhere. You understand?"

He did understand, though unwillingly.

"But, Madame," he begged, "it is a mistake — a most horrible mistake — a mistake of subordinates who shall suffer for it. You should have been released instantly. I cannot comprehend why this officer did not do so at once. It shall be looked into, Madame. There shall be an inquiry, and you shall be satisfied."

He was willing to take any way out of the entanglement; his plump, sophisticated face was almost agonized. Behind him, Alexander Nicolaievitch, who did not understand a single word, stood in massive gravity.

"This officer," said Miss Gregory, "has treated me with all possible courtesy and consideration. I am — I am greatly in his debt. That shall be made very clear."

"Oh!" The Chief of Police halted, on a sudden thought. He glanced from one to another of them inquiringly. "That, at least, is satisfactory," he said slowly. "Will Madame permit that I speak to him for a moment? He speaks only Russian."

"As you please," said Miss Gregory stiffly.

Mild, plump Varvara had understood no more than her husband of this talk; she had waited placidly in the background, outside this arena of incomprehensible issues. But when the Chief of Police turned and addressed her husband, she thrust a little forward, to be within reach of his words.

The Chief of Police did not waste strategy on his subordinate.

"I was going to sign your appointment today," he said, "as Governor of the Gaol. You wanted it, eh?"

"Yes," said Alexander Nicolaievitch; and Varvara took a step nearer. "But ——"

"She says she is greatly obliged to you. If you speak to her she may hold her tongue. Will you?"

It was on the old officer's lips to say no — to tell the man that he might lie in the mud he had made. But he looked across at Varvara, and sighed. His day of fine impulsiveness was over; a heroic moment of refusal would have to be paid for by his wife as well as himself. The eyes of husband and wife met with a sort of shamed understanding and surrender to the compulsion of their poverty.

"Tell her, Varvara," he said.

Not the least interesting thing in Miss Gregory's memory of that transaction was the swift recovery of the Chief of Police. He had been crushed, flattened, reduced to limpness and pathos; but, even as he watched her face while Varvara made things clear to her, he showed signs of restoration. And when the explanation was over and Miss Gregory nodded acquiescingly, he was magically re-inflated.

"Ha!" he said strongly. "A dreadful affair; but it is something to see that Madame is none the worse. Still, the fools that arrested Madame — that sergeant, for instance ——"

"Yes," said Miss Gregory. "We can talk about him as we drive to my hotel."

Two minutes later, and the Governor of the Gaol and his wife had their house to themselves. They faced each other across the table in the salon, without speaking. Varvara was the first to move; she went to the desk and opened a drawer.

"What are you looking for?" asked Alexander Nicolaievitch.

"The abacus," she answered, producing it. "Now, sit down and attend to me. We shall be able to pay that eighty roubles, after all. Nine and twenty-seven and sixteen ——"

Sparks

by John Fleming Wilson

Illustrations by Henry Reuterdahl

THE last passenger had peered into the wireless room and curiously inquired what the news was. A deck steward silently switched off the promenade lights outside, and Bob Lytle took the receiver from his head and lit a cigarette. "The *Nome City* is down off Cape Blanco in a fog," he told me casually, "and the poor devil of a wireless man is asking the heavens whether the moon is shining anywhere on the Pacific. Honolulu joshed him a bit, but since they made the pursers on the Maxon boats learn wireless and fill both jobs, jokes don't get the appreciation they should."

I filched a smoke, and nodded. I had heard of the troubles of the pursers and freight clerks on the tramp sugar-steamers, who not only had to perspire over lading bills and manifests, but were expected to know two codes and how to repair an aërial as well. Lytle glanced at the clock, said, "This is the government's half hour," and rang the "stop bell" to the engineer in charge of the dynamo below. "Static is bad to-night," he vouchsafed.

"What's 'static'?" I demanded crossly. "I'm always hearing about it, and I've never discovered just what it is."

Lytle handed me the receiver. "Put that on," he told me. "Then you'll know as much as I do."

I pulled the hard metallic band over my crown, and instantly the sounds of the thrumming ship ceased. Instead of the throb of the screw and the gentle creaking of the rudder-chains, I heard the soft ζ-ζ-ζ-ζζ of the wireless, the unmistakable bee-like hum that calls across the leagues of the many seas. I caught a fragment of this aërial talk: " . . . boilers inspected and six tubes condemned . . . sails from navy-yard to-morrow at noon with full . . ." Lytle had slid the tuner-handle down, and another far-away buzz, rising out of the void, reported: "Steamer *Hornet* hundred and fifty miles off Arenas — all well." Again the tuner-handle slid round its short arc, and out of the fluid air came the sharp, curt ζ-ζ-ζ-ζ of a tug asking owners for orders about a log raft in tow off Flattery Light. Then — a furious explosion occurred in the upper air. The steady, business-like sending of a dozen operators was overridden by the cracking of a vast, faint artillery. A sharp slither of heard flame shot across the heavens, and Lytle grabbed the receiver as I flung it off. "That's static," he said calmly. "It won't hurt you, but it's unpleasant in the ears."

"What is it?" I demanded again.

"There are some thirty-odd systems of wireless," he remarked, "and all of them together haven't explained static. Sometimes ——" He paused, picked out another cigarette, and fell silent.

I stirred him up. "Sometimes what?" I demanded.

Lytle stared at the pilot-lamp, put the receiver over his head, listened a moment, took it off, and smiled faintly at me. "It's queer," he muttered. "I've been an operator ten years, and on a railroad wire for ten years before that. And I can't explain it!"

"Static?" I inquired.

"Who it was," he responded vaguely. "It must have been that woman."

I kept silent, and he went on: "You see, there are various ways of *receiving*. There's this system here, and then there's that system, and this one, besides my old one, the one I first learned. Look here." He disconnected the little metallic fixture that tied up his aërials, drew a small wire out of his pocket, inserted it between the aërial wires, and dropped some liquid out of a bottle into a little cup into which this new circuit-maker dipped. "Electrolytic," he said briefly. "Now listen."

I drew the receiver over my head once more. The ζ-ζ-ζ-ζ had brightened into a sharper, fainter

note. It seemed to me to come from infinite distances, clearly, plaintively, with none of the haste and rush I had observed before. Lytle nodded to my unspoken comment. "That way you can hear as far as there is ether," he told me. "And that's the beauty of that system. But it's too delicate for commercial work; one hears too much. I think sometimes that that was the matter with Harry Linn the time — the time, well, the time that static fixed him. He must have got into connection with something besides the ordinary waves. But it was all plain enough; he wasn't alone in hearing it. All of us, Birdie Crow on the *Rose City*, Stevie Patterson on the *Manchuria*, a half dozen of us, cut in and heard it.

"Harry used to work alongside of me in the Postal in San Francisco. Those days we were all boys together. I was fresh from the East, Harry came from Louisiana, and the others of us were everything, from cubs off the Santa Fé to experts who'd left the Associated Press for easier hours and routine work without so much typewriting. Then wireless arrived, and I quit my job, went back to New York, and got a position on one of the first vessels ever equipped. Six months later, out on the Atlantic, I heard Harry Linn; couldn't mistake his jerky, quick, snappy sending; seemed as if I heard his old familiar voice in my ear. So I knew that he was in wireless, too.

"Gradually we got track of each other, and, when a chance came to get back to the Coast, we came together and started in side by side in the little wireless station on Russian Hill in 'Frisco.

"You see, it was almost home to us, we'd worked and lived there so long. And Harry picked up with the same girl he'd traveled with before, a tall, gray-eyed person who worked a commercial wire in a downtown office. Her name was Lucille, and she carried herself pretty high and didn't have much to say to any of us. She was a good operator, too, though somewhat of a stammerer when she got excited. Mixed things up a bit and lost her speed. Ordinarily she was a steady, swinging operator, with a clean, rocking way of sending that sounded slow till you got used to it. Really, she had the oddest finger on the key I ever heard; and some of the boys used to say she sent to the tune of old waltzes. That was the impression it gave you — a sort of long, swaying, dreamy, flowing Morse that the boys used to listen to kind of thoughtfully at times. Harry Linn was in love with her. She had a mother sick abed in a flat out Sunset way; whether she was in love with Harry I'll leave to you.

"Harry had the split trick, left at noon, and came back at six to work with me till midnight. Then a chap named Gunderson took the morning trick. And mostly, when the clock marked twelve and I dragged off the ear-band and looked around, I'd see Lucille sitting on the bare bench across the room, waiting for Harry, her gray eyes half closed and her hands clasped in her lap. Harry would put on his coat and say, 'Ready, Lucille? Let's go and have a bite of supper, and then I'll put you on your car.'

"She'd nod sleepily, and sometimes she'd say she was really hungry; other times she'd shake her head and tell him she was too tired. It seems she worked nights now and then to make extra money for the sick mother. But she always turned up when Harry was about to quit, and from what he said I know they were to be married sometime. It was quite the regular thing, you understand, for us to see her leaning back against that bench, watching him through her half-shut eyes. We envied Harry, for she was a good, honest girl, and mighty fine-looking as well.

"One night I realized that Lucille hadn't been sitting on that bench for over a week. Harry plodded along till twelve o'clock, put on his coat, and stared out of the window at the bay below us. I remember asking, 'Where's Lucille?'

"Harry merely shook his head. 'I'm going East again,' he said, in a dry voice. 'I'll get my time to-morrow and pull out.' So I knew he and the girl had had a row.

"He disappeared, and I heard nothing more of him till Gunderson said, one night: 'Harry's on the *Mahala*. Was talking to him to-night.'

"Meanwhile I saw nothing of Lucille till, one midnight, I got up, switched off the dynamo, and looked around, to see her sitting on the bench just the same as ever. For a moment it didn't occur to me that months had passed since I'd last seen her there, and I said, 'Evening! Waiting for Harry?'

"She nodded slowly, and walked over to the board with a swaying, tired step. Her face was dead white, and I saw the scarlet of her lips open tremblingly. 'Where *is* Harry?' she asked me gently.

"Gunderson overheard, and blurted out, 'He's operator on the *Mahala*, running from Honolulu to the Coast. Was talking to him last week.'

"'What's his call?' she asked, still gently. Gunderson fussed for the code-book, and dug it out. '*Q2*,' he told her. 'That's it, *Q2*. Everything's workin' good to-night and you ought to be able to raise him. I was talkin' to Diamond Head an hour ago.'

"Lucille nodded slowly round at us, reached

up a tired hand, and switched in the dynamo. Then she nodded at me and sat down at the key, her long, slender fingers groping across the insulating-plate till they rested on the soft rubber knob we used then. The circuit broke with a crash, and I heard the *crack-crack-crack* as she called with all the power of our 5 KW machine, '*Q2, Q2.*'

"Gunderson and I sat back and let her alone. I see it yet — the woman sitting wearily by the board, the great purple flashes of the current lighting up her slightly bowed head as she flung it out with the old familiar, swaying, flowing Morse that we knew so well.

"Suddenly she stopped, took her fingers from the key, and drew the bright ear-band over her head, letting her hat fall to the floor. In the silence Gunderson and I saw her intent look, her eyes half closed, while she listened across the air for Harry's answer. How long she sat there I don't know. She got no response, for she switched in the dynamo again and called *Q2* — *Q2*, this time with a trace of her old stammer in it. She stopped and listened once more. This time, too, there was no answer, for she turned and said gently: 'He won't answer. He knows it's me. But I must make him understand.' She switched in the current, sat up a little straighter, and the forty thousand volts we carried fairly roared through the condensers and up into the air. I suppose she knew we wouldn't tell. Maybe she was desperate and didn't care. For she told the whole Pacific, in that unmistakable long, flowing, streaming stuff that she could send so fast, the private message she meant for Harry Linn. Gunderson and I sat there like stocks, half blinded by the dazzling splendor of the endless flashes, knowing that we were overhearing the one secret of a woman's life.

"Suddenly the light died into darkness, the sound ceased, and we heard a low sob, the rustle of skirts, and Lucille was gone.

"None of us ever spoke of that message, though I fancy that a hundred men in a hundred little cabins over two thousand miles of sea heard it. But Lucille was one of us, and we just let it go out into the high air. We didn't even try to find out whether Harry caught it. It wasn't a thing you could say anything about, you see. Yet I think we weren't surprised to hear that Lucille was dead. That was the background of all her attempt to talk to Harry — that she was dying and needed him.

"A year later I was on the *Hanalei*, plugging up and down the California coast, working a little 1 KW outfit. Harry Linn had left the *Mahala* and was on the big *Senator*. Several times I heard him, and once we passed the time of day. He said he was going to China. Next month I found he was on the *Peking;* then I lost track of him.

"I fancy that it was about a year afterward that I met him on Market Street, a fat shadow of himself. The boy looked to be all in; but the funny thing of it was, he was horribly fat. He seemed to be in a brown study, and woke up finally to tell me (I saw then that he had been drinking) that he had lost his only chance of being decent. 'I'm a scoundrel,' he told me, 'and I'm in hell; and I deserve it. Yes, I'm getting just what is coming to me. I turned the girl down when she was calling for me, and now she'll never call me again. Never any more'— Then he waddled away, a grotesque figure of misery. I remember thinking the fellow had gone off his chump. I didn't feel specially sorry for him, either, for he had played the cad.

"Two months later I took the wireless room on the *Santa Clara*, with a 3 KW machine and a fine weather radius of any old distance you like. The *Santa Clara* was running from Portland to San Pedro with passengers and freight, and making quick passages, with mighty little time in either port. And who should be back on the *Mahala*, running opposite to us, but Harry Linn.

"We did the usual friendly business, passed each other's messages along, peddled the news to each other, and generally picked up our old relations. But I noticed that Harry was attending to business too strictly. You know, where there's only one operator, he usually works certain hours and sleeps or loafs the rest of the time. Harry was always on the job. You could get *Q2* day or night, any hour or any minute. The other boys noticed this, and we got to talking about the way Harry kept awake. Once he picked up a poor, feeble S. O. S.* from a sinking tramp and handed it on to the Coast, and got commended in the papers. That was too much, and we fell on him; not that we didn't approve of his catching the S. O. S. and passing it on, but we thought he was trying to steal all the credit.

"I know it was a shame, the way we badgered that poor devil. The *Mahala's* run was a long one; it always carried a lot of passengers; and the best a wireless man could make of the job was none too good. But we never allowed the lad an hour's peace. There wasn't a minute that some of us weren't calling *Q2*, and asking some fool question or handing him stuff to pass on with his big machine. And he always cut in, at the first call, with his jerky, snappy, anxious key, a tone in a thousand. When did the man sleep? I don't know. The joke became too serious, and we dropped it.

*A signal of distress: "Save our ship."

"Then static grew troublesome. You see, it comes in streaks. Usually it's worse during the daylight, and fades off into nothing after midnight. But it comes in days, weeks, months, as well, when it has no business to. And all along the Coast, from Flattery to Loma, static got to be our bugbear and our bane. By degrees all of us learned that there was a distinct zone where we could never be sure of free air; static would break in and spoil the best of sending. Even my big 3 KW couldn't buck it sometimes. Business was almost at a standstill, and the companies were worried, and the experts fumed and fussed and experimented. Then the static changed into the oddest thing that ever made a hundred sleepy wireless operators go crazy with overwork and anxiety. From the usual cracks and explosions and thunderings and streaks of flamy sound, it dropped into a monotonous kind of sending that would tantalize you, and wake you up thoroughly, and drive you to shoving your tuner back and forth in an effort to catch it. I think it sounded more like the work of a beginner trying to manage a big machine than like anything else. Only nobody in the world had an outfit with one tenth the power of that static. It was a tremendous thing. It sounded like huge waves driven by an overpowering, slow force. Half the time we couldn't get any of it, the wave lengths were so terrific, with a million volts back of them. Then it would shorten up, and from Oregon out to Honolulu we'd all sit up and listen, trying to make out what — what — well, what IT was trying to say. Of course, it was *nobody*. Merely static electricity, magnetism of the earth, or of the universe, as some of the books tell you. But, I assure you, we all sat in our rooms and tuned up to it and listened, sure that something, some blind operator with all the voltage of the solar system, was driving some message into the air.

"You can see that none of us would have much to say about such a thing. I didn't, personally, care to mention the fact that I sat for hours and tried to tune my little 3 KW machine up to take from a million-kilowatt operator who was really only static and a scientific phenomenon. And I reckon nobody else felt any more talkative. But once in a while some government station would make a vague inquiry about a message 'too faint to hear.' Then one or two of the boys opened out and spoke about it. Finally we all confessed. But I don't recollect that any explanation was offered of this mysterious static.

"Then I was told to go North to take the key on a new boat sailing for my company out of Victoria, and who should I travel with but Harry Linn on the *Mabala*. He seemed glad to see me, and I moved right in with him. He was fatter than ever, whiter in the face, and with a ghastly nervousness that made him a mighty poor companion.

"That night I taxed him with being half mad. He confessed that it was the static that bothered him. 'I heard it every night,' he said, 'and I thought I had a delusion till I found you boys heard it, too. I felt better for a while. But now ——' The man stared at me out of crinkled, feverish eyes.

"'Now what?' I demanded, not liking his odd manner.

"'I've got a new way of receiving,' he said, with sudden eagerness. 'You see, the wavelengths of that — this static are too big for me — for any of our machines. They're prodigious. I've figured it all out, and I've just finished an apparatus that will tune me up to them so that I can take them.'

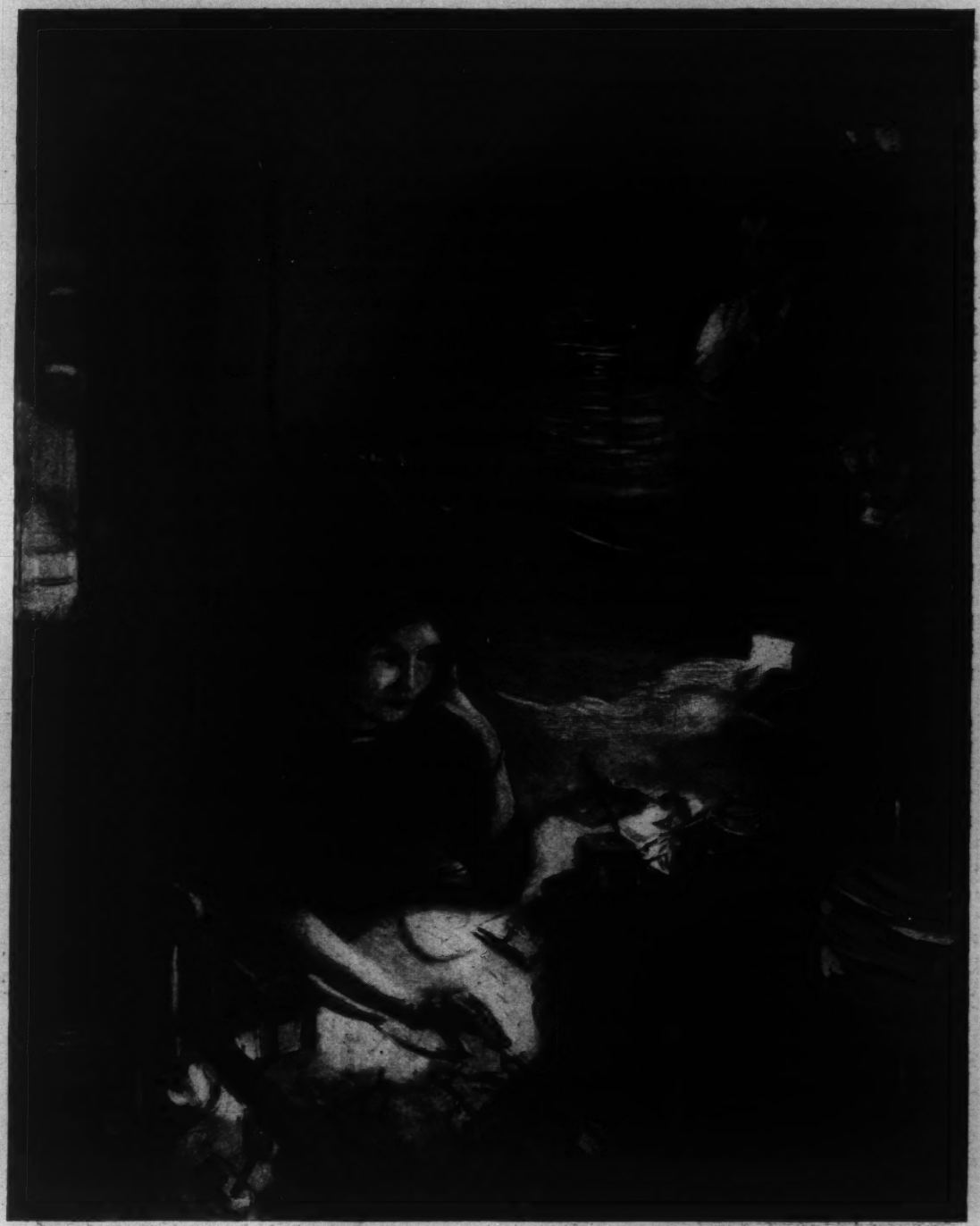
"'How long do you make 'em?' I asked carelessly, thinking he'd say so many hundred meters.

"'They are *years long*,' the man said, with perfect calmness. 'I've been working for months on this apparatus, and the shop in Los Angeles just finished it yesterday and sent it down to me. It's made after my own plans. Now I think I can take what static has to say.'

"'You don't mean to tell me you believe it is *somebody?*' I demanded.

"Linn smiled a queer, fleshy smile. 'I've been listening to it day and night for months,' he told me, pulling out a pair of light pliers. 'And I've a notion that it's somebody trying to talk to us. I thought once I got my call, but I made nothing out of it.' He bent over and connected up his new fixture, spending half an hour over the work. Then he sat down, with the ear-band over his head, and tuned up. I jumped when he said in a disgusted voice, 'There's that fool Manning on the old tub *Susie E* yelling to know whether the *Comet* has sailed from San Pedro. And he expects me to pass his message on because he's only got a one half KW and can't send over a hundred miles.' Linn rang for the dynamo, and began to repeat Manning's stuff, snapping his key down in his old quick, jerky style. I think the glare of the spark and the sulphur and phosphorus smell from the gap must have put me to sleep, for I remember nothing more till Linn shook me. I opened my eyes and looked up at him from the lounge. He was quivering with excitement. 'Say, Bob,' he was whispering, 'that tuner works! It's my call, too. And I can't take it! See what you can do.'

"I was sure the fellow was insane; but he was so deadly in earnest that I got up and took his



"SHE TOLD THE WHOLE PACIFIC, IN THAT FLOWING STUFF THAT SHE COULD SEND SO FAST, THE MESSAGE SHE MEANT FOR HARRY LINN"

place at the key. At first I heard nothing but the usual stuff — some poor freight clerk down the Mexican coast asking for information from the wharf about a shipment of coffee machinery. Then the static smothered it, and I caught the familiar sounds that had made me miserable for so many months. But this time it was somewhat different: it was a vague, far-away, huge buzz, with a 'kick-back' like an ordinary railroad instrument. Then the sweat stood out on my forehead. The slow, infinitely heavy and distant waves were calling *Q2 — Q2 — Q2*.

"My face must have showed my amazement, for Linn crawled over to me and whispered

huskily, 'Get the call, Bob? *Do you get the call?*' He broke into a sob, shaking like a jelly. 'It's calling me, Bob, and I can't take it.'

"I shoved him back on the couch with one hand, and tuned up a little. It came more distinctly, with a slow, rolling, dreamy note: *Q2* — *Q2* — *Q2*. Involuntarily I cut in and answered it. By the flashes of the helix spark I saw Linn's big face fixed on me. It was absolutely expressionless. When I cut out the dynamo again, I heard the slow, perfectly vivid, distinct . . . breathing, if you like . . . 'way up in the sky . . . something like a succession of faint, sighing sobs. It repeated the call, *Q2*, in Morse, and then went on, with that steady, rhythmic sending that I had always associated with but one person — Lucille:

"'*I've been calling you, Harry, so long, so long, to tell you that I didn't mean what I said, and for you to come back to me. . . . It killed me. . . . I need you, Harry.*'

"I took the band off my head when I had listened this far, and dragged Linn into the seat and jammed the receiver over his head. 'It sounds quite familiar,' I said, trying to be perfectly sane; 'but it's for you, not for me.'

"I sat on the edge of his lounge, and saw his eyes close, his head droop a little. For a full five minutes he sat there, listening to that — that 'static.' It seemed to me that I saw the fat flesh fade from his cheeks. I fancy that mysterious message (or was it a message, after all?) ended when he suddenly threw in the dynamo switch and his blind fingers caught the key. It roared out over my head in his jerky, snappy Morse:

"'*O. K. I'm coming.*

'*Q2.*'

"I managed to snap the switch off before he slipped down over the desk. When I had thrust him on the couch, I took the receiver myself and listened. But I heard nothing except a freight clerk on a sugar-boat calling San Luis Obispo. 'Was that static, or something doing?' he pleaded. I cut in. 'That was static, my son,' I told him. 'Go to bed and sleep it off.' From 'way up North I heard Birdie Crow delicately calling: '*Q2* — *Q2*. Why don't you answer your call, *Q2*?'

"I glanced over at Harry Linn, whose pallid face was turned to the wall for good. I answered Birdie:

"'*Took and O. K'd message.*

'*Q2.*'

"Then I rang down the dynamo; but, before I took the receiver from my ear, I heard some one far up the line say, 'Thank God that static has stopped.' Then the night's business proceeded, while I went to the bridge to explain to the *Mahala's* captain that his wireless operator was dead."

DAIMYO'S GARDENS

BY

WINIFRED WEBB

YOU say that I am sowing rue
Because my dream will not come true,
And this is how I answer you:

Shall I forget the one sweet dawn
I watched across a sweep of lawn
Where herons stood, all white and still,
Beside a slender winding rill;
Forget the little leaves, the glow
That only those in Nippon know;
Regret that hour so near divine
Because the garden was not mine?

O dawn that nevermore shall be,
O dawn I may not hope to see,
You two, alike, belong to me!

LOPEZ, THE CRIMINAL JAGUAR OF THE NEW YORK ZOO

CRITICAL MOMENTS WITH WILD ANIMALS

(SECOND PAPER)

BY

ELLEN VELVIN, F. Z. S.

AUTHOR OF "BEHIND THE SCENES WITH WILD ANIMALS," "WILD-ANIMAL CELEBRITIES," ETC.

WILD animals have their individual idiosyncrasies, and no two of a kind are ever exactly alike in their behavior. Study four lions, tigers, bears, or elephants, and you will find that each animal has its own way of doing things, its own moods, its own peculiar temperament.

Lions are, I think, peculiarly unlike one another in disposition. I have known sulky, morose lions who did not forget a real or fancied grievance; and I have known hasty, passionate lions who flared up at the least provocation, often without any provocation at all, but whose anger died away as quickly as the flame from a match, and who afterward seemed to have no recollection of having had any grievance. Some lions are dull, slow, phlegmatic, and stupid, too lazy to be roused by any little unusual incident. As an illustration of individual traits in lions, I think the following case is an interesting one.

Twin Lions of Opposite Disposition

On September 20, 1901, a lioness in Mundy's wild-animal show at Columbia, Tennessee, gave birth to twin cubs, who were named, respectively, Schley and Dewey. The cubs were healthy and vigorous, and grew up to be strong, good specimens. The proprietor, from the time of their birth, made great pets of them both, and continually spoke of them as absolutely "tame." He took me to their cage, one day, to prove to me how quiet and docile these lions were. In the romp that followed between the animals and the proprietor, Dewey, I thought, was occasionally a trifle rough. The proprietor went close to the bars of the cage, and the two full-grown lions put their huge paws through the bars, around his head and shoulders, and drew his face so close to the bars that only those who can really understand what a frightfully risky thing this was, can imagine what my feelings were. The young lions played with his head as if it were a ball; but, although the shoulders of his shirt were torn in the rough game, the man had no fear. He explained that they would never hurt him: he had reared them from cubs. But, as I watched Dewey, it seemed to me that more than once his wild nature leaped out through his eyes and asserted itself in his quickened movements, and that, had the master been inside the cage, Dewey might have seriously injured him.

But Schley was the most gentle, unemotional, and placid lion I have ever seen. Neither then nor later, under provoking circumstances, did I ever see him show any ill temper or surliness. When the helper was cleaning out his cage, one day, he let the long pole that he was using fall, hitting Schley — who was asleep in a corner — full on the nose, a very sensitive part. The man looked a trifle scared; but Schley only opened his eyes with a start, got up slowly, stretched himself, and then went over to the pole and sniffed it. After yawning heavily, he settled himself down in the same spot he was in before, rested his head comfortably on his huge paws, and went to sleep again.

This, in a lion, was remarkable conduct. But Schley has given even more remarkable evidences of his equanimity. When this show was at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, a street procession was given; and at the head of the procession, on the front seat of the proprietor's automobile, sat Schley, then a full-grown lion, with neither a chain nor a rope. He was perfectly free; there was nothing to prevent his getting down if he had wanted to; yet he rode in this manner, calm, dignified, and absolutely uninterested, through streets where more than fifty thousand people were assembled. Naturally, every precaution was taken. Two men, who sat behind him, never took their eyes off the lion, and they had orders, on the slightest sign of his growing restless or attempting to get down, to shoot him at once. Both carried pistols fully loaded.

A Lion that was Invited to Dinner

On another occasion, when the proprietor gave a press dinner, at the end of the meal Schley was allowed to walk into the dining-room, which he did in his usual sedate and placid manner. He looked around, actually got on the table, sniffed the bottles and a cigar, and then quietly got down and walked out again. There were many clever men and brave ones at that dinner, but no man there was ashamed to admit afterward that he felt a little easier in his mind when the late arrival had left the room.

It is generally acknowledged that a very quiet tiger — one that does not growl or snarl — is far more dangerous than one that is perpetually showing signs of ill temper. A snarling tiger gives warning; a quiet one will steal up behind its keeper or trainer, flat on its stomach, and, should the trainer turn round, it will stop dead and appear to be looking off into the distance! There is, for instance,— or was a few years ago, —a celebrated tiger purchased from the King of Oudh for the Zoölogical Gardens at Belle Vue, Manchester, England, who toward his keepers maintained a very quiet and docile demeanor. And yet, this was the great "Fighting Tiger," who was never happy unless he was fighting, and who always appeared relieved and refreshed after he had had an opportunity of almost killing another of his species.

Lopez, the Jaguar

Jaguars are more noted for their deceit, craftiness, and treachery than all the other treacherous members of the cat tribe. Slyness, stealth, and cunning are written in the quick, keen glances from their wicked eyes, in their soft, lightning-like movements, and, above all, in their moments of deadly quiet. The most deceitful of all his deceitful kind is Lopez, the well-known jaguar in the New York Zoölogical Park, who has been living there now for eight years. A well-grown, finely developed animal, he is noted for his beauty of form and coloring, his grace of movement, and his villainous personality.

From the first moment of his capture his savageness made the attendants watch his every

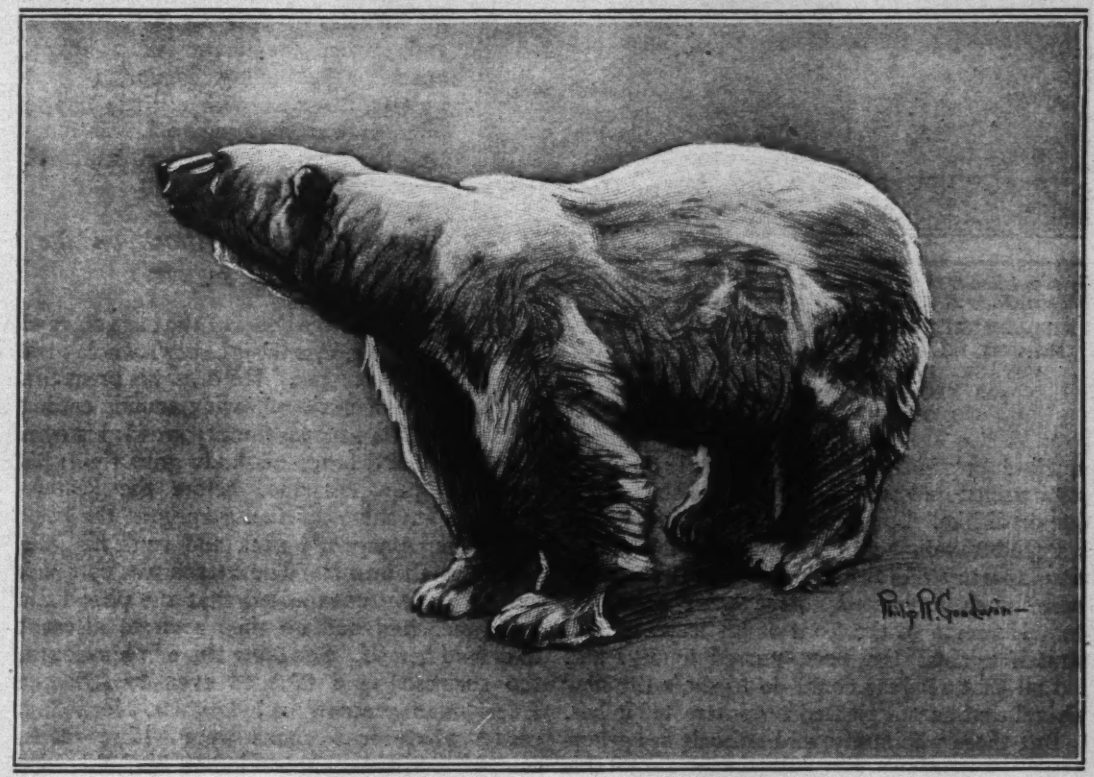
movement with a careful eye. He fought wildly, furiously, and continually to get out of his cage, and his wicked face and eyes looked the evil and revenge that he had no means of perpetrating. But a rough sea voyage — and Lopez had a particularly rough one — will generally subdue, for a time, any wild animal, and by the time Lopez arrived at the park, in May, 1903, he was very much quieter. When he got over his fright from the journey and recovered from the effects of seasickness, he appeared to feel well and content.

His disposition seemed to have completely changed, and he gave every one who had anything to do with him the impression that he was a particularly amiable specimen of jaguar. He seemed like some big, genial, good-tempered cat, always ready to have a quiet little game with any one who cared to play with him. He would lie on his back, paw the air playfully, and, when any one passed his cage, would put out one of his soft, strong paws and invite a little skirmish.

He was put for a time into one of the smaller houses, and was then transferred to the Lion House. He had the honor of being one of the very first residents there, for he was installed before the house was entirely finished. He drew himself sleekly and softly out of the little transfer-cage, and slipped into his clean, spacious new home, which he seemed to appreciate highly. To show his appreciation, he rolled luxuriously on his back with his four paws in the air, and turned from side to side, looking around him as if critically examining the cage, all the time purring loudly.

"He certainly is a good-tempered one!" one of the keepers remarked admiringly.

Dr. Hornaday, the Director of the New York Zoölogical Park, equally impressed by his fineness as a specimen and by his evident happiness and contentment, decided to obtain a companion for Lopez, and after a while a fine young female was purchased from Carl Hagenbeck in Hamburg, and brought to New York to cheer Lopez's solitude.



SILVER KING, THE HUGE POLAR BEAR OWNED BY THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK. HE WEIGHS NEARLY NINE HUNDRED POUNDS AND IS THE LARGEST POLAR BEAR EVER KEPT IN CAPTIVITY

Lopez is Pleased with His New Neighbor

It is always considered advisable, before putting any strange animals together, to place them

By permission of the New York Zoölogical Society
Photograph by E. R. Sanborn

A FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF SILVER KING, TAKEN AT THE MOMENT HE ENTERED HIS CAGE, AFTER HIS LONG SEA VOYAGE. IN TRANSPORTING HIM FROM THE SHIP IT WAS NECESSARY TO GIVE HIM CHLOROFORM TO QUIET HIS RAGE AND STRUGGLES

in close proximity for a time, until they become accustomed to each other and show their like or dislike. So the little new jaguar, in her cramped traveling-cage, was put close to the spacious apartment of Señor Lopez, and the keepers were much interested to see what he would do. He came to the front of his cage, rubbed himself against the bars, purred loudly, and did all that a jaguar could do to show the new arrival that he was pleased and interested in her.

But those who study wild animals are generally very cautious, especially in a case of this kind; and so, in spite of all these favorable indications, Dr. Hornaday decided to keep them apart, but in close proximity, for a few days more. The cage of the newcomer was raised to the level of Lopez's cage, at which he appeared more pleased than ever. He walked in his quick, stealthy way up and down the front of the cage, as if he wished to be as close as possible to her, and after a while he put his paw through and played with her a little. The young jaguar was very quiet, very undemonstrative, but seemed well pleased, and responded to this little playfulness instantly. She appeared to have no fear, no dislike of any kind, but to be anxious to get out of her own narrow little cage and into his comfortable roomy one. She had been in hers for six long weeks, and was beginning to feel stiff and cramped.

When the cages had remained in this position for several days, it was decided, after a consultation, to put the animals in one cage. Not the slightest sign of dislike or annoyance had been shown by either animal, and some of the men thought that unnecessary precautions had been taken.

As soon as the keepers began to be busy about the doors of the cages, both jaguars manifested intense interest and pleasure. Lopez jumped about, to and fro, and up and down his shelf, as if eager for her entrance; and, when the doors were finally opened, the young jaguar walked quietly through, with a little gentle purr, and straight up to Lopez, putting her head softly against him with a caressing little movement.

Lopez's Vicious Attack on the Little Jaguar

But, as the doors of the cage clanged together, in a flash Lopez's whole attitude changed. He drew his breath in with a curious hissing sound, ending with a savage, throaty growl; his eyes blazed fury and hate; his body grew rigid; his very fur quivered; and, before the keepers could do anything, he had sprung at the back of the young jaguar's neck and sunk his long canine teeth into it. The attack was so quick and so totally unexpected that the poor little newcomer had had no time even to attempt to defend herself. She hung there in his mouth, too surprised and terrified even to struggle. Every man present, including Dr. Hornaday, seized whatever weapons were within reach, and tried to make Lopez loosen his hold. He was prodded in the face with hard-wood poles, beaten over the head with iron pipes, struck fearfully heavy blows over the shoulders and on the nose with an iron scraper, even jabbed on the feet with the pitchfork — all without the least effect. With tightly shut eyes, angry, throaty growls, and tightened grip, he held on to the dying jaguar, and, raising himself after being partially stunned by one of the blows, he carried her over to another part of his cage. More than a minute passed before a terrific blow over one eye made him loosen his hold, and the poor little jaguar dropped limply and quietly to the floor, where she died almost instantly.

Consternation prevailed, for, apart from the

SCHLEY AND DEWEY

TWIN LIONS, BORN IN CAPTIVITY. DEWEY IS SURLY AND TREACHEROUS IN DISPOSITION, AND HAS TO BE CLOSELY WATCHED BY HIS TRAINER. SCHLEY IS SO GENTLE THAT HE HAS BEEN ALLOWED TO RIDE UNCHAINED THROUGH A CITY ON THE FRONT SEAT OF AN AUTOMOBILE

horror and the shock of the scene, the young jaguar had been procured at enormous expense. The men were determined to get the body of the young jaguar out before Lopez again worried it, and in doing this they all ran some terrible risks. Finally, when the body had been rescued and had been carefully examined, it was found that two pieces of the neck vertebrae had been completely crushed, while small pieces of bone had even penetrated the spinal cord. The jaguar's usual mode of killing is to spring at the back of its victim, and by a peculiarly quick movement of its fore paw to twist the victim's head around, thus breaking its neck. Lopez did no twisting or wrenching. He simply buried his teeth in the vertebrae of the neck, crushing it as easily as we should crush an egg-shell with our fingers.

And so, for this, Señor Lopez has been sentenced to solitary confinement for life. No more young companions will be provided for him. He has a comfortable, clean house, good and plentiful food, and every care; but he will never again have an opportunity to kill anything. And he betrays his resentment and his evil nature daily. From that time to this, he has never shown the slightest disposition to play, or either to caress or be caressed. Even for his keeper, who has known him for years and feeds him daily, he has nothing but hatred.

About two years ago, while he was climbing to the back of his cage on the shelf, in some way or another his foot slipped — a most unaccountable thing in a jaguar — and he fell heavily. It was evident that he had hurt himself severely, and every care was taken of him. For a time it was feared that he would have cage paralysis; but eventually he partially recovered, although to this day he still limps slightly. This fall seems to have added, if that were possible, to his villainous disposition. No man ventures past his cage without watching his every movement; no man feeds him without taking every precaution to keep out of the way of his treacherous paws.

The Little Bear Who Spoiled His Act

Bears are particularly interesting animals to study, and no two bears are alike in disposition. Most bears are very conceited, and this is the reason, I believe, that they respond so well to training and make such excellent performers when trained. One little bear I knew was taught to climb a ladder, pull a string which let loose an American flag, and then jump to the floor and turn a somersault. But the public did not know that in loosening the flag he also let loose a lump of sugar. In time the proprietor of the show was obliged to cut out

that act, because the little bear would never wait for his signal. The minute he entered the arena, he would go straight up the ladder, pull the string, and get the sugar; and, since this was arranged as the climax of the entire bear act, he spoiled the whole thing. Punishments had no effect on him — he did not even resent them; he went straight after the sugar. Even after his act was taken away from him he would always willingly do any tricks that necessitated the climbing of a ladder.

Capture of the Great Polar Bear, Silver King

One of the most interesting bears I have ever seen is Silver King, the huge polar bear that was captured by Mr. Paul J. Rainey and presented by him to the New York Zoölogical Park in September, 1910. His capture took place at Kane Basin in July, 1910, and he is, I believe, the first bear that has ever been caught by ropes or lassos, and the largest polar bear ever kept in captivity. He weighs more than eight hundred and eighty pounds. For strength, endurance, and savageness Silver King is not to be equaled. From the moment of his capture to the present time he has always been furious, either in wildest rage and despair, or sunk in sullen, morose resentment against everything and everybody. No coaxing with dainties, no kindness, has any effect on him. Mr. Paul Rainey, with Mr. Harry Whitney and their men, first found him on the ice; they followed him, and, after much trouble and considerable danger, finally lassoed him. In spite of his terrific struggles and enormous strength, they towed him behind their motor-boat to the ship. Here all possible haste was made to arrange the derrick, and, after placing more ropes around him, they hoisted him over the side of the ship and lowered him into the hold. For a few days he was left there without food, while every available man on board was put to work to make a crate that would be strong enough to hold him.

As soon as it was finished, the crate was carefully baited with musk-ox meat and lowered into the hold. Silver King hesitated not one moment. Nearly famished with hunger, he went straight into the trap, almost before it had settled on the floor of the hold. Ravenously he attacked the fresh meat, so tempting at all times to a polar bear, and, while he was satisfying his appetite, his captors had plenty of time to fasten him up and see that he was secure. He seemed a little puzzled and uneasy when he finally left off eating and found himself in such close quarters; but the food and his long-continued struggles had made him weary and sleepy, and for the first few hours of his crate life he slept heavily, only moaning occasionally and tossing from side to side. But when he awoke, and the added strength from his big meal had given him fresh energy, he roared incessantly, struggled and wrestled with his crate,— in much the same way that he even now struggles and wrestles with the iron bars of his cage in the park,— and kept every one on board in a state of anxiety and excitement. There was no let-up with him, no quieting down; he fought with might and main, and showed that he was going to be a very dangerous animal to land.

And so it proved. For, when he arrived at New York, his struggles and rage were such that, in order not to risk human life in transporting him to the park, it was considered advisable to give him a dose of chloroform. But, even then, it was all that a large number of men could do to get him from the traveling-crate safely into the unusually strong cage in the park that had been specially built for him.

The photograph on page 158 was taken by flashlight at the very moment of his entering the cage, and shows him standing in a half-dazed fashion, with the nose pointed to the ground. He is a most beautiful animal, well formed and fully developed, but is still angry and vicious, and the only time he ever shows the slightest sign of calmness or contentment is during a snow-storm. He seems then to think of something, lifts his head and nose in the air, sniffs, and holds out his long black tongue to catch the snowflakes.

This Baby Eats Thirty Pounds of Fish a Day

In delightful contrast to Silver King is the little Atlantic walrus, also caught in Kane Basin at the same time, and presented by Mr. Paul Rainey to the Zoölogical Park. He is yet a baby, only six months old, and for homeliness and comical facial expression he is not to be equaled. For every one but his keeper, George Snyder, he has nothing but hatred; but for him he will go anywhere and do anything. His affection began to show itself by his flopping in his awkward way after his keeper every time he moved. For this Keeper Snyder called him Flip-Flop, and this has been shortened to Flip.

Mr. Snyder was anxious to weigh him, one day. This would have been something of an undertaking under ordinary circumstances, as the weighing-machine was some distance away. But the gate was opened, the keeper went out, saying, "Come on, Flip!" and out came the young walrus, and followed him not only to the scales,

but on the scales, where, by giving him one or two clams, he was kept long enough to be weighed.

Flip weighed at the time of his capture one hundred and fifty pounds. Since then he has gained enormously, as he has a huge appetite. He eats over thirty pounds of fish daily — three meals a day — in the shape of clams, codfish, and butterfish, from which all the bones are first carefully removed. He always seems to be ravenously hungry, and eats greedily, with many grunts, puffings, and sighs. He is the most absolutely happy and contented "wild animal" I have ever seen in captivity, just as Silver King is the most restless and discontented.

The Elephant that Would Have Whisky

Elephants, too, have their individual peculiarities. In the Barnum and Bailey show there was, a short time ago, an extremely clever performing elephant named Sultan. His chief act was sitting on a stool with uplifted fore paws, on each of which sat a little dog, while a third dog sat on his head. When performing, Sultan was the most gentle and docile of elephants; but downstairs in his stables he had his whims and moods. He greatly disliked to have any stranger come to his stables. One day, when, in order to propitiate him, he had been given a pail of some good warm mash, and I stood watching him, he stopped eating for a moment, looked at me with his tiny eyes, and then, drawing the mash up in his trunk, deliberately threw it all over me.

By permission of the New York Zoölogical Society
Photograph by E. R. Sanborn

FLIP-FLOP, THE LITTLE ATLANTIC WALRUS OWNED BY THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK. ALTHOUGH HE IS ONLY SIX MONTHS OLD, HE EATS THIRTY POUNDS OF FISH A DAY

In one of the large animal shows, it became evident, one evening, that the chief performing elephant was too sick to do his act. This meant that no elephant performance could be given, since he led the others. The trainers gave him a dose of hot whisky and onions — a favorite medicine with elephants. He sucked up a large pailful of this mixture, and evidently wanted more. He was so much better in an hour that he was able to perform as usual. But, after this, he would never give a performance without his dose of hot whisky and onions. No threats or persuasions could induce him to go on without it.

Supplying the elephant with a pailful of whisky twice a day proved to be so expensive that the proprietor finally had to cut his act out altogether. In his quarters, when he was not called upon to go into the arena, the elephant never appeared to think of the whisky.

The Baboon that Drank the Baby's Milk

Baboons are ugly-tempered, vicious, and treacherous animals, and very few show much affection even for those who have cared for them for years. Very little has ever been done in the way of training them; trainers generally fight shy of them.

I knew a large baboon whose education was undertaken by a man who had made a great success in training other wild animals. The animal, frightened and half dazed by a long sea and land journey, arrived at the show in a most miserable condition. He sat in one corner of his cage, looking out from under his cavernous eyebrows in sullen, resentful silence. The trainer began by coaxing and offering the baboon everything in the way of food that he could think of. He could not get him to take even milk. Finally, he put the milk into a bottle, took another bottle himself, and, standing in front of the cage, tipped it up and drank the milk, the baboon watching him in the same sullen silence. He then left the animal for a while, and on his return found the second bottle empty, and the baboon sitting in his usual corner, but looking quite content.

From that time, the animal seemed as much drawn to the trainer as the trainer was to him, and took his bottle of milk daily. In time he took other food, and soon became quite tame, even following the trainer about the show during the hours when the public was not admitted. The trainer's wife had a young baby, and the baboon was greatly interested in it. He would look at it, examine it carefully, and always

seemed anxious to take hold of it; but this the mother would never allow, and, in fact, she was always uneasy when the animal was about.

One day, when the trainer brought him into their room, the young mother had just prepared the baby's bottle, and laid it down while she picked the child up. The baboon had often watched her feed the baby before, and always seemed intensely interested. On this particular occasion, his master being occupied with something else, the baboon took up the baby's bottle, put the nipple in his mouth, and, by the time the mother came to take it, had drained every drop of the milk.

The mother was also a performer in the show, and found it pretty difficult to keep up her performances, see to a young baby, and also do all her own cooking and housekeeping. It was only natural that she should be annoyed when she realized that she had not only lost the milk, but that she would have to light the stove again and warm some more. In her vexation, she struck the baboon a smart blow on the side of the head. There was a scream of rage, and the next moment the baboon had torn the baby away from her.

Rescue of the Trainer's Baby

The trainer, as it happened, had been preparing a bottle of strong ammonia to have in readiness in case of any accident during his afternoon performance, and he had not yet corked it when the baboon seized his baby. Being a particularly quick-witted man, he promptly put the bottle under the baboon's nose. The fumes nearly suffocated the animal for a moment; he dropped the baby, and, stuffing his hands into his smarting and half-blinded eyes, with another wild scream he flew out of the room and through the building.

Every animal about the place seemed to know instinctively that something had happened. The lions roared, the elephants trumpeted, the hyenas and wolves howled as they alone know how to howl, and from everywhere came men ready to help in an emergency. The trainer soon made known what had happened, but they could not find the baboon anywhere. Every hole and corner in the show that they could think of was searched, and the buildings and grounds outside; but no sign of him was to be found.

The Baby Missing

As the time for the afternoon performance drew near, all the show people were worried and anxious. Special extra men were procured, and stationed in different parts of the building, with orders to keep the most careful watch for the baboon during the performance. But the afternoon drew to a close, and nothing had been seen or heard of the animal. The proprietor felt that it was safer, however, to give notice to the police that a baboon had been lost. It seemed wiser to say nothing to the public, but the precautions for their safety were continued throughout the day and evening. The evening performance was well on its way, when the greatest consternation prevailed among the trainers on hearing from one of the women performers that the baby that had been the cause of the trouble had disappeared. When this news was brought, the young mother was just going through her performance with her three bears, and could not, of course, be told. Her husband, nearly frantic with grief, waited until she had smilingly bowed her farewell to the audience, in response to the chord from the band, and until she had seen her three bears into their several cages behind the runway. Then, trembling from head to foot, but trying to conceal his anxiety, he accompanied her back to their room, wondering how he should break the news to her.

It surprised him somewhat that she did not go up to the baby's crib; but he was still more surprised when, on telling her that the baby was missing, she only laughed! She explained to him that, terrified at the thought of leaving the baby alone, even with locked doors, after her experience of the morning, she had asked a neighbor near by to take care of the child for the evening.

The relief of the trainer can be imagined. He and his wife decided to have some supper before they went for the baby, and, while she was cooking it, the trainer went downstairs to fetch two bottles of beer, which he kept in a little closet. When he opened the door, he was nearly knocked down by a heavy body that flew out. It was the baboon, who had been locked up all day. He must have rushed in there in the morning, when the door had been left open for a few moments, and the trainer had turned the key on him. The alarm was raised, and, after a chase and a struggle, the baboon was bound securely with ropes and put back into his cage, from which he was never again allowed to emerge. The man who had thrown himself on the animal and bound him had his thumb bitten through.

The two dozen bottles of beer in the closet had been smashed to atoms. Either the baboon thought they all contained the dreadful ammonia that had nearly suffocated him, or he broke them out of sheer fury. From that time on, the mere sight of a bottle always threw him into a paroxysm of rage.

A Vindictive Snake

In Stellingen Park, in Hamburg, where Mr. Carl Hagenbeck has his enormous collection of wild animals, an incident occurred in the summer of 1904 which showed the hatred and malice of a big python. Mr. Hagenbeck, his son Heinrich, and several other men were one day packing up four pythons in order to send them to the St. Louis Exhibition. The snakes measured from twenty to twenty-six feet each. After all was in readiness, Heinrich Hagenbeck opened the door of the cage, when, instantly, without a moment's warning, all four pythons flew at him, with extended jaws. So totally unexpected was the attack that one of the pythons almost succeeded in coiling himself round the young man. Fortunately, he was quick to realize the danger, and, using all his strength, he finally freed himself, with the help of his father and the keepers.

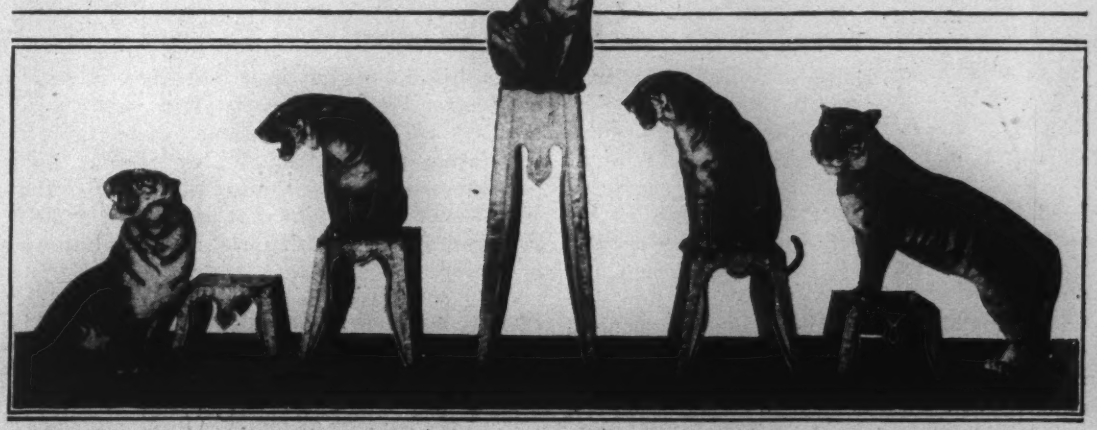
Three of the pythons were quickly covered with sacks; but the biggest one of all, a huge, vindictive, savage reptile, weighing about two hundred pounds, glided to one of the rafters at the top of the cage, and, hanging on by his tail, swung his wicked head backward and forward, doing his very best to catch and bite any who came near him. Finally, by a dexterous throw, one of the men covered his head with a sack, and the rest closed round him and used all their strength to detach him from the rafter.

But the snake was so powerful that the men could not even loosen his hold; they had to send for assistance before they could detach him from the rafter to which he hung. While they were still struggling with him, almost exhausted, the python, with a quick, vindictive twist of his lithe body, actually got his tail round the right leg of Heinrich Hagenbeck, and with lightning rapidity began working his coils up and around his body. Tired and exhausted as the men were, they realized that it was now a matter of life and death, and for a few minutes every man there put forth his whole strength and strained every nerve to loosen that terrible hold. At last, by a supreme effort, the reptile was torn away and the young man was released. It is curious that all these attacks had been directed at Mr. Hagenbeck's son.

A Snake-Charmer's Pet

Miss X——, a snake-charmer well known among show people, firmly believed that one of her snakes was really fond of her. She could do anything with it — fondle it, kiss and caress it. She grew so fond of it that at last she even let it sleep on her bed, to the great disgust of the other performers in the show. She would eat her meals with this horrible thing coiled round her neck; and once, in very warm weather, she took it under her coat into the woods with her, and let it amuse itself by crawling over the ground. She followed it about and kept a most careful watch over it (it was a valuable performer), but it showed no disposition to go off into the woods, as she feared it might, but came back to her and coiled round her as usual. She was warned several times that the reptile was very dangerous, but she grew more and more reckless, and the snake appeared to become more and more attached to her.

And then, one day, without any warning, directly after a performance, when she was caressing it in her own room, the snake suddenly threw back its head, looked at her steadily, and with lightning-like swiftness struck her between the eyes, leaving two tiny punctures. She hastily uncoiled it and thrust it into its box; but she died within half an hour.



A Life-Long Lock

A Story of the Hareem

by Eleanor Stuart

Illustrations by A.I.Keller

In a pestilential prison
With a life-long lock.—GILBERT'S "MIKADO"

WHEN Sir Willy Greg came into his titles and possessions, he tried his wings carefully, as a bird might who had been suddenly freed from its cage; for, at the death of his uncle, Sir Gregory Greg (widely known in literary circles as Dickery Dock), the cramp and confinement of poverty had ceased for him, and he had found himself delightfully enfranchised — to the extent of eight thousand pounds a year. He had long been considered a rising man, but even the yeast of genius could not raise him very high at thirty-two, so Sir Willy had hitherto merely watched life's pageant from the Treasury Bench, and served his country as a sort of national cash register, translating the currency of her colonies and protectorates into the shilling shibboleth of the British merchant. Not that he was the august principal of Britain's financial activity, but one of his very able assistants.

Greg was seated in the lobby of the Crocus Club a fortnight after Sir Gregory's funeral, honestly trying to mourn, when a servant brought him two visiting-cards engraved in archaic script and bearing names of real interest to the world at large as well as closely connected

"'WILL YOU GO IN OUR PLACE?'"

with his uncle's own. He was pleased that his uncle's old friend, Sir Erastus Sneyder, should have chosen to call, and still more so that the Comte de Villebasse should have come with him; but he regretted that his present dwelling was a "nouveau" art club, and, as such, certain to be obnoxious to these connoisseurs, who followed the servant into the bright corridor slowly, each limping a little. Sir Erastus was in striking contrast to his French friend, being ruddy and very small, while Villebasse was a gigantic old man with plentiful hair untouched

by time or the barber's scissors, although his carefully waxed mustache was perfectly white. They were exquisitely dressed, but were evidently men of thought as well as fashion, and none the less imposing figures in the world because they were consciously passing out of it. Villebasse spoke, in his distinct and persuasive fashion.

"Two years previous to your uncle's death," he said, "he called upon our best friend,— Sir Erastus, who now sits with us,— as well as upon me, to lay before us a deep personal sorrow, of which we were uninformed by rumor or our own intimate observation."

"We were spending" — Sir Erastus took up the tale here — "a most ineffable spring season in Paris, and although the fires of our youth were already banked within us for the long night,— if I may so express it,— we had never enjoyed each other or our daily life more. Imagine our surprise when Sir Gregory came into our common salon, and sat speechless at the window, looking out on the blooming horse-chestnuts with a mournful face."

"I think I ought to tell you," Greg said suddenly, "that no very confidential relation existed between Uncle Gregory and me."

"We realize that," Villebasse replied, continuing the narrative blandly. "He — your uncle — spoke first to me, and said that our friendship had been long and unbroken — for we three were at school together, fought together under St. Arnaud in the Crimea, and married sisters. But," he cried impressively, "your uncle said, as he rose from his place at the window: 'One thing you, my more than brothers, never knew about me, and that was my infatuation more than ten years ago for Janet McBride.'"

"He solemnly declared," Sir Erastus interrupted, "that no fancy or affection of his youth or maturity equaled his passion for this accomplished lady, whom he had met when in his sixty-third year; and I assure you without exaggeration that we were thunder-struck — utterly."

"So am I," Sir Willy answered.

It seemed a very odd moment to him, this moment in which he sat opposite two old gentlemen whose conspicuous lives of art and diplomacy were now being trumpeted in magazines as drawing to a close — receiving from their withered lips the tale of the love of his dead uncle, who had, apparently, begun to live just as he had resigned his embassy upon a plea of advancing years.

Villebasse whispered her name again. "Janet McBride," he said, as if the sound had been as thunder to his faithful soul. "She was a successful playwright," he continued, "of good Scotch parentage. Her figure was strong and graceful, and she skimmed the Paris pavements like a low-flying swift. She was memorable long before we ever knew what good cause would be given us to remember her."

Sir Erastus was bent on the narrative, and returned to it with a jerk. "She was en route for Paris for the purposes of her art, and met Sir Gregory on the steamer. I think she fell against him and apologized, and then glided on through conversation to the world's great experience of love. Your uncle hesitated on the brink of marriage, with the involuntary cruelty of a worldly man, although his life with Lady Gregory, who died very young, had become pallid and formless as another man's dream. He hesitated too long. Miss McBride became deeply incensed at his attitude, and married a Turk — if you will believe me! — Mohamet Tarbeah, whose skill as an etcher and whose fortune were both greatly exaggerated at the beginning of this century — say in 1901."

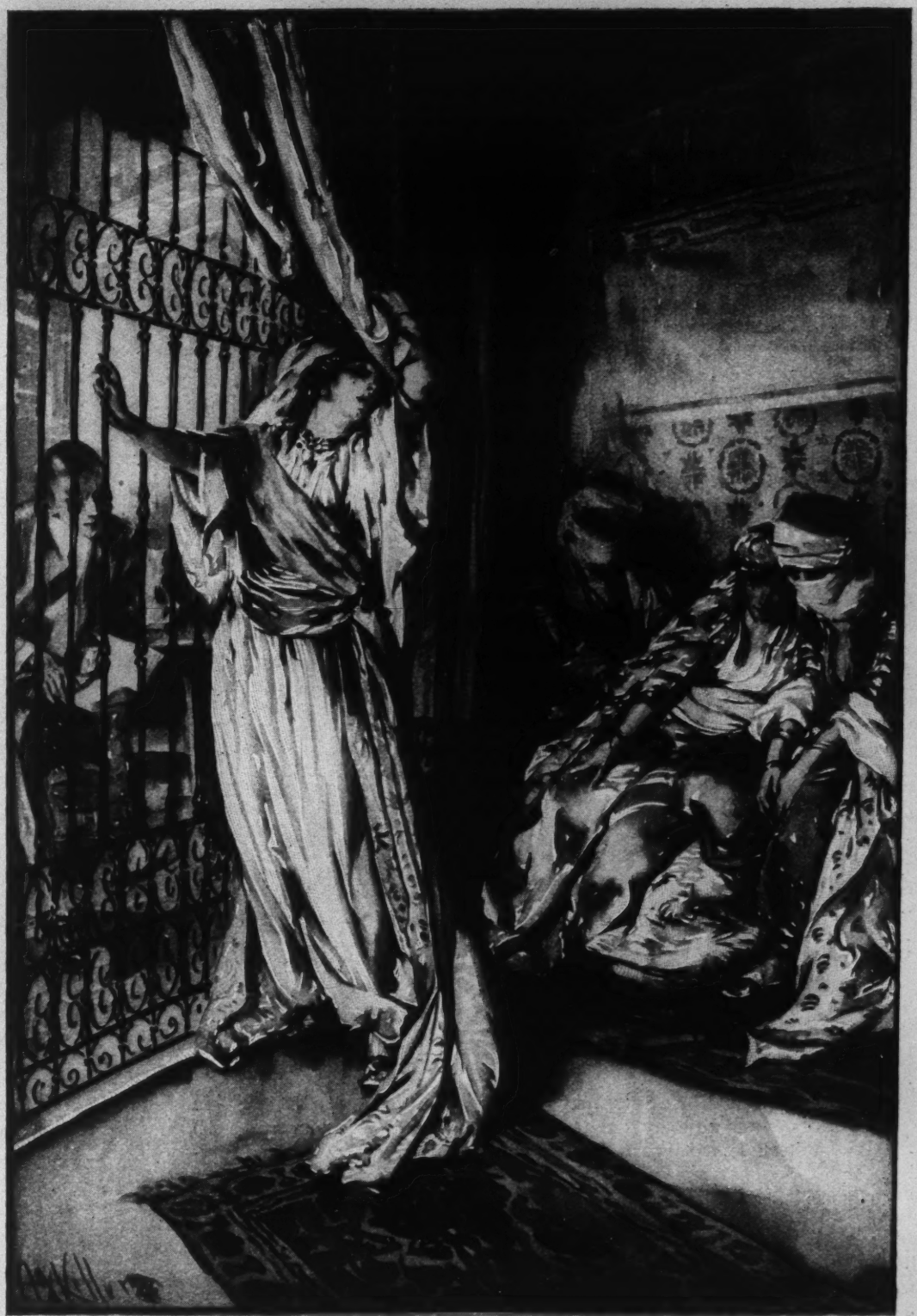
"Since her departure from Vienna to the east shore of the Adriatic, where her husband dwelt," Villebasse continued, "nothing had been heard from her until that day in Paris when Sir Gregory looked out at the horse-chestnut trees. In a remote corner of *Le Temps* he had seen this paragraph:

"'The New Turk party, informed with the modern spirit of its German promoters, still adheres to ancestral custom in the household. Mohamet Tarbeah, remembered in Paris as an etcher of promise, is the most successful grower of perfume in Bosnia. Despite a Scotch wife, he has his quota of helpmeets, and now boasts four — as many as the law allows. He has no son at the present writing.'

"We had," the Count went on to say, "a very hysterical time after reading that. Your dearest uncle destroyed his will, and gave one hundred thousand pounds — his mother's fortune — legally into our keeping, as was explained to you when it was withheld from your inheritance."

"I didn't know why it was withheld," Greg said quickly.

Villebasse would not permit interruptions. "Your uncle said this to us," he cried impressively: "'I wear the uniform of a confidant of kings; there can be no scandal about me. But when that uniform is burned upon my soul-deserted body, go you to Rubota, my two friends, and see if Janet Tarbeah cannot be freed from the life to which I consigned her, the life hareemic. Release her from the hand of a pluralist plutocrat. For I know' — the Frenchman here declared that he might never forget



"A SHARP SOUND, HALF SOB, HALF EXCLAMATION, CAME FROM THE ROOM"

Sir Gregory's tragic face as he made this statement — 'for I know that she is forcibly detained in bondage to that infidel. How else might a sweet woman remain in so galling a slavery? I must make her amends.'"

"This interests me enormously," Greg said frankly; "but, do you know, I can't feel as if I ought to know about it — my uncle might not have wanted me to know. It is base to talk over the faults of a dead man who had great virtues — if you grasp my meaning."

Villebasse looked at him with a very friendly eye. "Which of us is without faults? And I grasp your hand as well as your meaning," he cried eagerly, "and every word of this would have been jealously guarded from you but that we are constrained to ask a favor of you."

"I should be glad to return so true a favor as this visit," Greg said honestly; "but what, in the name of peace among the Powers, can I do for you?"

The two old men nodded to each other as if some moment of concerted action had emerged from the ebbing opportunities of life.

"We would go ourselves," they said, "to Rubota, to investigate Janet Tarbeah's position and condition there, but that the first man in Harley Street says that we may live for years, and we may die to-morrow."

"Also," Villebasse added casually, "we sometimes suffer, which is disabling. Will you go in our place?"

Greg eyed them steadily. "No" was at his lips, but his heart urged "yes" upon them, as he looked at two old, sweet faces, aflame with the eagerness of children. "I will go," he answered faintly.

Sir Erastus had brought both maps and letters with him, and he showed these with comments. He acknowledged that he knew nothing of Rubota except that it was in or near Bosnia and that Mohamet Tarbeah lived there.

"Frenchmen go there to buy roses for their essence factories," he said, "which sounds quite Arcadian."

Villebasse gave him a letter to a coal merchant, Victor Pepperdapp, a Norwegian who dwelt at Kränz, the port for Rubota on the Adriatic. "The foreign office says excellent things of this man," he added; "advise with him before you act."

TARBEAH BEN TARBIL

While they dined — for Greg kept them for dinner, with persuasion — they explained the legal steps that had been taken to make them trustees of his uncle's hundred thousand pounds. They told him that European women who marry Turks surrender all rights as European women. Their conversation was facile and fascinating, their information boundless, and their affection for each other delightfully apparent.

He at last said good night, and put his guests into their motor with the care that bespoke him a conscious guardian of precious things. He was moved to ask a sudden question.

"If it be proved," he demanded, "that Mrs. Tarbeah cannot spend this money herself, to whom does it revert?"

"It will then revert to you," Villebasse declared solemnly.

Greg paused, with the motor door open in one hand, to lay the other on Villebasse's arm. "I have never before received so great a compliment," he returned proudly.

Sir Erastus assured him that they knew him better than he could fancy offhand. "We've investigated your record," he declared, with the triumph of the bureaucrat.

Greg gazed fondly at the two old faces seen for the first time that day. So keen, so kindly, so near the greatest mystery were they, that a son's friendship glowed at his

heart. "I can't imagine you two as ill," he said irrelevantly.

"Medical men declare our hearts in shocking case," they answered. "But," Sir Erastus observed, "we shall do our best to make them last out until your return. Good night!"

II

When Greg awoke next morning, he found that spring had dawned upon a winter world. He put in a respectful request for foreign leave — to which he was amply entitled — and then set off for Thomas Cook & Son, whose wise men he needed to consult as the first precaution of an inexperienced traveler. He was young enough and inexperienced enough to want to do something difficult, and to go to a far, strange country where even the birds sang of the universal truths of springtide and mating in other voices than those of his own land. But his anticipation was stripped of its foreign quality when a somewhat depressed clerk ran Rubota to earth in a book of railway rates with a highly polished finger-nail, telling him to take the Paris to Vienna express, any train at all from Vienna to Trieste, the Austrian-Lloyd steamship *Imperial Francis* to Kränz, and "thence by motor to Rubota," a rhyme that hung in his head for the rest of the day, and to which he added other rhymes involuntarily, such as *iota, Minnesota, antidoter,* and *Yarmouth bloater.* He received a charming note from his chief, containing official permission for his departure, and, after completing arrangements with bankers and reckonings with railways, he struggled with luggage for half an hour before setting off to call upon Sir Erastus and his charming guest, the Comte de Villebasse.

The sight of an hospital nurse in the house smote Greg with a sense of the impending finale of a notable life, and it was with filial tenderness that he greeted the two old men playing piquet together in the rare sunlight of the first spring day of the season. But, as a bad odor might arise and pervade the benign landscape of a cultivated country, so his contempt for Janet spread over his every impulse of appreciation for the two old friends who had so suddenly captured his imagination. The joy of releasing her — granting that she could buy her release with his uncle's money — was interrupted for him with the thought that she had once shared a Turk's protection, possibly with women who were not even white. He differed with these dear old men who had set him his strange task, for they evidently reverenced Janet, while his preconception of her was completely hostile. They knew positively nothing of Tarbeah, or the life hareemic, except as set forth in books on India; and as they quoted from them, Sir Erastus put forth a frail hand and seized a very faded volume.

"This," he said to Greg, "is your uncle's best book, the book that made his sobriquet of 'Dickery Dock' famous. It is called the 'Tedium of Courts, and How to Beguile It.' Take it, now, as *bon voyage* from us both."

The picture of them, seated in the sunlight, followed him on his travels, and its colors were as bright, its outlines as clear, when he reached Vienna as when he left London. Greg had heard that Philadelphia and Vienna were the only two cities in civilization that boast an impregnable aristocracy, and he felt the last town's aloofness from any stranger so strongly that he retired to his bed with his uncle's book as solace. He held it in his hand, wondering for the fiftieth time what Tarbeah would be like. "I have never met a Turk," he said aloud. And, as he opened the book at random, he saw this:

"Before I was stationed at Constantinople I met a Hebrew merchant who had achieved success there, and who said this to me — a saying which I now proclaim the corner-stone of any diplomatic prestige I may have enjoyed in that city. 'When I was stationed in the Far East,' this merchant declared (and I noticed that wisdom's words did not displace a large cigar which also issued from his lips), 'the natives used to say, "Show us a truthful woman and we will show you a straight cocoanut tree." But, Dickery Dock, I say to you, Show me a straight Turk and I will show you any other blooming miracle your imagination can devise.'"

"What an outlook!" Greg whispered, as he turned out his light. When he arrived on the steamer, en route to Kränz, he realized, with a start, that what had seemed academic investigation in London was — in Trieste and reality — a very hazardous adventure.

The day he left Trieste was warm, and the white buildings, dwindling in size at the end of the steamer's wake, hinted, in many a flat roof and some conical towers, at the mysterious East, glistening beyond his knowledge for many a sandy or blossoming mile, for many a sacred river's length or the breadth of a scented sea. The little steamer was perfectly appointed, and the passengers on the deck with him were so variously attired as to seem like fellow guests at a costume party. One handsome Albanian, low-browed and broad-shouldered, wore a faultlessly fitting frock-coat of bright yellow camel's-hair, and was the companion of three veiled women, whose dark eyes glowed behind

the eye-holes in their masks of black satin. To Greg's right, two Czechs were speaking in a language that sounded like a sesquipedalian attempt to confuse each other. And, through the Babel of this ship's differentiated company, Italian stewards threaded their ways with despatch and courtesy.

"Your chair is set, sir," one of these told him, presently.

It was then that Greg realized what a wild-goose chase he had set out upon. He eyed the veiled women with horror; for they were the first he had ever seen, and they suggested a surveillance that he might not evade in the matter of Janet Tarbeah. The worst feature in the situation was that he had no plans. It is unendurable to men of action to be without plans, and Greg was a man of action, albeit his previous activity had been confined to a conservative financial sphere. He hated to feel himself a child of chance. Except for a wretched French newspaper, he would have inherited one hundred thousand pounds more from his Uncle Gregory, and would be at home at the sweet advent of English summer.

He called himself a fool, and looked up sharply, ashamed of having spoken aloud.

An elderly lady, as evidently English as she was gently bred, had placed herself in the chair next his during his vexed abstraction, and now regarded him with maternal kindness. "Would you like to see this absurd newspaper?" she inquired. "It is the *Kränz-L'Aube* (*Daybreak*), and is the organ of the New Turks' party outside Turkey."

He thanked her, and stretched forth a listless hand for the fluttering journal, as courtesy demanded.

"But it is in French!" he cried.

She laughed. "That is Oriental subtlety," she answered. "They publish their official gazettes in French to convince mankind that their behavior is not instigated by the Germans."

"You know them well?" he asked suddenly.

"Generally — yes," she said; "individually — no. They hate me. I am the Occidental agent of the Zenana Mission, and they have not learned to trust me yet."

He saw that her eyes were returning to her letters — of which she had many, neatly bundled together — with an evident desire to read them, so that he made pretense of interest in the *Daybreak*, momentarily relieved from the depression and annoyance that had beset him before the missionary spoke.

He looked at the paper before him, and groaned. He knew French thoroughly, and was disgusted at the mistakes he found in that tongue as employed by the New Turkish editor, whose dull sheet contained faithful reports of the illness of a crowned head long since recovered, and statements of the recovery of a famous bureaucrat who had been dead some days. A few really interesting items as to the perfume trade held him momentarily, before he glanced ruefully through a column of protozoic epigrams announced as Rostand's latest scintillation. He turned to the advertisements in despair, and at the top of the left-hand column read this:

"Mohamet Tarbeah ben Tarbil desires to secure a reader of French for the ladies of his household. No preference as to sex. Apply: Gentlemen — at 42 Euphilstry, Kränz. Females at the salaamlik of Tarbeah ben Tarbil's dwelling in Rubota."

"Chance again — and the same chance: a newspaper item," he thought, as he read the advertisement a second and a third time.

Idly, as a puff of white cloud sometimes scuds across a leaden sky, an idea of applying for the position of French reader to the ladies of Tarbeah's hareem occurred to him. But he had not been long enough in the East to entertain fantastic schemes with respect, and his mind was soon at work again on more obvious and straightforward methods of learning if Janet were a happy matron and able to spend her own money. "What on earth did I come for?" he continued to ask himself.

The steamer arrived at Kränz on the afternoon of the following day; and before her cargo was discharged, and Greg and a posse of French Jews landed on the wide white quay, strange clouds of metallic, coppery pink were veiling the sunset and spreading sensational reflections on the harbor waters and on the white villas of the town. His first thought was to present himself to Pepperdapp and consult with him before showing himself in the town.

When his luggage had been piled on a prehistoric hand-barrow, and removed thence from time to time by competitive porters aspiring for the same gratuity, he passed through a green, oblong in shape, flanked by white houses and ornamented by plaster pots containing palms, as well as low stone benches. This place, he learned, was the Euphilstry, or market-place of Kränz. He at length arrived at a charming stone house, followed by a procession of persons, no two of whom seemed to speak the same tongue. This house was gay with striped awnings and flowers, and the sound of a round bass voice humming to the chords of a well-played guitar.

In another moment Greg's hand was lost in the grip of a giant who feared to put forth his full strength, and he looked above him to a

mild face, moon-shaped and humorous, gently shy in expression, and decorated with wonderful brown eyes and large, perfect features.

"I am Pepperdapp, Sir Willy," the giant observed, with shy simplicity. "I have had many letters about your visit here, and I am counting on being of some service to you."

He then directed the porters to take the luggage to the Euphilstry Wappen, a hotel near at hand, built of pink stucco of the exact hue of properly prepared tomato soup. He also despatched his European servant thither to engage rooms and prevent any thieving or envious investigation of Greg's boxes. In all of the perplexities of transit and all the indecisions and vexed forecasts through which Greg had passed in the various stages of his transcontinental journey, Pepperdapp had held no place in his musings, had played no part in the drama of disaster he had prefigured to himself ever since he had left Trieste. But, as he faced the great, bland, benignly phlegmatic monster, with his wise, waiting countenance, his reverberating though gentle voice, he felt that here was the man on whom to rely, the very bridge across the river he had tried to traverse many times before coming to its brink.

"I can't ask you to stay with me," the coal merchant declared sorrowfully, "because it would be such poor policy, in view of your errand. You want to seem to be playing a lone hand, you know." He spoke perfect English, with a hint of America in his phrasing rather than in his accent.

"I can't imagine why I started on such a quest," Greg said bitterly. "How am I to find out if a renegade Scotchwoman could spend a legacy if she got it? How am I to learn facts from a lying Turk, or ascertain truth from women I'd be shot if I spoke to — sequestered women of a veiled community?"

"Echo answers 'how'!" Pepperdapp responded imperturbably.

"Do you know Tarbeah?" Greg cried.

The Norwegian nodded without speech.

"Is he a crooked sort, d'you think?"

He again nodded his great head, and with greater emphasis.

Greg gazed at him in depressed silence until Pepperdapp had reconsidered his opinion of Tarbeah and was ready to announce it. "Turks in general," he said, with gentleness but conviction, "are very slippery people — at least, as I have known them; but Tarbeah, from a civilized standpoint, is as unguessable as the sphinx riddle. He is contemptible, and yet has dignity; he is a liar, and yet is frank."

"How are his domestic relations?" Greg demanded eagerly.

Pepperdapp laughed frankly, as an amused child might laugh. "Why don't you ask me about the educational advantages in schools of porpoises?" he cried, "or something easy like that? Tarbeah collects wives, and keeps reporting the same four names to the government, which only permits him that number. That is all any one knows about his domestic relations. No one speaks with a Turk about the ladies of his hareem."

They sat talking together until long after dark, trying to come at some lane that led to truth, or some loophole that gave on fact. Pepperdapp had heard the whole story through the Foreign Office, which bespoke his aid should Greg need it, while reminding him that Great Britain does not interfere with the domestic relations of Moslems outside countries that have English protection or administration.

"That means," Greg said dolefully, "that I'm welcome to help Mrs. Tarbeah, but they can't help me. Perhaps she's dead," he added, "and all this fuss is for nothing."

"I don't even know that," Pepperdapp replied. "I never heard of her until I got a letter from Fraser in the Foreign Office, inclosing a copy of one from Sir Erastus Sneyder. But I find that Tarbeah is well known to have a Scotch wife."

"She had no near relatives," Greg said sadly, "or my present duties would devolve upon them. Urged by the personal charm of two wonderful old men, I am attempting the removal of a happy wife from an exotic environment she has probably learned to love."

Pepperdapp extended his hand in a gesture of violent negation. "I don't believe that," he said earnestly. "The dirt, the calm cruelty, the needless physical suffering in hareems is utterly horrid. The doctors and their nurses tell me that the system's one good feature is that the wives grow to love one another sometimes, and then they are nearly content."

"Only a rather odd type would have tied up to a Turk, anyway," Greg answered uneasily. "It has all been such a chance," he added. "My uncle happened to see in a newspaper that Tarbeah had other wives than this woman, to whom Uncle Gregory was himself attached. I might as well act upon an excerpt from the *Daybreak* which a lady on the steamer gave me to look over. It was an advertisement of this same Tarbeah for a man or woman to read French to his ladies ——"

"What?" Pepperdapp cried. "And you've lost all this time? Can't you see that's no chance? That's Providence! You know French?"

"I know French."

Pepperdapp pushed him to the window and drew up the awning. With one hand on his shoulder, he pointed with the long forefinger of the other to a white house just visible across the Euphilstry. "That's Tarbeah's place of business," he said, "and you go there at once. Tell him that I won't give you employment, and that you want to be a reader in his house; and that you are willing to help out in the office. Be temptingly cheap; accept his price after great deliberation."

He finished speaking before he pushed Greg to the door in an affectionate dismissal.

"Good luck!" he whispered, as his guest stepped into the street, from which the light was fast receding, until the green of the square and the white of its encompassing houses looked more like darkness and light than the things of vivid color that they had been at his first sight of them.

III

Electric light glared at him suddenly from the open windows of Tarbeah's house just as he gained its entrance, hedged high on either side with pink and blossoming oleanders. An oppressive gust of perfume greeted him as the door was opened, and a tall man, wearing the tarboosh, asked him his errand in villainous French, and, having received his answer, said "Tarbeah ben Tarbil" in a voice of command. Some fellow clerk asked for his card, whereupon Greg lied glibly and declared that he had none. "You just say Mr. Evarts Glidden has called on a matter of business," he replied, with pardonable pride in his new name, as it fell from his lips without a moment's thought behind it. The second clerk departed, while the first pointed a filthy finger toward a chair whose left hind leg was supported by yellow bricks. Greg sat on it with temerity and waited a few moments until he was summoned to Tarbeah's office, wondering if his real name would have suggested the past to the Turk's mind. The room in which he presently stood seemed to him the most unpleasant in the world. Dirty French windows alternated with barred glass doors, excepting one of wood which opened on a court tiled in white, like a modern bath-room. The air from the windows blew overpowering odors of sickly sweetness down his throat. He then observed that the glass doors gave on bins of rose dust and desiccated heliotrope, or vats of gardenia oil and tuberose butter. Electric lights burned dimly, each in its dusty nimbus, like punkah lamps in a sand-storm.

Greg stood and gazed for a moment, while the scene came to his realization slowly, in all its horror of excessive savor. A thought of flowers as God planned them, of all the serried gardens of this countryside of bloom having come to be this sickly-smelling trade, filled him with a sentimental sorrow, like the sight of some lovely lady gone wrong. He was reeling to a chair, when a somewhat thick voice accosted him; and, in the scent-laden murk about him, he at last discerned a man emerging, whose fat form was incased in a ceremonial frock-coat, while on his head he wore the turban. His European shirt of a fine and very filthy fabric was finished at the neck by an Albanian scarf, in which a flamboyant canary diamond gleamed, limpid and lovely, in a dirty platinum setting.

"Mr. Tarbeah?" Greg inquired.

"Tarbeah ben Tarbil," the Turk answered. "And you?"

The insolence of his intonation came to Greg with the force of a blow; but he was a Scot, and only smote, even in return, when he had taken aim.

"I am Mr. Evarts Glidden," he said; "and, failing to obtain employment with Mr. Pepperdapp, I seek a situation with you as reader of French to the ladies of your household."

"You saw my advertisement?"

Greg nodded.

"It is the custom," Tarbeah said, seating himself and kicking off a pair of carpet slippers, "for entertainers to help me in the office when not amusing the ladies; also, to provide the books to be read from. Can you do this?"

"I have been trusted with the routine of one of the most complicated offices in the world," Greg replied meekly. "What wages do you give?"

"Food," Tarbeah answered immediately. He paused, looking long at his visitor, as if trying to read his mind as to wages. "And four guineas a month," he added slowly.

Greg tried to look as if he were afraid to say he wanted more. "Does my employment begin at once?" he demanded.

"Yes. For instance, you could tally those sealed jars, while the other man goes away to eat."

"And when do you want me to go to Rubota?"

"Our empty ox-carts leave for there sometime after midnight."

Greg worked from that instant until a long line of rude wains creaked into the Euphilstry, the only break in his labor of sorting and listing super-sweet packages being a few words with Pepperdapp and the confession of his new name. The Norwegian promised to be at his service, heart and hand, day and night. He

took his boxes into his house, lest any see another name on them than Evarts Glidden; and then, as Greg seated himself in one of Tarbeah's prehistoric vehicles, he presented him with a book of Pierre Loti's to read to the ladies.

"I'll be very friendly with Tarbeah," he whispered, "and he'll ask me out to dine at Rubota."

The ox-cart creaked away into darkness beyond the gleam of the street lamps, and the French book took on an awful odor under Greg's hand. Sometimes a freshening breeze lifted the load of perfume from him for a brief moment, and, as these intervals lengthened, he lay down in the cart and slept with the soundness that was his happy habit.

IV

He was awakened by his head's hitting the tailboard of the cart sharply. It was day, and the warehouse odors had vanished, while a wonderful spicy flavor was at large with the wandering breezes, making him sit up quickly, with pleased curiosity.

Before them the oxen swung on sullenly, and their half-naked driver plied his cruel prod at each rise in a road that seemed perpendicular, once it was traversed. Brilliant colors flamed in the east, and, as he looked about him, the summit of what seemed a great cliff was passed, and he saw, spread sheer beneath them, an unimaginable prospect from whose midst white towers and the rounded turrets of a mosque raised themselves, pallid and shapely, like ghosts departing at the break of day. The sloping fields were blood-red with blossoming roses ranged in tiers on wide terraces, and perfume-gatherers moved among them thus early, like shadowy bees, shaking the great crimson heads of bloom into wicker baskets. The rosy sunrise matched the land at his feet, and the broad trees sprang up here and there, spreading a needed shadow on the encarmined levels surrounding Rubota in an amphitheatrical sweep. One road plunged to the town, and rose again through sheer steeps of vermilion, threadlike and fine as the scar of a well-healed wound. A boy near at hand, naked except for a sleeveless coat, piped thinly on a slim brazen tube, and preceded Greg down a sheer foot-path, past acres of glowing roses, red and white, to the valley's nethermost depth, where a white stucco house, barred like a prison, stood sharply out against the early light. Greg knocked at a massive door, and a window opened above him, while a shrill French voice told him to wait. In a few moments a little Frenchman stood smiling in the doorway flanked by vistas of stairway and stone hall. He hurried him to a tiny room at the end of many passages, arranged his bath, and gave him a good breakfast. "The ladies expect you at eleven," he said, as he departed with the tray.

Greg had arrived at that state of spiritual development when any course seems more desirable than the asking of questions. He put on his most becoming morning suit, and stepped out on a flat lawn at the back of the house. The windows here were heavily screened with coarse imitation lace behind their iron bars; but there was no glass in them, and he heard laughter and a snatch of mirthless song, and the whole-souled crying of a very young child. He spent the hours before his appointment with the ladies in strolling along the aisles of roses and examining the gardenias budding in hundreds near the wide white house.

The Frenchman sought him at eleven, and they went together to the salaamlik of the advertisement, Greg receiving in distrustful aloofness extravagant praise of his French, and soon ceasing to speak at all as they stepped suddenly into a long, narrow room lighted from an open skylight, and set thick with chairs of elaborate marquetry. The room was draped with carpets and heavy silk, and a table with a glass of water on it was standing beside a wide grating in the far wall, facing a huge, leather-covered chair. Greg sat in this, opening and shutting his book nervously. "The ladies are not yet assembled?" he asked.

The Frenchman waved his hand toward the grating. "They are there," he answered.

The plural wives of Mohamet Tarbeah were clustered behind the bars; and their silks, as soft in fabric as in color, flapped in the draught that poured from the salaamlik through their window on the world. They made Greg think of so many butterflies skewered upon pins, and instantly life took on a new quality for him, and he seemed to lean far out of himself, as a man might lean out of a tower window in an effort to see what country lay about him.

He no longer thought of the absurdity of his position; he remembered nothing but his need to free a woman born to chivalry, and a captive in alien bondage. His relations with his government had never left his mind heretofore; but now he was conscious of nothing but that he must know, and know at once, if Janet Tarbeah were one of the loose-robed, fast-bound women who sat behind bars and listened to an echo of the free world she had left. He bade the ladies good morning, and opened his book.

An idea rushed upon him, and he entertained it.

"The introduction to this book," he said in French, "is very tragical, very mysterious, and contains a long quotation from an English writer called 'Dickery Dock.' If you cannot understand this quotation, please say so, and I will translate it."

He then pretended to read in English from the book. "My uncle told me," he read, "that he had once wronged the woman he loved. Whereupon she had wronged herself as a retaliation upon him: she married where she could never love. She will never know how he suffered, for she was soon too busy with her own sorrows to care." He paused, impressively as he hoped, and, having received no word from the unsacred but cloistered women gathered behind the bars to follow the turn of his tale, he drank a little water in some embarrassment, and set to reading in good earnest.

He realized that the ladies understood him when their shrill giggling followed a glint of humor in the text as a tiny crack of thunder will sometimes follow a blue-bright lightning-flash. He listened for such giggles as he read on and on, peering into the shadowy space beyond the grating, catching nothing but the flash of a steel crochet-needle on the bright color of a skein of silk. A strong odor of attar of roses came from behind the bars, and once he saw a sallow hand, Orientally alien, as slim as a starved cat, grip at one of the grating bars.

At the end of two hours the Frenchman told him to read no more, whereupon he left the salaamlik for an excellent luncheon on a darkened veranda.

He tried to induce the Frenchman to gossip, but was met with sanctimonious reserve; and he strolled lonely to the gardens, fiery with sun and redolent of a heavenly sweetness which made the perfume of commerce seem a sick dream. Within the house some one was playing a piano horribly, and he saw three veiled women set forth for a drive, huddled together on the back seat of a rickety victoria. The Frenchman then appeared, with a large number of English letters to be put into French, and French letters to be put into English. They had been sent out in Tarbeah's motor — and the mechanic said he was too busy to leave Kränz for the night in Rubota. Greg worked late at these letters, taking an hour off for a superlative dinner; and, when the morning came, he woke to another perfect day, wondering how he could communicate with Janet, and not daring even to ask the Frenchman his name.

When eleven o'clock came, he again took up his place before the grating and opened his book. One of the women wore a dress of vermilion, against which the bars showed in stripes like a devil's grid.

He would pause, from time to time, to try to find some place in the text where he might interpolate a message to Janet; and at last he came upon a description of the northwest African coast, in which he saw an opportunity. "How different are those shores from England's!" he said slowly, translating his thoughts into halting French. "And how clearly I remember the house of my dear friend Dickery Dock — that same house whence he sent his nephew to search the world for the woman he had loved so greatly, and lost in an unhappy moment of hesitation." A sharp sound, half sob, half spoken exclamation, came from the room beyond; and, in his eagerness, Greg rose to see more clearly from which silken folds it came — for the women were like so many bales of stuff to him, with the treasure of a bruised heart hidden away in one of them.

At the end of his reading, a coal-black negro, wearing a gaudy uniform somewhat spotted with food, stood before him suddenly, to ask him, in French, the year of the book's publication — "the book you are reading to my ladies," he added. "I am their servant."

"Tell them," Greg said, "that it was published last month, and dedicated" — he looked at the title-page of the book as if to make sure — "to Sir Gregory Greg."

He then felt like a sportsman who has brought down his bird without the dogs being able to retrieve it.

V

Saints, agog for supreme encouragements, find inspiriting signs in chance words of Holy Writ; physicians, obsessed by a special disease, find its symptoms in every patient; Greg, weary for a word from the Scotchwoman in the fleshly duresse of Tarbeah's hareem, believed that it was vicariously spoken by the negro with the food-spotted tunic.

It was impossible for him to release his mind from the spell of that inquiry. He felt as if some ambassador from the dead had stood before him and proclaimed the loved and lost as still interested in the life of this world, as still a part of it. He paced the level lawn and looked about him at the roses; he smelt them, burdening the summer wind with the lovely savor of June at home; and he looked again at the barred house where his countrywoman was worse than dead, and found his eyes wet with hot tears, his throat suddenly swelled with emotion. "Subject to that filthy Turk," he whispered.

Late that afternoon, Tarbeah ben Tarbil entered the valley with no less a person than Pepperdapp. Against his announced plan, he had come out for dinner and the night. He was evidently elated at the presence of his guest, the reason for whose coming Greg divined at one admiring glance. Both men treated him as the under dog, Tarbeah setting an example which his guest thought it wise to follow. The three strolled together in the nearer gardens, and then seated themselves in wicker chairs for the solace of cooling drinks. Tarbeah drank a tumblerful of un-iced *crème de menthe*, and became jocular as the last drops disappeared. Greg and Pepperdapp eyed each other in dismay, having had no idea of the horrors of a jocular Oriental. He boasted as well, and sent for a portfolio of his etchings to show them — accurately executed etchings, with a certain hardness about them which amounted to individuality of style. Then he passed on to his trade successes, and told them of various dishonesties he had practised from time to time without detection from less acute competitors. He showed them his farm offices, and Greg saw him open a letter there addressed to Madame Jeanne de Tarbeah. He took a look at it, and then tore it into tiny pieces and threw it in a great bowl filled with other bits of paper. After that the "unspeakable Turk" did not seem an empty diplomatic phrase.

Presently, with insulting ostentation, Tarbeah left Greg out of the conversation, recounting various Parisian adventures with a good deal of chuckling, and Greg felt happy that his opportunity for escape had arrived. He walked up a lane of beeches leading to the house, and came out suddenly on a turfed yard that he had not before seen. It was hedged high with beeches, and great baskets of hay blossom were stored in it, smelling sweetly aromatic in the open air.

A woman was seated with her back to him, cutting out bits of cloth on a rickety table; and, as he looked at her figure and her unveiled head, his heart leaped within him. He saw her foot braced at the side of her low chair, and it was a small European foot, from which she had kicked a worn bronze slipper — a stockingless foot, and a white one rather than a yellow; its toe-nails were not dyed with henna, in the Eastern fashion prevailing in Rubota, and there was a characteristic calloused spot on her little toe, the sure indication of a shoe worn habitually. When he saw that, he said, "Janet McBride," quite softly. She turned on him swiftly, and his heart filled with pity for her; for she was very thin, and her blue eyes had fear in them, while her abundant hair was streaked widely with gray. Hers was not a face of beauty, but the dignity of utter sorrow pervaded it, and there was an appealing hopelessness in the droop of both head and mouth. She stared at him steadily, and as she looked she sobbed once — that strange sound with which a woman greets birth or death; and then she covered her wrecked expression with two thin hands, and crept toward the house, leaving a long scarf of silk on the chair behind her.

Greg realized that he was in the women's garden, much of it usurped for trade and all of it untended. He left in swift silence, fearful of being seen there, and went to his own room, where he sat at the window, wondering what on earth he could do. When the darkness was complete, and all the garden's perfume asweep on night winds under the staring stars, he still sat there. Janet's faded, infinitely lovable face was painted bright on the night's blackness, and the sadness of it came close to his heart. Its look of habitual depression was emphasized in retrospect, with its meaning cruelly clear in his practical mind. Contempt for her had left him at the first glance, and he prayed for her deliverance, thinking of every circumstance that promised escape, although no help seemed at hand. He knew that clandestine flight was the solution of his problem, but he felt himself powerless to bring it about. When he was called to dine, his head still teemed with recurring plans, which matured only to be rejected. He found Pepperdapp calm, but his disgust was becoming apparent.

At dinner, they looked from long windows to a prospect he acknowledged peerless; they ate food that would have been considered excellent in Vienna. But when Greg looked at his fat host, whose Moslem turban — the hallmark of abstinence — was alcoholically awry, when he was forced to consider his criminally high and narrow forehead, he thought of another face, pale like the *figure souffrante* of Arthur Rimbaud's symbolic vision — the very face of Janet sequestered in a bestial seclusion; and analogy smote him its stunning blow. He remembered many old maids helping gayest London to a colorless virtue; he thought of benignly hysteric spinsters rushing cold cash to the blood-warmed districts of cannibal Africa; and he prayed God to cure their blindness — to open their eyes to a horror of hareems and such as Janet, who had ceased to be a maid only to become petrified in the sea of sorrow, a monument to despair.

The angle of her drooping head inflamed him with a viking's rage; the remembered glance of her eyes without hope pierced him like dagger-points. Pushing his chair from the table, he fled, and in the darkness of his room his flooded

eyes closed in an agony of comprehension, his first understanding of despair.

Pepperdapp came up to him, when dinner was over, and begged him to come downstairs. "I am going to play," he said, "and I play beautifully."

"I have seen her," Greg replied — "that is, what is left of her." He pulled his friend into a recess and told him all that had passed. The Norwegian held a lamp in his great hand and scanned Greg's face kindly under its stream of light.

"I, too, am frantic to help her," he said. "If you can get her out and away, come straight to me, in the Euphilstry. I shall have," he added softly, bending his head till his lips nearly touched the other's ear, "a coal-boat waiting in the harbor till you need it. For, somehow, I feel that you're going to pull this thing off, Greg — when and how, God knows."

"I wish I did," Greg answered earnestly. "Let us go downstairs."

The salaamlik, as they entered it, was softly lighted with many candles in crystal candlestands, and a grand piano was open in one corner, upon which a bowl of yellow roses dispensed an extraordinary fragrance. Tarbeah was abusing his Frenchman fussily, and had progressed in alcoholic intensity; for he now breathed a little short and moved about restlessly in his padded damask chair. Pepperdapp sat at the piano and brushed his subtle fingers over the waiting keys. His was a perfect touch, and tone floated from the instrument without effort, in a succession of shapely phrases and searching modulations. Tarbeah sat far from the grating that separated the castle of Bluebeard from a wide modern room in which three factors in contemporaneous trade listened to Grieg or to Chopin. But Sir Willy purposely faced the long barred window crowded with folds of brilliant silk, which gave out a dense odor of attar of roses. He first knew that the women were collected there from their heavy perfume, which entered the salaamlik like a presence.

Pepperdapp paused for a moment in his music, and opened a great book he had taken from the table beside him. Greg took a lamp to the piano to light the thick pages as he turned them, and he found that the volume was one of Scotch airs. He turned involuntarily to the fly-leaf, and saw, written by his Uncle Gregory, the name of Janet McBride. His face flamed as two huge hands crashed the chords of "They a' were at the weddin'."

Pepperdapp played through the introduction, and, as he softened the tone for the song's beginning, a high, defiant voice sounded from the grating. It was a woman's voice, strong but unsteady, and it sang the words with an unmistakably Scotch accent:

"Tullibardine, McTavish too,
And more brave lads wha' used to woo,
Came empty-hearted and got fu',
So gradely to the weddin'."

They caught sight of Janet Tarbeah as she stood before the grating. Her lips seemed feeling for the words, and at one or two of the lines they moved without speech; but when the refrain came, her voice joined the air with a desperate vigor. Rebellion had gathered in her wild eyes and her drooping look had given place to defiance. She was wrapped up with the two Europeans in a mood of the moment. Tarbeah was overpowered; the authority of his environment, his tradition, was set at naught. Three Northern souls had met together in a racial emanation, the wild tune of a people who were lawless only when not governed by their own laws. As Pepperdapp's expression of the rhythm grew more perfect, Janet danced at the grating, with her veiled sisters for a background, and life flaming again in a face almost burnt out. She threw out her arms and cried, "Take me home!" while her slim shoulders heaved as she leaped for joy of the song they loved.

Tarbeah rose, and looked from one man to the other. Turning, he called Janet a name, in Turkish, which only a Turk could have invented. He spoke it several times, for his utterance was not at its best. Then he lurched toward the piano, seized Greg's lamp, and hurled it at the grating.

She shrieked with a fearful shrillness, and in another instant the room was a swirl of flame and belching smoke; the wall draperies caught with a snapping noise, and fire tore over them with the masterful swiftness of a living thing.

Greg rushed to the grating. "Are you hurt?" he said.

"No," Janet whispered.

"Then you are free, Mrs. Tarbeah. Get the women out of the hareem, for we are going to take you home. This whole place will burn."

As Pepperdapp passed Tarbeah, he struck his head, wilfully, with his great hand. The Turk dropped to the floor, and, Pepperdapp bidding Greg take his feet as he took his shoulders, they carried him out and put him down gently in his own garden, out of the way of the mounting flames.

VI

The sight of fire and roses absorbed them after that. Columns of ascending flame lighted the blossoming acres, their glare checked only

by the amphitheatrical limitations of the wall about Rubota. Sometimes ill-clad creatures, ex-wives of Tarbeah or relicts of his father, crawled forth from the hareem under the weight of a cherished chair or table; and ever the phantom light of consuming flame spread above the space of roses, as if hell had imposed its reflex upon the very surface of Paradise itself. Fire leaped at every gust of wind, burning its passage through the night sky with the sound of a great beast drinking, while in the zenith a pulsing glow was like some giant's heart, in its strange motion. The gardenias opened for a moment before they blackened and fell on death, scorched on their bushes of withering green, while the lanes between flowering hedges made triumphal entry for more flame, and storehouses of flower-dust joined the blaze with a little puff and an outrush of aroma.

Veiled women came mutely forth from their own quarters, having seen their belongings carried out by those who once were as young as themselves. They blundered abroad, apathetic, unwieldy creatures, blind in light as in darkness, unable to ask help or help themselves. Greg and Pepperdapp stood at the hareem door, alert for one face, eager for one presence.

At last, and without greeting, Janet pushed out the filthy door, and stood before them, her face lighted from without by the grim glare of flames, from within by the clear shining of a great relief. She was leading a little girl.

"This child is mine," she said shortly.

"Is there anything else you'll be taking with you? You are going for good," Greg said.

She shook her head. "Nothing but Zoraida is worth keeping," she answered; and, as the child cried, she raised it in her arms and kissed it over and over again. "Zoraida," she said, "don't cry. I thought we were locked in for life; but we're free! Don't be afraid. Come with mother, and be a European."

Madame Tarbeah dramatized her seven years of suffering, and achieved the most powerful, if not the most popular, play of the year. After long silence and legal severance from Tarbeah and Turkish ways, she confessed her folly in detail to the Comte de Villebasse. Sir Erastus had joined the majority. She had announced her intention of marrying Sir Gregory Greg to half Paris. "And when I saw that could not be," she said, "I pretended to draw back, from love of another. Tarbeah was that other because he was available, if no more."

"You hardly deserve your deliverance," the old man told her.

With the congenital insolence of Orientals, Tarbeah comes to Paris annually; but he is enfeebled and very fat, and his pleasures lead him far from the haunts of important politicians like Sir Willy Greg, whose devotion to Madame Tarbeah is expected to have a matrimonial ending. Zoraida has forgotten hareems and is already vowed to equal suffrage.

THE VISION

BY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

YOU are the vision, you are the image of the dream,
The voice among the stars, the silence in the stream;
A breath of the infinite poise, where space and time are spun,
And the circling orbits wheel their planets round the sun.
Beyond the outer margin where nothing calls to God
Leaps the fiery symbol to bloom where your feet have trod;
Here is the earth resurgent with color and bloom of spring,
Glorying the dream and the vision in the song you bring.

THE STORY OF A POST-OFFICE CLERK

THE EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG WOMAN IN THE CIVIL SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY

CHARLES W. ELIOT

FORMER PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THIS is an account of the experience of a farmer's capable daughter in the service of the United States Post-Office. The story was taken down from the young woman's lips; and acceptance of the facts must depend on the narrator's credibility. To be sure, many of the facts are of a public nature, known to many persons; but the reader will perceive that at critical points of the story no corroborating testimony can be obtained. As is usual in personal political negotiations, written records were purposely avoided, and the most interesting conversations were conducted without witnesses. Under these circumstances it was important that the trustworthy character of the narrator should be established by the testimony of many persons who had known her for years; and this testimony was procured amply, and found to be conclusive.

The object of publishing this story is to exhibit in a vivid way the meanness and undemocratic nature of the spoils system, and its absurdity as a method of organizing any service for the people which ought to be businesslike, honest, and competent.

There is nothing dramatic or picturesque in the entire story. There is no tragical climax to it; for the narrator resigned her office and was not dismissed, soon found commercial employment, and is now again a post-office clerk. Most of the people mentioned in it are just ordinary, commonplace American men and women, busy in their own occupations and generally kindly; but tolerant of injustice and waste in government administration, local, state, or national,— indifferent, too, when much important public business is done by political machines and rings, large or small, in secret and for selfish considerations. All the names of persons and places and all the dates in this narrative are the real names and dates, given without disguise. In telling her story and consenting to its publication, the narrator had no motive except the wish and hope to protect other persons, in the future, from such experiences as she was obliged to endure; and the scribe had no motive except to promote civil service reform. The comments that are interwoven with the narrative are his; the narrator made none.

Jessie Roberta Kinney was born in 1884 at Jamesville, a town seven miles south of Syracuse, New York, the youngest of a family of ten children. Her father was Irving Kinney, a farmer, and her mother Sarah Munroe of Cazenovia, New York. Irving Kinney served in the Civil War from 1862 to 1865 in the Ninth New York Heavy Artillery, and now has a pension of eight dollars a month. While on a hot and dusty march he suffered a sunstroke, from the effects of which his family think he never entirely recovered. He is still living, but his health is impaired. Jessie's three brothers and six sisters were, like herself, born and brought up on the Jamesville farm. The farm was chiefly devoted to the production of milk, although far the greater part of the family's food was raised on the farm. The father and mother carried on a wholesale and retail business in milk and dairy products, their market being Syracuse, and the mother being the more active and enterprising partner.

Jessie first went to the district school when she was between six and seven years old. About the middle of the third year of her high-school course she was obliged to leave school because of threatened tuberculosis. She was slight in figure and had a bad cough, and an uncle and a cousin had died of tuberculosis. The

family physician, Dr. J. H. Paul, advised that Jessie leave school and live on the farm, keeping out of doors as much as possible. In the higher grades of the school she had studied geography and physical geography, the history of the United States and of New York State, arithmetic, and the elements of algebra; and she had followed for two years the school's course in Latin, but not with much satisfaction.

After leaving school she spent six months at home, out of doors about the farm in the daytime, and with her windows wide open at night. Her school days were over; but she had received a better education than most farmers' daughters can get living at home in small towns, and had learned how to apply her mind to the work in hand — the best of acquisitions during school life.

Her cough having disappeared, and self-support being desirable, she accepted, in June, 1901, an offer from Mr. Byron Houghtaling, postmaster at Jamesville, of employment as clerk. This offer came to her as a surprise. Mr. Houghtaling asked her, one day, if she would like post-office work; he said he had been talking the matter over at home, and had there expressed the opinion that "Jess" Kinney would make a good clerk. Mr. Houghtaling, whose business was that of a dealer in live stock, was nominally the postmaster, and enjoyed the revenue of the office, but knew nothing and did nothing about the post-office business. He could not sort the mail, or deliver it, or make the monthly and quarterly reports, and, indeed, had never attempted to do any part of the work of the office. He had had two clerks successively before Jessie Kinney, the first of whom had left the office to be married, and the last had left abruptly, on some disagreement with the postmaster, not waiting to instruct her successor. Jessie was therefore obliged to study the account-books and the blanks, the money-order forms, and the postal laws and regulations, and to learn without any instructor what was to be done and how to do it.

Jamesville was a fourth-class post-office,— that is, an office of the lowest grade as regards amount of business and the postmaster's compensation,— but money-order reports to the Post-Office Department were required every month, and postal reports every quarter. For thirteen months Jessie did almost all the work of the office, which was open regularly from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M., the customary hours for fourth-class offices. She was the only clerk employed, and the postmaster was seldom in the office. Her compensation during her whole stay in the Jamesville office was two dollars a week and her board and lodging in the postmaster's family. As the family lived over the office, the clerk could be summoned from upstairs even when the post-office door was locked; so that she was often obliged to run down on office business during meal-time. In the Jamesville of that day Jessie's compensation was fair for a girl of eighteen, but it could not be called liberal. She learned in the Jamesville office that she liked post-office work, and could do it acceptably. One of her reasons for liking it was that it offered a good deal of variety, and brought one in contact with a large number of persons, whose qualities and interests presented great diversity. Although the methods of the office were prescribed in the government regulations, and the hours of work were much affected by the arrival and departure of trains, yet the regulations and the railroad arrangements were liable to frequent change, so that the work was by no means monotonous, like that of an accountant or bookkeeper.

In the summer of 1902 Miss Kinney heard from a Mr. O'Donnell, who lived about three miles south of Jamesville and traveled for an agricultural machinery company, that an assistant was needed at the Elbridge, New York, post-office. Now, Elbridge had a larger population than Jamesville, for at Elbridge there was the Electrical Manufacturing Company, the business of which involved a large correspondence, and the Amphion Piano Company. It appearing to Miss Kinney that the Elbridge office must be a larger one than the Jamesville, and that the pay of the clerk ought to be higher, she went, on a certain Monday, to see the Elbridge postmaster, Charles E. Cook, a retired farmer about sixty years old, and a Republican in politics. He offered Miss Kinney five dollars a week, out of which she would have to pay two dollars and fifty cents a week for board and lodging. This was a very slight advance on her Jamesville compensation; because at Jamesville she could get her laundry work done at home on the farm, which would not be possible if she lived at Elbridge. Nevertheless, Miss Kinney accepted the offer, and agreed to report at Elbridge on the following Wednesday.

Mr. Cook, like all fourth-class postmasters, was paid by a commission on the value of the stamps canceled in the office, and by small fees on money-orders and special-delivery letters; but out of these receipts he had to pay the salary of the clerk, besides rent, fuel, and lights. At that time the Elbridge office probably paid the postmaster between seven and eight hundred dollars, whereas the Jamesville office only paid the postmaster between six and seven hundred dollars. Mr. Cook did not live in the post office building, but hired an office in a business

block on the main street. He had leased his farm, and lived in the village not far from the office. He was not an active politician.

When Miss Kinney went to Elbridge Mr. Cook looked tolerably healthy, but was really far from well, for he had a severe cough. Almost immediately Miss Kinney was "running" the office alone, although the postmaster was not incapable, as was the Jamesville postmaster, of handling the mail. During the first six months Miss Kinney boarded, at two dollars and fifty cents a week, at a house about a block from the office, kept by excellent married people who took only four boarders. Then she went to lodge and board at about the same distance from the office in the family of C. B. Cook, one of the postmaster's two sons, who was a traveling salesman. This arrangement was no more expensive and was more agreeable socially, since Mrs. C. B. Cook was a very kind and friendly person. In July, 1905, after a service of three years, Miss Kinney asked for and received an increase of a dollar a week in her pay. Mr. Cook's health began to fail rapidly about this time, and in the following winter he suffered from a prolonged "cold."

Through Mrs. Cook Miss Kinney became acquainted with many people in the town, and, having an inherited family connection with the Presbyterian Church, she became the teacher of a Sunday-school class of boys between ten and fifteen years of age. She was also elected, in 1908, president of the Philathea Class, an organization of girls and young women for Bible study, and served in this capacity until she left Elbridge. Among her friends were the family of Mr. A. H. Hughes, the leading merchant of the town (he kept a general store for dry-goods, groceries, hardware, and so forth), and his younger brother, Mr. O. L. Hughes, the carrier for the rural free delivery. She was in the habit of visiting at the house of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hughes. It is obvious that she could not only perform well the functions of postmaster, but also render excellent social service in the town.

The postmaster, Mr. Cook, relieved Miss Kinney in the office at dinner-time and supper-time; but as his strength failed he did a diminishing amount of office work. He died in midsummer, 1906, having been away from the office altogether for six months. Thus, Miss Kinney, who had herself manifested a tendency to tuberculosis before she was eighteen years old, had been in close contact with a mortal case of tuberculosis for three and a half years. Two or three months before Mr. Cook's death, Miss Kinney had been recommended by Mr. Samuel P. Kyle, Post-Office inspector, for the clerkship in the office at Oriskany Falls, New York, where she would have received eight dollars a week. Mr. Cook, however, wished her to stay in Elbridge, although he did not feel able to give her more than seven dollars a week. She accepted this amount, believing that Mr. Cook was a very sick man, and that he would have great difficulty in getting any competent assistant under the circumstances. Everybody in Elbridge knew that Miss Kinney had been doing all the work of the post-office for six months, and almost all of it for four years, and that she had done it well and acceptably.

When Mr. Cook died, friends asked Miss Kinney if she did not want the appointment to the post-office, and she answered that she did want it, and would put in an application whenever it was proper to do so. Even before Mr. Cook's death, she had been advised to go to the "bosses" on the subject of the succession, since it was supposed that two or three men were going to apply for the office if she did not want it. At this time she had been to Mr. A. H. Hughes, telling him — what everybody knew — that Mr. Cook had but a short time to live, and asking him if he would support an application on her part for the succession. Mr. Hughes promptly stated that he would support her. Miss Kinney also interviewed Mr. J. R. Chamberlain, "Supervisor" for Elbridge, who also promised to support her application to the Post-Office Department.

A Supervisor in the State of New York is a county official, the Board of Supervisors being the governing power of the county. Every town and every ward of a city elects a Supervisor. The jail and the poorhouse are managed by the Board of Supervisors, which also appoints certain county officials who are not elective. In general, the Boards of Supervisors in the State of New York are not considered efficient and trustworthy governing bodies, and it is generally believed that the county jails and poorhouses are not well managed. The representation of the cities on these boards is small in proportion to their population; so that it is the Supervisors from country towns who must be held responsible for the results of the Board's management in each county.

Messrs. Hughes and Chamberlain talked the matter over together and with Republican friends. Mr. Hughes was an influential Republican manager in the town, and Mr. Chamberlain, who was also a Republican, held an elective office. Mr. O. L. Hughes, the free-delivery carrier, was to some degree a political worker, and was much liked in the town; but he did not have so much influence as his brother, who was generally recognized as one of the leading men of the town in business and in politics. On Mr.

Cook's death, the carrier used all his influence on behalf of Miss Kinney as the proper successor to the office.

When Mr. Cook died, his six "sureties" took charge of the post-office, according to the postal laws and regulations. The regulations prescribe that the sureties, who must be at least two in number, shall take charge of the vacated office, and shall appoint one of their number, or some other person, acting postmaster. Mr. Cook's sureties appointed one of their number, Mr. A. E. Stacey, acting postmaster. Mr. W. S. Hale nominated Mr. Stacey for the place; and the other four sureties, all of whom were strongly in favor of Miss Kinney as postmistress, and who might, under the regulations, have made her acting postmaster, joined in the appointment of Mr. Stacey. They were all Republicans, and had all been more or less active as party managers. Mr. A. H. Hughes, especially, was supposed to have much influence with the Republican voters of the town. The sureties were anxious, for political reasons, to "stay together." They must have known that there was considerable disapproval of Mr. Stacey by many of the townspeople, and that some lack of confidence had been engendered by the successive reductions of force in his chair factory, which once employed one hundred and fifty men, whose number had been reduced to about six. There had also been some public dissatisfaction with his discharge of his duties as Supervisor and as County Treasurer.

The appointment of Mr. Stacey as acting postmaster was unjust to Miss Kinney, disadvantageous to the community, and inexpedient from the point of view of the Post-Office Department considered as a great business establishment, in which capacity and fidelity should always be rewarded. Mr. Stacey was acting postmaster rather more than three months, during which time he and his wife sometimes helped Miss Kinney in the office, or took her place when she was at meals. Meantime, he resisted with the local political managers Miss Kinney's appointment as permanent postmistress. He argued that Elbridge was not her home, that she did not pay taxes there, and that there was nothing in her favor except her previous good service. The rumor spread that Mr. Stacey wanted the office for himself; but this suggestion was not welcomed by the political managers, who felt that he had already had from the town all that he deserved and more.

The appointment of Mr. Stacey as acting postmaster was not welcome to Miss Kinney; but she did not know that he was opposing her appointment as postmistress. He sometimes seemed disposed to help her, told her that other persons were getting out petitions for the place, and advised her to start a petition. When she took this advice and prepared a petition, he was willing that patrons of the office should sign it when they came there for mail; and he also took Miss Kinney's place in the office when she visited voters in the town, asking them to sign the petition in her favor. Accordingly, when her petition had been signed by one hundred and seventy-eight voters, a large majority of all the voters in the town, Miss Kinney gave it to Mr. Stacey to forward to the proper authority. At that time she supposed that Mr. Stacey had no desire for the permanent appointment, and was not unfavorable to her appointment.

One evening at closing time, when Miss Kinney was alone in the office, Mr. Stacey said to her, "You know, Miss Kinney, that all office-holders have to pay to the political fund."

"Yes," she replied; "I know that that has to be done. What amount am I supposed to give?"

Mr. Stacey said, "Well, you are not able to work in politics, and you are not a voter, and we think that the office ought to pay two hundred dollars a year."

Miss Kinney was much surprised at the amount, but said in reply: "Of course, if that amount must be paid, I can pay it as well as any one."

Mr. Stacey answered, "Yes, you can"; and then added: "You need not say anything about it to the other boys."

Miss Kinney knew that Mr. Stacey was not the Republican Committeeman for the County, and immediately felt vaguely that there was something wrong about these suggestions. She got the impression that the payment of this two hundred dollars was a condition of the support of her appointment as postmistress by Mr. Stacey, Hon. Michael E. Driscoll, the Republican Congressman for the district, or by the political "bosses" in general. Immediately after closing the office, she, therefore, hastened to the house of Mr. A. H. Hughes, and reported what had happened. Mr. Hughes was very much surprised at her story and remarked that she need not pay any such amount of money. He added that he would see Mr. J. R. Chamberlain, the County Committeeman, the next day on the subject. Mr. A. H. Hughes went to see Mr. Chamberlain the very next morning, and together they called on Hon. Michael E. Driscoll. After this interview with Mr. Driscoll Miss Kinney received a notice from the Post-Office Department in Washington to the effect that the Department had received no petition from her, and that she must send one if she wished the appointment. Miss Kinney replied, describing the petition that had been signed by

one hundred and seventy-eight voters, and telling the Department that she had given it to Mr. Stacey, the acting postmaster, for delivery to the Department directly, or to Hon. M. E. Driscoll, the Representative of the district. Thereupon the Department sent a second communication, dated September 25, 1906, saying that no petition had been received from her or about her, and repeating the statement that a petition was necessary in order to secure the appointment. Miss Kinney then asked if she should send her petition direct to the Department, and was told by the Department to do so at once. She therefore procured a second petition in her favor, which was almost identical with the first, name for name, and forwarded it directly to Washington; but the Department did not acknowledge the receipt of this petition.

Meantime, her friends, Messrs. Hughes and Chamberlain, had seen Representative Driscoll at Syracuse three times about the appointment of Miss Kinney, but without result, until, at last, they told Mr. Driscoll that if Miss Kinney's appointment as postmistress did not come at once many votes would be lost to him in Elbridge at the election on November 7, 1906. The Elbridge postmaster was still a political appointment, because all these events occurred before President Roosevelt put the fourth-class post-offices east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac into the classified service. Miss Kinney heard nothing further from Washington, but on November 5, 1906, she received her appointment as postmistress for four years from October 29, 1906. After Miss Kinney's appointment Mr. Stacey spoke of that two hundred dollar suggestion once, saying, "You told the boys about it." On receiving her appointment, Miss Kinney paid the Cook estate one hundred and eighty-six dollars for the post-office equipment, and then had undisturbed possession of the office from November, 1906, to January, 1909. At the election of 1906 and again in 1908 Miss Kinney gave Mr. J. R. Chamberlain, the Republican County Committeeman, twenty-five dollars for the political fund, and received from him a written acknowledgment thereof.

In November, 1906, Miss Kinney engaged Mrs. C. B. McKaig of Elbridge, whose father was postmaster at Hart Lot, New York, as her assistant, at five dollars a week. Mrs. McKaig worked about five hours a day, but could be summoned to the office whenever needed. When Mrs. McKaig had to leave the office on account of illness in her family, two other women were successively employed.

Until January, 1909, the postmaster's receipts on the commission and fee basis amounted to about nine hundred and fifty dollars a year, out of which were paid sixty dollars for rent, about fifteen dollars for fuel, sixteen dollars for lights, and the wages of her assistant; so that the postmistress cleared about six hundred dollars a year.

Before Miss Kinney's appointment as permanent postmistress she had had a room in one house and taken her meals in another. After her appointment she took two rooms at Mrs. McKaig's house, furnished them comfortably, and boarded at the same house as before. Her lodging- and boarding-places in Elbridge were always near the post-office and on the main street. Her stated comings and goings, both in the daytime and after dark, were well known to all the people of the vicinity; but during her whole residence in Elbridge she never experienced the slightest incivility or rudeness, either in the office or on the streets, although the town employed no police or other effective public force. The post-office was robbed three times while she was employed there, the safe being blown open at night by skilful burglars; but for such losses the postmaster is not held responsible by the Department at Washington, if he has provided a proper safe to hold his stamps and his money.

In January, 1909, the Elbridge office became automatically a third-class office, because its gross receipts through the increase of its business reached the sum of nineteen hundred dollars a year. Thereupon Miss Kinney began to receive, as third-class postmistress, a salary of a thousand dollars a year and seventy-five dollars for office expenses. She also received, like all postmasters, the usual three-cent payment for each money-order and the eight-cent payment for each special-delivery letter. The postmaster is at liberty to take the whole of the eight-cent fee himself if he personally delivers the letter, or to take the balance over what he pays a messenger for the delivery. The change in the status of the office was not due to any special exertions made by Miss Kinney; but was the result of the natural growth of the mail business of the town. Mr. Kyle, the Post-Office inspector, learned of the advance of the office to the third class only when he made his annual visit. The improvement in Miss Kinney's pecuniary situation amounted to at least two hundred dollars.

Soon after the change in the Elbridge post-office from the fourth class to the third class, Mrs. McKaig's brother-in-law, a young man who worked for the Electrical Manufacturing Company, called at the post-office at noon, and asked Miss Kinney if she knew that Mr. Clarence A. Stone, an employee at the Amphion

Piano Company, was trying to get a petition signed in favor of his appointment to the postmastership. Her informant said that Mr. Stone represented to the persons whom he asked to sign his petition that Miss Kinney did not want the office any longer, or that she could not keep it now that it was a third-class office, or that she was to be married; and he inquired if these representations, or any one of them, were correct. Did she wish to keep the post-office?

Miss Kinney at once sought the advice of Mr. A. H. Hughes, who was one of her sureties, her other sureties being John R. Chamberlain, farmer and "Supervisor," W. S. Curtis, dealer in monuments of stone, Fred C. Carpenter, merchant, John Farnham, dealer in live stock, and R. B. Sweet, dealer in blooded horses. Mr. Hughes' advice was that Miss Kinney at once procure signatures to a counter-petition to be sent direct to Washington. Miss Kinney's petition stated that a man was trying to secure the appointment as postmaster at Elbridge, and that the undersigned petitioners wished her to be continued in office till her term expired on October 29, 1910. She secured more signatures to this petition than stood on her original petition asking for the fourth-class appointment—securing them both in the post-office and by going to the houses of persons who she thought would wish to sign it. She was advised, however, by some of her friends that the political managers of the town thought they could settle the case favorably to her without sending the petition to Washington.

In January, 1909, Messrs. A. H. Hughes, John Rhoades, Dr. E. B. Kaple, and Fred Hazeltine, all four of whom were much interested in local Republican politics, and were also in favor of keeping Miss Kinney in the office, called at Mr. Stacey's house to discuss the situation, and to find out what he intended to do in the matter. Mr. Stacey felt that the office was paying too much to a woman, and that it should be given to a man; and he was firm in his opposition to Miss Kinney's continuing in office. Early in the discussion he asked the following question, which in form was safe, but nevertheless contained a suggestion of improper motives on the part of Miss Kinney's supporters: "What reason have you for fighting for this girl?"

These five men, presumably influenced by both personal and political considerations, finally agreed on the following "compromise": they would give Miss Kinney an opportunity to resign at once, so as to avoid the mortification of being dismissed, but the resignation should not take effect until after the election in November, 1909. Under this arrangement Miss Kinney would hold her office nearly ten months more, and would lose it only about a year before the expiration of her four years' term. The arrangement would keep the party managers together without any public exhibition of discord among them, and any popular objection to it could hardly get effectively expressed.

Miss Kinney had been informed that this meeting was to be held, and believed that it would decide her fate. She supposed that the Post-Office Department could turn her out of her office without notice. She tried to communicate with Inspector Kyle; but he was on one of his tours of inspection, and she failed to communicate with him. She stayed at Mr. Hughes' house on the evening of the meeting to learn its decision; and when the compromise was stated to her by Mr. Hughes as an arrangement her friends had assented to, and she had listened to some account of the discussion, she almost immediately decided to resign rather than ask her friends to continue fighting for her, to their embarrassment, both personal and political. She felt that the proposal was unjust; but she was at the end of her resisting resources, and had a vague sense that the political considerations to which her friends had yielded must have a serious import. The next day she wrote her resignation, addressing it to the Postmaster-General, and giving no reason for the step, and handed it to Mr. Stacey, as had been agreed upon the day before. He was to send it to Washington, or give it to Hon. Michael E. Driscoll, the Representative.

Of course, Miss Kinney ought not to have resigned; but her mistake was natural, for she was ill informed concerning her rights under her fourth-class appointment, and, in face of the advice of four local politicians whom she counted among her friends, she felt deserted and did not know where to turn for counsel or support. Moreover, she shared the opinion, common among Americans, that resignation, though unjustly forced, is much to be preferred to out-and-out dismissal. She received no aid or protection from the Post-Office Department, which apparently was not interested to retain a competent, faithful, and experienced employee, and paid no attention to the wishes of the voters of Elbridge. Five local political managers and one Representative in Congress were allowed to treat a good servant of the national government in a shameful manner, the whole thing being done in the dark and the motives of the actors being left to conjecture. It is impossible to imagine any good motive for such unjust and inexpedient action.

Mr. Clarence A. Stone's petition was circulated by him among his fellow workmen at the Amphion factory, and many of those who signed

it were not legal voters. Many of the townspeople refused to sign his petition. His appointment as postmaster was made on May 6, 1909, to take effect after the election in the following November; but this appointment was not known to Miss Kinney, or, indeed, to anybody except a few of the managers in Elbridge. Miss Kinney remained in the office until the first of December, 1909, in order to teach Mr. Stone the work, and to prevent the people of the town, to whom she felt grateful, from suffering from the new postmaster's inexperience.

Two facts concerning Miss Kinney's experience remain to be mentioned. First, while postmistress she had six sureties for one thousand dollars each. They received no compensation for this favor, except that their box rent was paid by Miss Kinney. Sureties have a right to inspect the accounts of the official for whom they are responsible. They never asked to inspect Miss Kinney's accounts. Secondly, in October, 1909, when the National League of Postmasters of the United States met in Syracuse, New York, Miss Kinney's case was considered, at the instigation of the President of the League, by the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General De Graw, Chief Inspector James, Inspector Kyle, the Inspector of Money-orders and Registered Letters, the President of the National League, A. K. Hoag, and C. C. Cummings, President of the New York State League of Postmasters. They advised Miss Kinney to withdraw her resignation. Whereupon she immediately wrote to the Department at Washington to withdraw it; but was informed that it was too late, since Mr. Stone had been confirmed by the Senate on the 6th of the preceding May.

Being under the necessity of finding employment as soon as possible, Miss Kinney, in December, 1909, accepted a position as clerk in a shop for leather goods in Syracuse, where she worked for one week at a salary of six dollars; she then went to a confectionery store for two weeks at seven dollars a week, acting as substitute for a sick bookkeeper. Early in February, 1910, Miss Kinney obtained a position as bookkeeper in Keilty's dry-goods store in Syracuse at eight dollars a week for the first four weeks, when her pay was raised to nine dollars a week. She stayed at this place till July 2, 1910, when she became assistant in the post-office at Cape Vincent, New York, on a recommendation to the postmistress, Mrs. Wiggin, from Mr. Kyle, the Post-Office inspector, who had known Miss Kinney all through her post-office career. Cape Vincent is a third-class office, and Miss Kinney receives there twelve dollars a week.

The moral of this story is plain. A young woman, well born, well brought up, intelligent, better educated than nine tenths of American children, and of irreproachable character, demonstrates by five years of service as assistant in two post-offices that she is fully capable of discharging well the duties of a postmaster. By fidelity and intelligence she reaches a good position in the United States Post-Office,— that of postmistress in a third-class office,— only to be deprived of it by the action of local political managers through the administration at Washington. Character and merit in the candidate, the interest of the service, and the wishes of the people to be served, go for nothing. Personal feeling and the supposed interests of party work grievous injustice; and the case demonstrates that the largest business department of the national government is not conducted on sound business principles in regard to its employees, and that a farmer's daughter, working for a living honorably and in every respect successfully, cannot expect from the national government the consideration and support which every intelligent and respectable private employer would surely give her. The case was not an exceptionally hard one. All appointees on political grounds are liable to just such treatment, and, as a matter of fact, at the present moment all the higher appointments under the national government are spoils or patronage positions. The merit system is applied only to subordinate positions. All good citizens, under whatever party names they habitually act, ought to unite on the legislation needed to eradicate from American politics this monstrous patronage system, the unclean source of corruption, inefficiency, and degradation in the government civil service.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE IN THE MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH*

MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

WALL STREET

HOW MORGAN BUILT THE "MONEY POWER"

BY

JOHN MOODY AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

WALL STREET three quarters of a century ago was the street of the merchants. It still is. The gamblers and the jugglers come and make their stir, and go; in a week they are forgotten. No place on earth appears to be more shifting or more transitory; no place is really more permanent. In half a dozen silent counting-rooms sit the same old merchant firms and institutions that have held the power since the beginning: the Jews, spick and span and polished, in their ornate offices; the Yankees, direct, matter-of-fact, rather careless in their dress, in the same dark old frescoed rooms where they started forty years ago and more. These are the men who year by year, through a sure, continuous growth, have come to control in a larger and larger measure the corporate capital of the nation.

The apparatus of their trade lies around them, about the west end of Wall Street. To the south, on Broad Street, rises the turmoil of the stock market and the sharp cries of the "curb." To the north, on Nassau Street, lie the great insurance companies and the solid blocks of banks. This is the center of the financial interests of the continent. It lies here because the old importing dry-goods firms of New York — from whom almost all of the greatest financial houses are descended — formerly had their business section here.

These dry-goods men, for two decades before the Civil War, were the greatest of the great importing merchants who created old New York. They lay just north of the west end of Wall Street on Broadway, and on the next street east of it — Nassau. They were the ornaments

*This building on Nassau Street, between Liberty and Cedar, was used as the New York post-office until the early '70's. It was destroyed in 1883 to make way for the present Mutual Life Building. It was located in the center of the old dry-goods district. To the right is the store of the dry-goods merchant, F. S. Winston, who was the Mutual's president from 1853 to 1885.

of the city — socially and physically. In the prosperity of the middle '50's their old boxlike stores blossomed into that notable cast-iron renaissance of classic art which made lower Broadway an avenue of iron temples, embodying all the best the Old World offered, with Yankee improvements. It was a little before this period that they built their first great financial institutions — their life-insurance companies.

The 'Dry-Goods Merchants' Insurance Companies

The dry-goods men, like all the world of commerce in that day, conducted their businesses under partnerships. The death of partners was one of their greatest business risks. And when the idea of life insurance was imported from England and established in New York in the early '40's, the dry-goods merchants at once patronized and were very soon managing them. They were a commercial instrument, exactly as the earlier fire-insurance companies had been. They insured against business risks. And a great share of their receipts came from this insurance. In 1846, three years after the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York was formed, 1213 of its policies — two thirds of all the policies in force — were issued to "merchants and traders." The policies of lawyers, who were next in number, were but 194.

No one could then have understood the significance of this new institution. In 1843 there were $1,000,000 of assets in the life-insurance companies of the United States. In 1867 there were $125,000,000, belonging to some 700,000 people. The dry-goods merchants had started a local instrument of commerce; they had developed the greatest single institutions holding trust funds on the continent. For a greater and greater proportion of the life insurance of the country was coming to these companies in the old dry-goods section north of the west end of Wall Street.

The dry-goods men had long been leaders in the financial operations of the period. So much of their business was done on long time credits that they became experts in commercial paper. The insurance companies broadened their experience to another field, the investment as trust funds of a great and growing body of other people's money, laid aside against the time of death. There was little choice in investment at the time. In a new country, in a time before the general introduction of capital invested in machinery, the one principal safe investment was the real-estate mortgage. And into this the management of the insurance companies and of the only other great national institution of trust funds — the savings bank — put the great bulk of their investments.

The Exporters of Bonds and Old Wall Street

Then came the Civil War, and the importing dry-goods merchants established Wall Street for the first time as a national institution, and took permanent charge of it. The war had crippled the dry-goods business badly by cutting off the trade of the prosperous South. The more active and aggressive minds in the business turned from the importing of dry-goods to the exporting of government bonds. And in doing this they made Wall Street, for the first time, a center of national investment.

The United States — a new country, with a population on its soil too short a time to have gathered together great savings — in six years issued over two billion dollars' worth of interest-bearing bonds to pay its war debts. A great part of these necessarily went abroad to find their final purchasers. They were naturally exported through the principal seaport of the country, and handled by the dry-goods men, the class with the greatest foreign connections and the most experience in the operations of commercial finance with Europe.

Wall Street was founded in this period; but not the Wall Street of to-day — the center of the investment of corporate capital. There was no general corporate capital on the continent at that time in any form suited to the impersonal, stable investment of money. Wall Street was a national center in only one sense — for the investment and speculation in government debt; or, what was really the same thing, in gold as measured in the terms of government notes. The day of a general national market for corporate securities was still a great way off.

Through the '60's and the '70's this dealing in national securities focussed more and more in the city of New York, until, at its culmination in the last year of the '70's, it was practically all there. The dry-goods merchants who had taken up bond-exporting as a business were now permanently "private bankers," which meant, and means, nothing more than great merchants of investments. And, together with them in their old section, other men were building up a great domestic trade in government bonds.

The First National Bank of New York

One particular institution that came out of this branch of the trade has remained and grown to one of the instruments that for thirty years have dominated Wall Street. This is the

First National Bank of New York. And out of this came one of the most remarkable and least known figures in the history of Wall Street — George F. Baker, the second member of the present Morgan-Baker banking combination.

The government, during the Civil War, had put the chief agency for selling its war bonds in the hands of one man, Jay Cooke, a Philadelphia banker. The chief instrument of distribution was the national bank system — which, though it is not now generally realized, was founded primarily for the especial purpose of purchasing and distributing government bonds. The centering of the export trade and the general investment market in western Wall Street drew Cooke there. In 1873 — soon after the United States started its great refunding operations, the replacing its war debt with bonds bearing a lower rate of interest — Jay Cooke failed, and most of the firms that were closely associated with him.

The business went to a logical and lineal successor. Two of Cooke's associates went into the First National Bank, joining George F. Baker, then cashier, and old "Uncle John Thompson," its president and founder. Thompson, a queer, shrewd Yankee character, had been a friend of Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, and had assisted him in framing the National Bank Act. George Baker was the son of a life-long protégé and confidential man of William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, and a member of "the firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley," who ruled the party politics of New York State. He himself had started in his teens as a clerk in the State Banking Department in Albany. Fahnestock and Garland, coming from the Cooke house, brought with them the experience and associations of that institution. By the end of the '70's the First National Bank had taken the leadership in the purchase and resale of government bonds out of the hands of the bond exporters.

The First National Bank was an institution like nothing that preceded it, and, for that matter, exactly like no national bank that has followed. In 1877 John Thompson sold out, and the institution went into the hands of Baker, Fahnestock, and Thompson's son. It was, and has been ever since, a silent, closely held private institution, not unlike a firm of private bankers. Its chief business, like theirs, has been the purchase and marketing of corporate securities. It is, in the highest degree known in this country, a "financial" bank.

For forty years it has sat on Broadway, at the western end of Wall Street, closer to the inside movements of the Street than any other banking institution, and least understood of all of them. By 1879, the end of the sale of government bonds, it had grown until it overshadowed every other instrument for distributing this chief public investment. George Baker, a silent, conservative man, was already a big figure in the financial district of New York; in that year he was made a trustee with the old merchants who governed the great Mutual Life. Then came the end of old Wall Street and the beginnings of the Wall Street of to-day; the end of the great sale of public debt; the beginning of the national market of corporate securities; the concentration of modern capital in the financial district of New York.

1879 — the Start of the Merchants in Capital

Millions of words had been spilled, before this time, by the theorists on the laws of corporate capital. It remained for two small groups of merchants to work them out for America. And 1879 was a notable date in their progress. In that year the oil merchants made their first great industrial combination — the preliminary trust agreement of the Standard Oil. In that year the merchants of bonds in New York were compelled to turn their attention from selling government debt to dealing in railroad bonds — in a new, intangible thing, corporate capital.

Corporate capital was made necessary by the creation of great units of machinery; it is invested principally in that machinery. The group of oil merchants had been working out for a decade the best way of managing capital in a new and very remarkable business, the refining and distribution of petroleum. They established their success on a practical working theory: The greatest possible business crime is the waste of capital in the unnecessary duplication of plant. Save plant investment and lay aside ready money.

The Standard Oil men, merchants and traders, created, by combination, a system of plants which did the greatest possible amount of work for the least possible plant investment; they kept great bodies of surplus cash always ready for action. Being established in a healthy position themselves, they fed and grew upon the competition and overextension of others. They obtained crude oil and freight for cost or less than cost of producing it; and, by constantly holding great sums of ready money, they absorbed their competitors as they failed. They were the first big American monopoly, and in 1879 were for the first time agitating the general public by their growth.

THE NEW YORK FINANCIAL DISTRICT IN

The Waste of Capital in Railroads

In the railroads, loosely held in many hands, in many sections of the country, exactly the opposite process was taking place. Every settlement — from the seaport cities, hopelessly fighting New York for commercial dominance in the Atlantic, to the last clump of shacks upon the plains — fully intended to become a metropolis. The main receipt for this was to bring in as many railroads as possible. Now, what they were doing, from the standpoint of capital, may be shown by a simple example in railroad mathematics.

A double-track railroad costs not more than two thirds as much as two single-track roads. It will do four times as much work. So every dollar of capital invested in a double-track railroad is six times as efficient as a dollar invested in two single-track roads. And the community or country that builds two single railroads, when it should double-track an old one, wastes just five sixths of the capital. The United States was always building the two roads wherever possible — on principle. Free competition was a part of the religion of the Germanic people. They had been taught for centuries that it was not only the source of low prices, but the essential of political freedom. When the two single roads were built, they were commanded by law to compete forever.

So the bond dealers of New York were beginning, in 1879, to deal with a new and very unstable merchandise, in place of the now stable government debt. They had sold railroad bonds already, to their sorrow. They knew that they were still gambles and not investments. The savings banks and national banks had practically none of them; as late as 1875 the three great insurance companies on the edge of Wall Street had less than one per cent of their $125,000,000 of trust funds invested in them.

The Beginning of Railroad Monopoly

There were only some half dozen really large houses that went into the new business, and only one that began to deal on any scale comparable with the dealings in government securities. In 1879 J. Pierpont Morgan, a big, dominant figure, a type of the fighting merchants who had pushed the commerce of England and America for two centuries across the seven seas, appeared immediately as a leader. The government's sale of its last refunding bonds had scarcely been accomplished when he had led a syndicate to sell $25,000,000 of New York Central stock, principally to the Englishmen.

Morgan's business was, and has been, very largely with railroad bonds. But New York Central stock was one of the strongest railroad securities of its day; its dividends were eight per cent, and had been paid continuously for ten years. In five years another railroad had paralleled it from New York to Buffalo, and cut its earnings down almost out of sight. In 1885, when the new road was on the point of expiring, Morgan stepped in again, and

1911, AS SEEN FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

bought it for the New York Central by an exchange of securities — beginning, in this transaction, his long career of tying up the railroad machinery of America into a working monopoly.

The '80's were a bad time for the men who were trying to create staple merchandise out of railroad securities. The bond merchants and railroad managers met in Morgan's old brownstone merchant's mansion on Madison Avenue in New York, made monopolistic agreements in a way to evade the law, and broke them going down the front steps. The building of roads and extensions continued. In the late '80's four railroads were being built at the same time from the Mississippi River across the bare plains to Denver. The United States in its interstate commerce law was demanding that railroads compete always to their fullest extent. By 1893 the laws of mathematics had been strained to the snapping-point. The principle of competition in railroads had been destroyed by its own operation. And the control of capital invested in railroads fell at once and permanently into the hands of a practical monopoly — the one small group of individuals strong enough to take it.

One Man and the Control of Railroad Capital

These were the few old bond merchants of New York. The small and miscellaneous capital of America had been well-nigh exhausted; the great source of capital was still in Europe. These firms had held the strongest connections with Europe since the days of the dry-goods trade and the dealings in government bonds. They had dealt most successfully and logically with the capital invested in railroads. They had not been promoters of railroads; they had been combiners of railroad capital into monopoly. One man in particular — Morgan — had won an international reputation for doing this. As a result, in one single movement a great share of American railroad capital turned from a general miscellaneous control and went under the dominance of the fiercest individualist of the period.

Morgan was a born dictator. Men who remember him as a boy just starting in business recall that it was not the wish for money that distinguished him, but an insatiable desire for power. At this time he was not only a leader in the movement for railroad monopoly: he had the strength of the best existing foreign connection in England — the London house of his family; of another powerful branch in Paris; and the connection of the rich Drexels in Philadelphia. The death of his father had recently left him a fortune estimated at the time at $25,000,000. And, more than that, he had the savage courage that has always driven him to play any hazard for the extension of the interests of the capital he represents, and with it of the industries of the country.

Morgan reorganized nearly all of the bankrupt railroads east of the Mississippi, beginning

with the almost hopeless general wreck in the Southern States. In every case he took, as agent of the bondholders, an absolute control of the voting power of the stock until the road was again able to pay dividends. He was an influence in the management of large roads, especially the New York Central, through his representation of English stock. And in those roads in which other bond houses had assumed the reorganization leadership he held a voice in the control given them by the usual "voting trust." He became the common factor that created monopoly in all the railroads east of the Mississippi.

West of the Mississippi, Morgan was continually solicited to take charge and straighten out the quite general condition of bankruptcy that prevailed there. He did so only in the case of one road — the Northern Pacific, with which his firm had been connected for years. Then into this section which he refused to take came the other great group of monopoly-makers — the oil merchants and their associates in the City Bank*; the ex-clothing firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, now becoming the bond house with the greatest financial hold upon German capital; the former coke and steel maker, Henry C. Frick; and, leading all of them, the ex-stock-broker, Edward H. Harriman. In a very few years it was clear that this group, supplementing Morgan, was sooner or later to absorb, with him, the control of the railroads of America.

After 1893 the building of new railroads in the United States stopped at a dead line. From that time on they were in the hands of the merchants of Wall Street, and practically in the hands of the two most expert makers of monopoly — Morgan and the Standard-Oil-City-Bank-Harriman combination. Their business was to combine and improve existing machinery, not to build duplicates. They had been at work at monopoly-making for twenty years. The whole legal machinery of the States and the nation had been leveled against them; but they went on unconcernedly — not because they were supernaturally brilliant men, but because they had economic logic behind them.

Two Receipts for Monopoly

These two main parties, who started in the business of building monopolies in the '70's and '80's, occupied entirely different places in that work. The Standard Oil party and their type were the earliest in the field, the most clear-cut and aggressive in their methods. They were in a position to be so. They were the handlers and investors of their own capital, responsible to nobody.

The Standard Oil trust — like practically all of the industrial "trusts" — had grown out of a small private business belonging to a few men, in this case controlled by one family. As it grew, its owners still held it as they had in the beginning, and everything it absorbed came to them personally. They rolled up masses of ready money on a regular business formula — to invest in property sold for a song under the pressure of competition. The group associated with them had exactly the same plan of business. They bought bankrupt railroad properties, not railroad debts; stocks, not bonds. And, when they bought, they bought for themselves — management, profits, everything they could get.

Morgan was in a different position, and worked on a different theory. He was the investor of other people's money. He represented, very largely, bondholders — that is, not the owners of corporate property, but of its debts. And his first object — the aim he had had from the beginning — was to create sound, merchantable railroad securities.

The Standard-Oil-Harriman method of securing monopoly is personal control by ownership of stock; Morgan's plan, as expressed by him at various times, is to tie up corporations into constantly growing masses — so great that they at the same time permanently wipe out the danger of competition, and escape forever the danger of falling into manipulative hands, because they have become too tremendous for any man to buy control of them. Meanwhile the managing control will remain where it has been placed — in the hands of the house of Morgan, until that house shall prove itself inefficient.

Corporations Too Great to be Bought

Morgan followed out this idea religiously with the railroads in his charge. Every one that emerged from bankruptcy he had tied into a stable monopoly before it left his hands, and generally into aggregations of tremendous size. He had much difficulty with the law in doing this, for the law grew more and more bitter against monopoly. But he always accomplished his purpose.

By 1900 and before, the New York bond merchants had thoroughly accomplished their purpose of making modern capital good, salable merchandise in the form of railroad bonds. These American securities were standard everywhere. Incidentally they had created modern Wall Street — the first national security market in the United States. By this time another class of securities was being created — indus-

* See "The City Bank: The Federation of the Great Merchants," in the May McCLURE'S.

trial combinations, founded frankly on the principle of monopoly of an industry. These were in much the same position that railroad bonds had been in the '80's; they were gambles, not investments. The chief trouble with them was that they did not have the monopoly they claimed to deliver.

Before this Morgan had become what he is to-day — more of an institution, a general representative of property, than an individual. He had gone into the sale of industrial stocks to some extent. In 1900 the various concerns in the greatest of industrial businesses — steel — threatened a general war of extinction. Competition was again menacing the general interests of property. Morgan stepped in and formed the steel trust on exactly the same lines he had proposed for the railroads, a corporation so great as to overwhelm the possibility of competition, and too great to be bought away from its initial management by any one. The appointment of a majority of its executive board was dictated by him.

There was now, in point of fact, only one other party on the continent that could hope to wrest control of great enterprises from Morgan — the capitalists in the Standard-Oil-City-Bank-Harriman group. These men, as well as Morgan, were extending their control into all kinds of smaller industrial monopolies. Neither of the two parties, when they did this, had any more knowledge of iron or glucose or copper than they had had of railroads when they took them; that is, they had none at all. They were simply masters in the use of capital, or, more specifically, in the building of monopoly. To these two groups of men, specialists in absolutely nothing else — not even the refining of oil or the necessities of government finance out of which they emerged into corporate finance — had come, or was about to come, the control of practically all the general public capital in the United States invested in the great railroad and industrial monopolies.

An Advantage in Financing Tools

It might have been believed that these two parties would, according to their own formula, find it better not to compete in their own field. But both were too aggressive and their methods too antagonistic for this. They came together in their battle for control of the Northern Pacific Railroad on May 9, 1901, and nearly wrecked the financial world in doing so. Partly, no doubt, as a result of that fight, in which he won a nominal victory, Morgan enlarged and tightened his alliances in that and the following year.

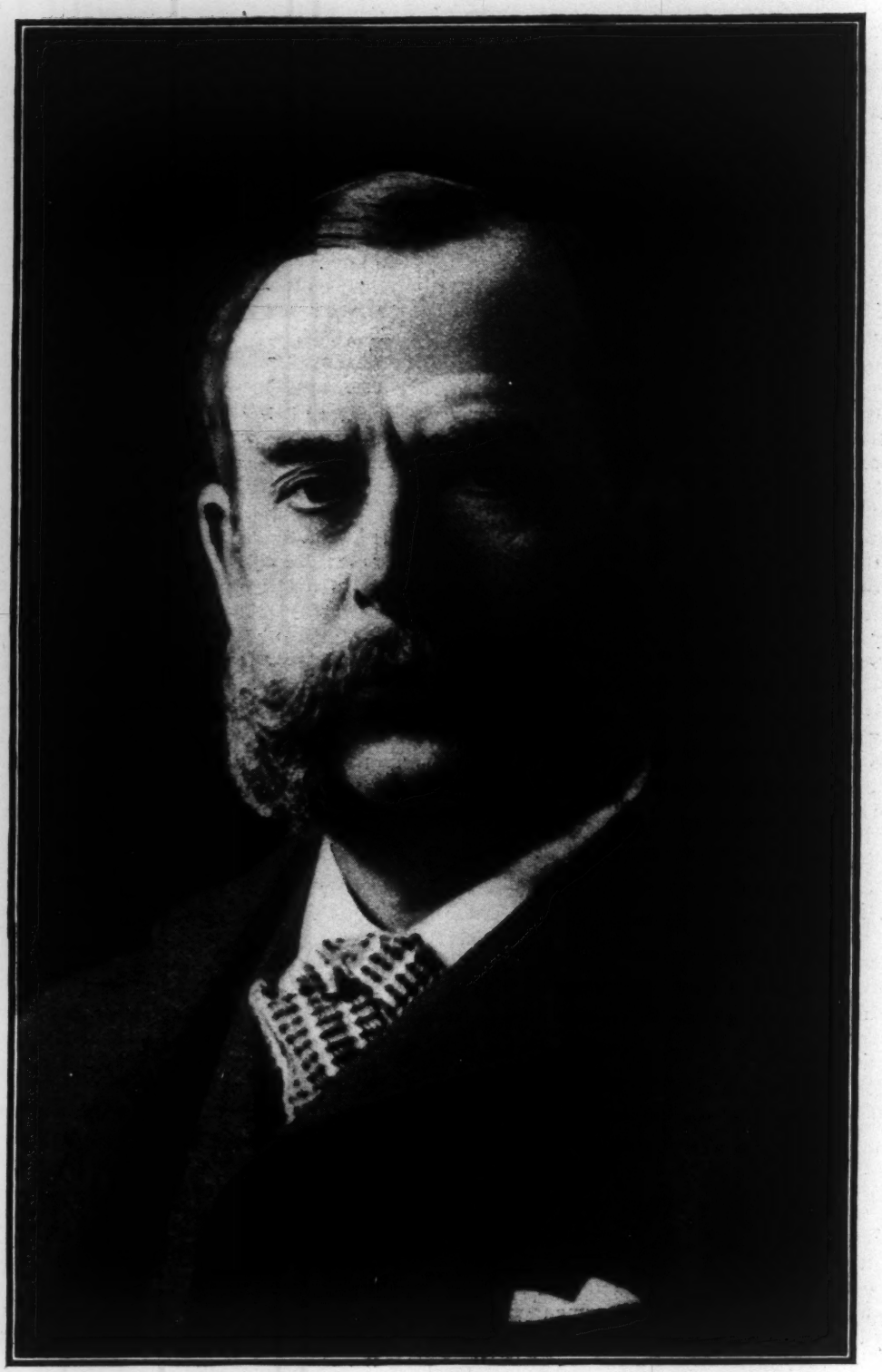
As a machine for the creation and extension of monopoly, the Standard-Oil-City-Bank-Harriman combination had been a far more clean-cut and wieldy instrument than Morgan's house. Its properties, as they accumulated, were its own personal effects. It made the accumulation of ready capital a principle; and this capital, running into the tens of millions, backed by tens of millions more of private money, was in control of a handful of men who asked nobody's instructions. And, in addition, they had built up and held the financial power of the strongest combination of banks on the continent. They had the incalculable advantage of tens of millions of dollars of free money always ready for use in building up industries or taking up new ones.

Morgan had made few financial alliances. With the four houses in New York, Philadelphia, London, and Paris, with his large personal fortune, and with the credit of his great English firm unshaken for half a century, he had relied absolutely upon himself. With the growth of the railroads and the coming of the industrial stocks into Wall Street, the public offerings of his house jumped all at once from less than $50,000,000 in 1898 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1899. By 1902, the greatest year of public offerings of securities in the history of Wall Street, they had reached nearly half a billion dollars. Ready capital is needed to carry a stock of goods like this, no matter how quickly a merchant can shift the carrying of it to others. And Morgan reached out into the banking business.

George F. Baker — Expert on America

When Morgan — in his efforts to create a monopoly of railroad transportation in the Northwest for the benefit of his clients, the Northern Pacific bondholders — had sold the stock control of that road to the owners of the Great Northern Railway, he had come into a close relation with men of a type he greatly approved. James J. Hill was the leader of these men; but not less important was George F. Baker, whom Morgan had known practically ever since he had come to New York. They were both shrewd and aggressive men, who believed thoroughly, as he did, in the development of the country. They were men of about his own age and experience and outlook on business affairs.

Baker is a far less known man than Hill. He is as silent as Hill is loquacious — a typical old-time, side-whiskered New York financier, with a genius for keeping his mouth shut. For a quarter of a century he had lent money to Wall Street and sold bonds through his national bank. And his reticence and activities



GEORGE F. BAKER OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
MORGAN'S CLOSEST ASSOCIATE IN THE "MONEY POWER" OF WALL STREET

H. P. DAVISON OF J. P. MORGAN & COMPANY
THE YOUNG MAN MOST ACTIVE IN CREATING THE GROUP OF SO-CALLED "MORGAN BANKS"

had gained for him and his institution the reputation which it still retains in Wall Street — that of a mysterious leadership in stock gambling. This is always the popular view of the methods of large interests in Wall Street. As a matter of fact, their formula for agglomerating money is far more certain and permanent.

Baker's real formula is not unlike that of Hill. He has built up a great fortune by absorbing the profits from the growth of a big new country. It differs from Hill's formula in this: Hill has grown with the growth of the Northwest; Baker with that of the selected and most profitable enterprises of an entire continent. He has had, in his bank, the most extraordinary instrument in America for doing this.

For thirty years, since his great success as a wholesaler of government bonds, Baker has conducted the First National Bank, on the edge of the chief corporate center in America, as a dealer in corporate securities. He buys as little commercial paper as he can. His theory of banking is to buy and sell corporate securities. He believes that the greatest profits of banking are to be made in this way. The remainder of his assets — a very large percentage — are kept always ready, in the form of "call" money, lent upon Wall Street collateral.

For all these thirty years he has watched, day by day, from its financial center, the development of the United States; and probably no man in America has a clearer idea of fundamental values. As one result of this, when the holdings of exceptionally profitable corporation stocks are made public, George Baker's name is found again and again among the largest stock-owners. He buys, and holds for long periods, for the profits of the growth of the country. His purchases are generally based upon the basic properties that underlie enterprises. Anthracite coal, petroleum, and the development of the Northwest have created a great share of the multimillionaires of the country; George Baker, probably alone in the United States, has made a great fortune out of each one of these.

This was the man who was now to become the close associate and partner of J. Pierpont Morgan in his first definite step toward building up the present so-called "money power" in Wall Street. The bank and banking connections that Baker had built up were fully as remarkable as his private fortune.

The Two Great Banking Groups

The great financial bank was a sudden growth following the settlement of national corporate control in Wall Street. In the middle '90's, with the formation of new or greater corporations and the location of all of them in New York, the cash balances and surpluses of railroad and industrial companies in New York made a tremendous aggregate, which at once centered around a few banks. The Standard Oil and other similar affiliations created the greatest of these, the National City Bank. It soon became a financial tool unequaled in the country.

The First National Bank was not far behind. It was, like the City Bank, practically a private enterprise, owned by three or four men. Its business, and the business of its owners, had associated it with a large proportion of the successful and growing corporations of the country. It did the banking of great corporations, and of the great fortunes that had accumulated around them. It was, according to Baker's formula, a wholesale bank. It did not, and does not, want the bother of small accounts or the work of miscellaneous out-of-town banking correspondents. The individual balances kept there average $30,000 apiece.

James J. Hill was a large stockholder in the Chase National Bank, a big institution that for years has secured a greater proportion of its deposits from the reserves of out-of-town national banks than any other bank in New York. Hill was very active in this institution, and millions of its tens of millions of deposits from out-of-town banks came from those along the lines of Hill's railways.

The Liberty National Bank was created and principally owned by the Maxwells, the brokers and capitalists with whom Baker built up the Jersey Central. It was a close ally of the First National; Baker was a large stockholder in it.

In 1901 and 1902 J. P. Morgan, who had been for years a small holder of First National Bank stock, took a considerable block of it and became one of its directors. Baker and the other First National Bank owners took a considerable holding in the Chase Bank, and Baker became a director there. Hill took a considerable holding in the First, and, in addition, Judge W. H. Moore, representing the ownership of the big new Rock Island Railroad system, and an active factor in a number of big industrial combinations, also became a stockholder and a director of the First National.

There stood facing each other on Wall Street now two fairly equal groups of great banks, each practically a single financial instrument. On one side were the City and Hanover National banks and the Farmers' Loan & Trust and the United States Trust companies. Their combined resources in 1902 were $450,000,000. Reinforcing them — particularly the City —

were the cash resources of the Standard Oil Company, the Union Pacific, Rockefeller and allied railroad interests, the big Consolidated Gas Company of New York, Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and a variety of other smaller enterprises belonging to the members of this group.

With the First Bank were the Chase and Liberty, these three with resources of more than $175,000,000. Behind them were the resources of the Hill roads and its group of multimillionaires; of Morgan's house, railroads, steel corporation, and other great concerns; of the Rock Island and Moore industrials; and of the variety of enterprises in which Baker had become an important factor. In the next year, 1903, H. P. Davison, the active young vice-president of the First National Bank, and Thomas W. Lamont of the Liberty Bank (now both members of J. P. Morgan & Company) were the leaders in the formation of the Bankers' Trust Company. Its stock was distributed among a company of bankers in or affiliated with this group and held by a voting trust composed of Davison, George W. Perkins, a member of J. P. Morgan & Company, and D. G. Reid, a partner with Judge Moore in many of his enterprises and officer of the Liberty Bank. This trust company was successful from its start; it was soon of great size.

The Monopoly of Monopoly-Making

The industries of the country had been concentrated into close control in Wall Street by the general bankruptcy of the principle of competition in 1893; a further and just as natural a step was being taken in these groupings of banks, which were now creating the so-called "money power" in Wall Street. The greater and greater the masses into which the corporations rolled up, the more prosperous and the more certain as investments they became — the more enormous became the sums of money that they laid away, and, on the other hand, that were required for the extension of old monopolies or the formation of new.

Corporation financing had become a thing of almost inconceivable size — as, indeed, it had all over the world. There were single issues of twenty and fifty and a hundred million dollars of railroad securities to be taken or guaranteed by financiers; new corporations with tens and hundreds of millions of capitalization were continually being constructed. And the different groups of men in control of combinations, and of creating new ones, inevitably were drawn together to pool their great resources in the still more enormous reservoirs of money in their groups of banks.

They were forming a new and central organization, the monopoly of creating monopolies. On the one hand, they controlled the greatest and most prosperous corporations; on the other hand, they owned the banks where these corporations must deposit their great balances. And they were the only individuals on earth who had money in such masses that they could satisfy the demands of the new financing. The thing was a kind of endless circle, into which every industry capable of concentration into a great unit seemed destined to be drawn.

Harriman's Plan for One-Man Power

This extraordinary machinery was, in 1905 and 1906, still divided between two groups of men, each tied together somewhat loosely, but yet sufficiently for all their purposes. At this time one man appeared at the front of the movement who quite clearly believed that the power of this corporate and banking instrument could be centered in the hands of one individual — himself. This was Edward H. Harriman. If Morgan had been the great individualist up to that time, a far intenser individualist had now appeared.

Harriman had connected himself with the City Bank alliance, it is true; but before that he had been allied with various other groups of capitalists. He had paid his debts to them by the profits his imagination and ability created for them. When he became strong enough he rose over them, and took his profitable operations with him; and they had them no more. Two old associates who had severed connections with him years before were discussing him after his death.

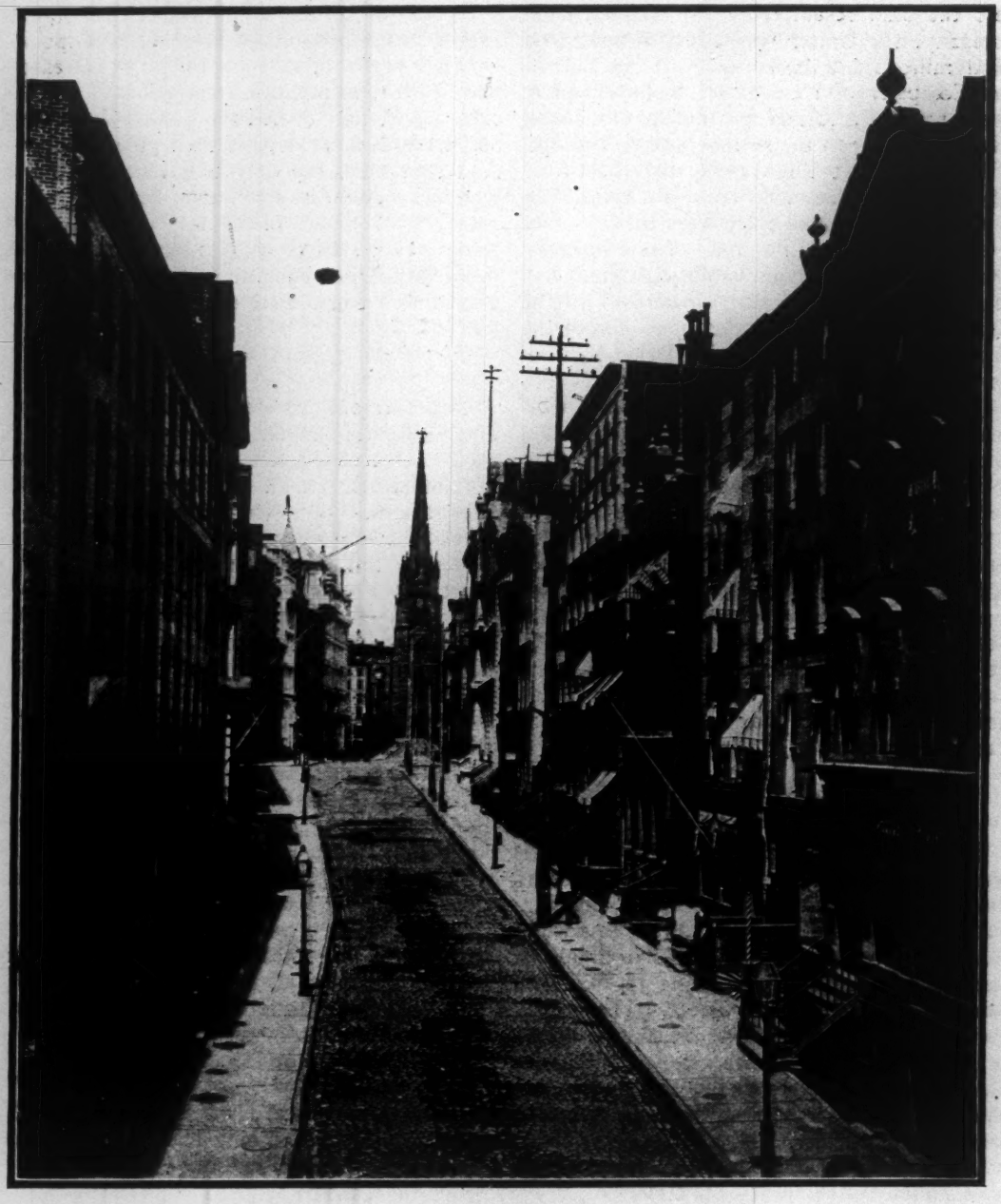
"In all these years did he ever offer you a share in one of his syndicates?" asked one.

"No," said the other. "Did he you?"

"Never. That was not Ned Harriman."

Harriman, in fact, always "traveled light"; as he rose he carried only Harriman with him.

As chief of the executive committee, he drove the Union Pacific as he pleased. It was a railroad and a bank and a speculative pool all together. By 1906, through its purchases of the Illinois Central, the joint control of the Baltimore & Ohio, and its considerable holding of New York Central stock, he had pushed it across the continent from San Francisco to New York and from Chicago to New Orleans. His steamships ran to Asia. He now planned to start in Asia and continue a railroad around the world. For this purpose he went to Japan and opened negotiations with the Japanese government to run a railroad through Manchuria. Already he was considering entering



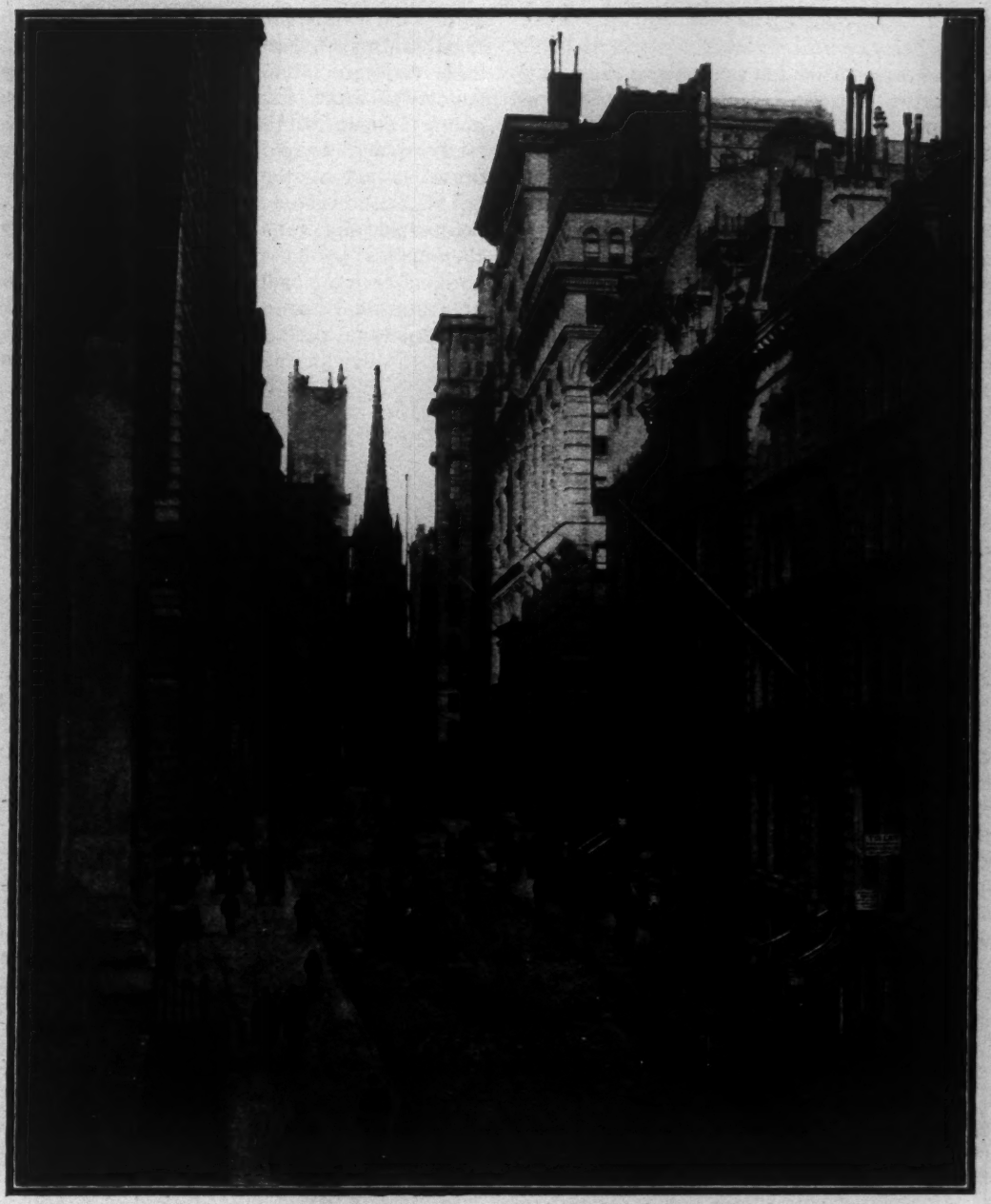
WALL STREET IN 1877

the field of finance and rounding out his personal machine by the creation of an immense financial bank — owned and controlled by himself.

The Trust Company Craze

There were many lesser men and interests that were watching and experimenting in a smaller way with the building of the profitable endless circles created between the great corporation with money to lay by and the financial bank. And, after the centering of corporate finance in Wall Street during the middle '90's, almost every interest back of a great corporation or group of corporations was engaged in the promotion of corporation banking institutions. The common instrument was an institution virtually created during the period — the financial trust company.

The trust company was originally a corporation to execute trusts, with its chief business



WALL STREET IN 1910

as an executor of the estates of the richer class. With the growth of corporate securities it became a trustee for railroad mortgages and a register and transfer agent for stock. By natural development, it began to receive the deposits of surplus money from wealthy men and from corporations. It became the rich man's and corporations' savings bank.

It was never intended, at first, to do a commercial banking business, subject to the sudden fluctuations of deposits always subject to demand; and none of the restrictions necessary for such banking were required of it. But an obvious loophole was found in the New York law; and the trust company was able to do any kind of banking on earth — a great part of it without proper legal restrictions. The trust company, under proper management, formed a most valuable financial instrument; it formed also exactly the institution that was desired by the more or less speculative groups of financiers.

The Reckoning in 1907

This business, like many others of that wildly speculative time, was greatly overdone. Trust companies, weakened by competition or financial excesses, were discontinuing or being consolidated. Morgan, as organizer and general court of last resort for Wall Street, was constantly urged to interfere with particularly ticklish ventures and straighten out the general situation.

In 1905, by the accident of a quarrel in the management of the Equitable Life Society, the insurance scandal broke. The opening up of the situation showed the diversion of the trust funds in these concerns from their proper long-time investments into deposits of tens of millions of dollars for building up the trust companies, in which the officers of the insurance companies had great stock-holdings. The State of New York, by special statutes, carried out the best practice of the past and forbade insurance companies to hold these or any other stocks after the expiration of five years. Bonds are the only proper securities for trust funds.

Speculation did not decrease; the unsold issues of corporate securities in Wall Street were tremendous. Then came 1907. In March there was a bad break in the price of corporate securities. Europe grew suspicious in the early summer; at the time when she would naturally lend us the advances to move our crops, she refused her credit. For the next four months, the period when crop-moving puts the worst strain upon the finances of the country, the great banking and corporation interests in New York fought for ready money. They had almost passed the height of the danger in late October, when suddenly the whole structure gave way in the great panic of 1907.

Like every panic in the past, this shook the economic control of America into a firmer and a more compact control. There was but one place that must give way. There were unlimited quantities of corporate securities; their prices must break until they would find purchasers with ready money. The chief strain came immediately on the financial banking center of New York.

The Federation in the Panic

The blow had scarcely fallen before the general federation and combination of banking interests came. Morgan, Baker of the First National, Stillman of the City, were together, and, with the greatest resources in the country, were practically underwriters of the panic. Morgan and the City Bank drew upon Europe; the Standard Oil drew on its money and credit across the world; the tens of millions of the Steel Company were drawn in. And, all day long, Morgan, in his dark old counting-room facing the Stock Exchange, received the telephone appeals of the banks that must have ready money or go down. At night, in his library adjoining the old brownstone mansion on Madison Avenue where the railroad presidents had met twenty years before to make their plans of federation on monopoly, the bankers came together and discussed their plans for federation and mutual support. Morgan, smoking his traditional black cigar, heard them through in silence; made his gruff comments; and at the end, in the early morning, directed the policies they carried out.

The greater number of the New York banks came through, though many of the speculative ones collapsed. Morse, the speculator with a chain of institutions, went to a federal prison; another head of a great institution shot himself; the fairest and most ornate of the new structures in high and costly buildings tottered. From three old-fashioned, dingy structures underneath them — in Morgan's office and the City and First National banks — the same old permanent influences produced the real power of Wall Street that checked the general disaster.

Morgan and the interests about the City Bank had been more or less at variance since the great battle that culminated in the Northern Pacific corner. Morgan had been a stockholder in the City Bank for a decade, and had been represented by a member of his firm upon the board; but he had had little real association with the bank. Now, after 1907, the two interests were brought together in close relations which were not again to be broken. Morgan took a considerable block of stock in the institution. And a general central common interest was cemented between the two great groups of men who now, between them, control practically all of the greatest railroad and industrial enterprises of the country.

Harriman's Great One-Man Bank

There was one insurgent — Harriman. He was undoubtedly hit by the panic, as were the other more speculative of his allies, who were carrying the great load of Union Pacific stock that the party owned. He held his grip, however, as he was abundantly able to do; fortunes of $75,000,000 and $100,000,000 are not wiped out even by great panics. And now, as soon as times were better, he drove straight ahead with his plans for a one-man domination of the railroads and his individual banking power.

Morgan had never liked Harriman. The

older and until that time more powerful man had never understood him. Morgan had been the acknowledged head of the corporate interests of the continent; he had been accustomed to be consulted. This man Harriman never consulted any one. Again and again he had crossed Morgan's purposes. In 1906, by his method of taking actual ownership of stock control, he had surpassed Morgan as a railroad power, and Morgan very naturally resented his manner and his methods. But Morgan was not the only man who had that sentiment toward Harriman. His dominant methods now set him

THOMAS W. LAMONT OF J. P. MORGAN & COMPANY

clashing with the members of his own group about the City Bank and the Union Pacific.

In the fall of 1908 Harriman went to the Mutual Life Company's administration and bought half of their working control of the Guaranty Trust Company. The insurance company kept the other half. This meant that Harriman would have the practical control of that institution, with its $100,000,000 of assets.

In 1909 Harriman secured an option on a half interest in the control of the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. In 1905 control of this one stock company among the great insurance organizations had been bought by Thomas F. Ryan from young James Hazen Hyde, its owner. Ryan's chief financial operation had culminated in the wreck of the New York City surface street railroads. His acquisition of the Equitable Life was not received with enthusiasm by the permanent interests in Wall Street. He was growing old; he was drawing out of business, and Harriman had been after him since 1905 to get for himself half of Ryan's control of the Equitable Life Society. Ryan finally, in 1909, gave him an option for its purchase.

The Equitable Life Society then had assets of over $450,000,000. It also had control of two great trust companies, the Mercantile and the Equitable. With the Mutual Life, it had control of the great Bank of Commerce—second in assets only to the City Bank of New York. Harriman proposed to form a banking amalgamation that would place in one great financial bank total banking resources of $500,000,000, two thirds more than the total resources of the City Bank. With the support of this institution, the Union Pacific Railroad, almost as much a bank as a railroad company, and what further support the insurance laws would allow from the Equitable Life Association, there would be few things beyond his personal ambition.

The End of Harriman's Ambition

Harriman was playing a very difficult game; it was a question whether he could work it out.

This plan of a one-man power has its physical limitations. He drove back and forth across the continent in his special trains, ran in and out of directors' meetings, watched the tape and the market, bought oil lands and coal lands and express companies, planned railroads into Mexico and across the world.

A business acquaintance vividly remembers coming into Harriman's office, at about this period, to meet an appointment at four o'clock in the afternoon. He was told to wait; he did so. Man after man went in the closed office and came out again. Five o'clock came, and six, as they still came and went. At last, at nearly seven, Harriman came out, drawing on his coat to go — very white and tired and thin.

"Come with me," he said; "we can talk as we go."

In a few minutes, as they walked, they had finished their business.

"You look sick, Mr. Harriman," said his acquaintance. "What makes you keep this thing up? You certainly don't have to."

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK

"I can't drop it," said Harriman, abruptly. "I'd give twenty-five million dollars to any man who would show me how I could let go."

No doubt this was the mood of a sick and desperately tired man. Harriman probably neither could nor would let go. The strain kept on. He broke down; came back to work again; broke down once more; went to Europe, to receive his death sentence from the doctors. He came home, denied to his interviewers, with a smile, that he was seriously ill, went to his country home, put his affairs in order, and died.

The Completion of the "Money Power"

Harriman was dead. Immediately the concentration of financial power tightened. In three months Morgan and his associates had bought Harriman's stock in the Guaranty Trust Company, and with it the holding of the Mutual Life Company — giving absolute control. He himself had bought Ryan's entire control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Not that Morgan needed either for his own financing business. He had banks enough already for his operations, and the insurance company, under the restrictions of the new law, was not an instrument of use to a security merchant. But, as chief representative of the interests of the corporate property of the country, he could not afford to let institutions like this go adrift, to be picked up by irresponsible or reckless manipulators.

Ryan was glad to sell his insurance stock; more than that, he wanted now to leave the Street entirely, and had asked Morgan to buy it. He also went to Morgan and offered him his Morton and Fifth Avenue Trust companies. Morgan took them and tied them to the Guaranty early in 1910. The consolidated company was not the $500,000,000 banking aggregation of Harriman's ambition; but it was the largest trust company on the continent — with banking resources of more than $150,000,000.

In April, 1911, a little over a month ago, the last and most significant step in concentration came about. The National Bank of Commerce — another adjunct of the insurance companies — came up to Morgan for acceptance, as the other institutions had done. He organized a syndicate to take it, and distributed the stock and management between himself and the management and ownership of the First National Bank and the City Bank. The two separate banking groups, brought together by the panic, are cemented together again in the

active control and ownership of the second largest bank in New York City — an institution with resources of $175,000,000.

To all intents and purposes, they have now formed a central banking interest for the great corporate financing of Wall Street and the country. There is no exact or definite understanding between the various institutions in their group of banks. Each bank will strive individually along its own special lines of securing deposits and daily business. But there is a bond of common ownership, and there will be no longer active competition in their most important function — the financing of the corporations of the country. They will take the securities together and divide them. For all practical purposes, they are one financing machine — the central "money power" of New York.

The Billion and a Half of Banking Assets

Just what is this much-feared and generally attacked money power of Wall Street? It is practically this: a closer and closer central monopoly of general corporate capital invested or to be invested. It is the creation of no man's will, but of a movement going on all over the civilized world.

Thirty years ago there was no safe investment in corporate capital in the United States. Unrestricted competition destroyed and wasted it almost as soon as it was invested. A movement toward concentration and monopoly was inevitable if a supply of money was to be continued for the development of American industry.

The money of the general public was secured by a group of New York security merchants — led by one man — who created monopolies in order to secure salable investments. They have done what they planned to do — made corporate securities the greatest of all investments for money. Because of their power to do this, the capital of the world seeking investment has piled upon their hands.

The second great accumulation of money has come in the treasuries of the great corporations, as these have secured the profit and security of a working monopoly. The management of this money has centered very largely in the hands of the security merchants of New York, who control corporations for their investors; and still more largely in the hands of a group of men who have built up great monopolies from private business, and still hold them. The second group of men, as well as the first, has found its center in New York.

In 1910 a compilation of the cash holdings of the great corporations with headquarters in New York, made from their published reports, showed that these amounted at that time to at least a billion dollars.

Now both the money of the investing public and the savings of the corporations came into the hands of the few men who created, built up, and held the most successful monopolies. They gathered it in the treasuries of their corporations and groups of banks. Their banks, following the general movement of the time, became great, consolidated, and finally came together in the central monopoly of the business of financing popularly known as the "money power."

It is not a definite and perfect monopoly; there is no such single thing in existence. It is, exactly what the monopolies in the general industrial field are — not an absolute control vested in one corporation or one man, but a practical working monopoly arrangement between a small group of men and institutions whose interests are identical. This is a stronger thing than a control by a mere single man or institution; it is the center of a concentration movement that extends throughout modern industry.

The central banking reservoir in New York contains now a billion and a half dollars of banking resources in its various New York banks. Its value to the group in control of it is as a tool to create corporal securities — that is, to extend existing monopolies or create new ones. Its chief use in this process is to furnish the great sums of money which — in the form of loans on collateral security — carry the stocks in trade of the merchants in securities, while these are being distributed to their consumer — the investor.

Machinery of Merchandising Capital

The machinery of the distribution is not greatly different from that of any other business. At the head of it are the great makers of securities — now principally J. P. Morgan & Company and Kuhn, Loeb & Company. These men hold, on the one side, their connection with the management of corporations which makes them its official security-makers; on the other, the connection with the wholesalers of securities in this country and Europe.

The wholesalers have been in the past largely the "private bankers" smaller than Morgan's house. Now institutions like the City and First National banks and the Guaranty Trust Company are taking up the work. In addition, institutions for the investment of trust funds, like the insurance companies and the savings banks, buy securities in wholesale lots.

The retailers may be institutions; in Europe they are, to a very large extent. In the United States, more usually, they are the private houses that canvass the country for the sale of bonds. Every possible investor is reached in this way, either by mail-order or by traveling solicitors. And the business of some New York houses of this kind runs into tens and even hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

This, with the public stock market, is the general apparatus for the distributing of the securities manufactured in Wall Street. The stock market is continually in the public eye; but the fundamental thing is what comes rarely to public attention — the mercantile business of getting securities to the investor.

At the head of the whole structure stand the group of individuals who control the great corporations of the country; and with them the money that gathers in their treasuries, accumulated from their profits or from the investors of the world. They control the invested railroad and industrial capital of the United States; and in their banks or treasuries of their companies great masses of ready money are always at their hand. Whenever existing industry is extended in any large way, whenever great new enterprises are put afloat, whenever old ones grow weak, they must come to them for resources; for there is no other source of money on the continent sufficiently great to do this work. And so, into the central group at Wall Street, one after another, the enterprises of America drift for financing and ultimate control.

In this central group are now six men in whose hands lies ninety per cent of the actual power of this joint control of corporations and money in the United States — Morgan, Baker of the First National Bank, Stillman of the City Bank, William and John D. Rockefeller, and Jacob H. Schiff of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. With them, not so immediately connected in every-day developments as the others, but with essentially identical interests, is J. Ogden Armour, a director of the National City Bank of New York and the controlling stockholder of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, now the second largest bank in the United States.

Morgan

These men are not alone; there are many others near them in their group of banks; they will be succeeded by others when they die. They exercise varying degrees of activity. Some of these men are not directly active at all in the general movement of finance; and, in fact, the every-day business of Wall Street is done largely by their employees. Railroad presidents, bank presidents, heads of industrial trusts, are almost entirely men on salaries, very largely lawyers. Wall Street is principally a region of great hired men. Back of them are the groups of old experts in capital, who control or own the railroad and industrial operations of the country.

At the center of this, a leader by force of circumstances and temperament, sits one man — J. Pierpont Morgan. Fifty-four years, now, he has been in Wall Street, watching it change with the development of the country. His attitude has altered very little; he is, in all essential characteristics, the merchant prince of seventy-five and two hundred years ago. General democracy is not in his vision; politicians and movements in politics are cheap, claptrap things. He is the arch-representative of property. Art he loves, and yachts, and literature. He is the great merchant-connoisseur. But property is above all; the rights of property are supreme.

It is not his own property he guards, or that of any particular group; but property as a whole. This is his first concern, but his vision is broader than that. He has seen the incalculable resources of a great new continent developed, supplied with machinery, and made into solid, valuable, conservative investments. He works for the development of the country and its industries at large, as well as for more immediate property. The interests of both, to him, seem identical.

This is a curious place, after all the years of agitation for democracy, for the actual power over the daily living made from the great coöperative associations of modern industry to center. Yet it is a perfectly logical place, established by natural economic forces. And it came to Morgan in the straight course of doing his duty, as he saw it, to the top of his strength and ability.

He sits to-day in the dark old glass and mahogany counting-room that he built nearly forty years ago. Across from him is the babble and chatter of the Stock Exchange. To him come the petitions of the nation and the continent, and the islands of the seas around. Heads of railroads and huge industrial plants; representatives of capital; the sturdy Westerners, in active management of the City Bank; the rich Jewish financiers, with keen, Semitic faces — all come to him. He sits and waits — massive, gruff, imperious, a type of the old fighting Anglo-Saxon that has conquered and taken in his strong hands the whole Northern world. They all come to him — and, through him, to the system that he represents so accurately and so well.

In the Glow of a Peat Fire

by Alexander Irvine

Author of "From the Bottom Up"

Illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan

[Mr. Irvine has been for years a slum missionary, "lay minister," and Socialist speaker in New York City. He was born in a cabin in Antrim, Ireland. In his youth he was a soldier, sailor, and workingman. The following sketch is, like the stories in Mr. Irvine's book, "From the Bottom Up," autobiographical. EDITOR.]

"IT'S a quare wurrld," my father said, one winter's night, as we sat in the white glow of a peat fire.

"Ay, 'deed, yer just right, Jamie," my mother replied, as she gazed into the smokeless flames.

He took his short black pipe out of his mouth, and, after spitting into the burning sods, added with emphasis: "I wundther if it's quare to everybody?"

"Ochanee," mother said, "it's quare aanyway to us whin we've got naythur mate, money, nor marbles, nor chalk t' make th' ring."

A new method of making shoes had been discovered, and my father hadn't discovered the discovery. So, from the status of a shoemaker with a house on the main street, he became a cobbler and moved into Pogue's Alley, where lived only the poorest of the poor. That winter night the wind shook our old stone cabin to its foundations. There had been one job that day; a pair of McGuckin's (the saloonkeeper's) shoes had been half-soled and heeled, and my sister had taken them home, with orders what to get with the proceeds. The evening meal usually consisted of oatmeal or potatoes, with buttermilk; but as this would be the first meal of that day, the time taken up in cooking was considered, and the grocery order was: "A sixpenny loaf, three ha'pence worth of tea and sugar, and half an ounce of tobacco!"

The last handful of peat had been placed on the fire. The cobbler's bench had been put away for the night, and we gathered — six of us — closely around the heat.

Let me show you around the cottage. It had two rooms. The front room was my father's workshop; it also served as living- and dining-room. It had one window, looking into the alley. At one end was the wide-open hearth; at the other was the table; and over the table a dresser with four shelves on which was arranged the household crockery-ware. The back room was the sleeping-apartment. It was big

"'I'VE LIVED WID TH' MOTHER OF INVENTION SINCE I WAS TH' SIZE OF A MUSHROOM,' BILLY SAID, BETWEEN HIS PUFFS"

enough for two full-sized beds — one each side of the door. It contained one, and a shake-down. My father and mother and two sisters occupied the bed, and several of us used the shake-down — a mere bundle of rags composed mostly of gunnysacks. There was a little half loft, reached by a home-made step-ladder. One of my older brothers occupied this loft for years. When he left home, I was elevated to the "thatch parlor," and I occupied it for fourteen years.

Our nearest approach to art was the partition that screened my father (when working) from the door. The best pictures we could get from illustrated papers we pasted on the partition. What a God-send one of the modern magazines would have been to us! A poem entitled "The Light of Other Days" was framed between two small panes of glass, bound around the edges with thin upper leather, and hung on the white-washed wall.

The floor was of hard dried mud. There was a mantel-board, containing a few ornaments, yellow with the smoke of generations.

The town clock, in the steeple of the church, struck eight.

"What th' hell's keepin' th' hussy?" the old man said impatiently.

"Ould McGuckin's at a Fenian meetin', an' it's worth a black eye fur his wife t' handle money!" my mother suggested.

"More likely he's sleepin' off a dhrunk!"

"'Deed, no, Jamie; he laves that t' th' craythurs who've made him a fortune."

"Ay, ay, Anna; yer a cute judge o' human nature — a squint out of th' tail o' yer eye at th' bay-window in front of his back wud tell ye betther, if ye had th' wits t' obsarve!"

Over the fire hung a pot on a chain, and close to the burning turf sat a kettle, singing.

Nothing of that far-off life has left a more pleasant impression than the singing of the kettle. It always sang of hope; it was ever the harbinger of the thing that was most indispensable in that home of want — a cup of tea. Often the tea without milk, sometimes without sugar, but always tea. If it came to a choice between bread and tea, we went without bread!

My mother did not relish the reflection on her judgment, and remained silent. Silence was her keenest weapon. She could exasperate my father more quickly with it than with the most stinging words of her vocabulary.

There was a loud noise at the door.

"Jazus!" my father exclaimed. "It's snowin'!" Some one was kicking the snow off against the door-posts. Then the latch was lifted, and in walked Felix Madden, the bog-man.

"What the blazes are ye in the dark fur?" Felix asked, in a graphaphone voice.

His old fur cap was pulled down over his ears, his head and shoulders were covered with snow.

We were in debt to Felix for a load of black turf, and we all suspected he had called for the price — four shillings. Any one else would have received a sample of my mother's wit; but she arose, brought over near the fire my father's candlestick,— our lighting plant,— and lit the ha'penny tallow dip that was being saved for supper-time.

The bog-man threw his cap and overcoat on the lasts in the corner, and sat down on a stool. Then he took off his brogues and planted his wet feet near the edge of the fire. He had been drinking, and his breath polluted the already overcharged atmosphere.

"Where's yer ould mare, Felix?" my father asked.

"Gone home —th' bitch o' hell!" Felix said. "An' she's got m' load of turf wid 'er, too, bad cess to 'er sowl."

The town clock struck nine. The curfew bell rang, and then the days of the month were tolled off. Felix removed his coat and socks, pushed his stool aside, and sat on the floor.

In a few minutes he was stretched out on his back, fast asleep.

The peat fire grew smaller. My father kept the turf together with the long tongs. As the wind screamed and howled, and the window-panes were covered with snow, the hunger left us, and we asked one another in low tones where Maggie could be.

"There's a letther in the candle!" mother said.

We looked, and saw the tiny bright spark on the wick, gleaming like a little star. For the moment we forgot the storm, the supper, the absent sister — everything. There was the brilliant and unmistakable token that a letter was now on its way from my oldest brother — the first of our family to venture beyond the town limits, and the first to send the postman to our family.

The letter in the candle gave me an idea. They were few and far apart, in those days. I got a leather paring, and began my first letter. I imagined that by accident I might hit upon a word or a letter, but my mother shook her head and explained.

"Cyan't ye fix up that ould craythur's head a bit?" my father said.

I brought his coat, and mother made a pillow of it, and we arranged the snoring bog-man in a more comfortable position. As we did so, some change rolled out of his pocket .

"Think of that, now!" my father said, as he gathered it up and stuffed it back again. "An ould dhrunken galoot wi' money to burn, while we're starvin'!"

From that moment we were

"I WAS ELEVATED TO THE 'THATCH PARLOR,' AND I OCCUPIED IT FOR FOURTEEN YEARS"

"AT A DRAUGHT HE EMPTIED THE BOTTLE"

acutely hungry. This new element rendered the situation poignant.

"How d'ye know but th' galoot's wife an' bairns are sittin' at home waitin', as empty as we are?" mother said.

"Wi' a bog full of turf at th' door?"

"They cyan't ate turf, Jamie."

"They kin warm their shins; that's more'n we kin do in a minute or two, begorra!"

He took the tongs and arranged the rapidly diminishing coals closely together.

There were two big holes in the chimney-corner in which my father kept his old pipes, scraps of tobacco, rags, bits of wheat straw to clean the pipe-shanks, etc. His last puff of smoke had gone up the chimney. He searched both holes, without success, for a scrap of the weed.

Then a bright idea struck him. He searched for Madden's pipe. It wasn't in his overcoat. He bent over the prostrate form and felt his clothes.

"Holy Moses, what a breath!" he exclaimed. "A pint of that breath wud make a mule dhrunk!"

"Thry it, Jamie!" my mother said, winking at me.

"Thry it yourself, ye ould — ye're a good dale more of a judge!"

A wild gust of wind came down the chimney and blew the ashes off the hearth. My father ensconced himself in his corner again — the picture of despair.

"I wondther if Billy's gone t' bed?" he said, as if speaking to himself. Billy O'Hare was the chimney-sweep who lived opposite.

"Ye'd need fumigatin' after smokin' *his* tobacco."

"Dhry up!" he interrupted petulantly. "I'd smoke tobacco scraped out of the breeches pocket of th' ould divil in hell!"

He arose, put on his coat, adjusted his muffler, and made ready to visit the sweep. When he was ready, another idea arrived. He took his boots off, and put on the bog-man's. Then he donned Madden's overcoat and cap.

"That's th' first sign of sense I've seen in ye fur a month of Sundays," my mother said, divining his intention of going in search of Maggie.

"Ye cudn't see it in a month of Easther Sundays, aanyway," he retorted, with a superior toss of his head.

By force of habit, he took a piece of live coal in the tongs to light his pipe. We tittered.

"Th' hell!" he muttered, as he made for the door.

Before he reached it, Maggie walked in, her eyes red and swollen. McGuckin wasn't at home; his wife couldn't pay, and Maggie had waited until she was put out by the irate wife. The story was told in a few sentences. We saw it in her face, anyway; it was all there, every pang of it.

It was but the work of a minute to blurt out the tale of woe. Then she noticed my father in the bog-man's outfit, and burst into laughter, in which we all heartily joined.

The door opened, and a fierce gust of cold, penetrating wind swept through the cottage. We drew our clothes tightly around us.

People who expected visitors to knock before entering provided a knocker. The knocker was a distinct line of social demarcation. We lived below the line. The minister was the only person that ever knocked at our door; all others marched in.

The visitor who entered in the sweep of a blizzard's tail, that winter night, was Billy O'Hare, the chimney-sweep.

"Be th' seven crosses of Arbow, Jamie," he said, "I'm glad yer awake. If ye hadn't been I'd have pulled ye out of bed be th' tail of yer shirt!"

"I was within an ace of makin' a raid on ye half an hour ago," my father said.

The sweep stepped forward and tapped my

father on the forehead with his forefinger. "Two great minds, Jamie, wurkin' on th' same thought shud projuce b'wildtherin' results. Lend me a chew o' tobacco!"

"Ye've hed larks fur supper — ye're jokin'!" my father said.

"Jokin' be damned! M' tongue's stickin' t' th' roof of m' mouth!"

We laughed — laughed heartily, and the two men stood looking at each other, speechless.

"Ye can do yer switherin' as easy sittin' as standin'," my mother said, and Billy sat down.

The colloquy lasted but a minute. Then Billy inquired about the bog-man. He was told in minutest detail every phase, every word spoken, since Felix Madden "dhrapped in."

The sweep scratched his sooty head and "swithered" over it. Another gust of wind almost blew the dying embers off the hearth. That gave Billy an idea.

"T' be freezin' t' death with a peat-man goin' t' waste is un-Christian, t' say th' laste. Excuse m' insolence in lavin' sich iligant company — I'll be back in th' bat of yer eye, or may the Virgin paralyze me in th' nixt chimney I sweep!"

In a few minutes he returned with half a dozen hard black peats. The fire was rebuilt, and we basked in the warm white glow! The bog-man snored on. Billy inquired about the amount of change. Then he became solicitous about his position on the floor. Each suggestion was a flank movement on the bog-man's loose change.

"Did ye ever hear, Billy," my mother asked, with a twinkle in her eye, "that if ye stud a dhrunk man on his head it wud sober him up?"

"Be th' powers, no!" Billy replied.

"They say," she added, "that it empties him of his contints!"

"Ay, 'deed, there may be somethin' in that. Let's thry ould Felix!"

We were in no particular hurry to "sober up" Felix, but there was an element of excitement in the suggestion, and we — the youngsters — hoped it would be carried out.

"My mouth's watherin' fur a smoke as much as yours, Billy," my father said; "but we'll hev no damned monkey thricks t' raise th' wind."

My little sister began to sniffle and sob — perhaps because my father's abrupt remark to the sweep stifled hope, for the night; perhaps, and more likely, it was a hunger pang that drove away our only solace in such an extremity — sleep.

There were several expedients used by my father in what he called "divartin' th' hunger." Only one of them could be used that night. He had gone through all the horrors of the Irish famine of 1849.

When he said, "Things are purty bad, but they're niver as bad as th' might be," we knew what was coming.

"Ay, 'deed, Jamie, it's you that knows that. Tell the childther about '49."

"Hould yer horses a twinklin'," Billy exclaimed, rising as he spoke.

He took the step-ladder and leaned it against the front side of the house. In another minute he had climbed up and untied a bundle of dried rosemary — one of several bunches of dried herbs tied to the roof as farmers usually hang dried hams. Billy crushed a portion of the herb between his hands, filled his pipe, and began, with beaming face, to smoke it like tobacco.

"Wud ye luk at him!" father exclaimed, in astonishment.

"I've lived wid th' mother of invention since I was th' size of a mushroom," Billy said, between his puffs, "an', begorra, she's betther nor a wife!"

My father followed the sweep's example. The odor filled the cottage — it was like the sweet incense of a censer. The men laughed and joked over the discovery. The sweep indulged himself in some extravagant self-laudatory statements, one of which became a household word with us.

"Jamie," he said, as he removed his pipe and looked seriously at my father, "I see th' finish of this poltroon that discovered tobacco. He'll be a spot of candle-grease whin put ag'in' th' name of William O'Hare, who discovered the rosemary *delection* — I'll hand it down to m' future ancestors as th' O'Hare brand of rosemary leaf tobacco!"

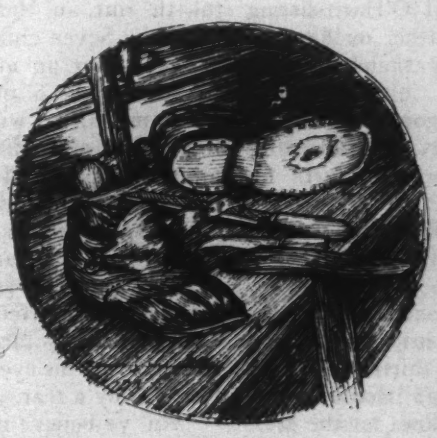
"Wondtherful, wondtherful!" my father said.

"Ay, an' t' think that ye made th' discovery right here in our house!" my mother added.

"Tell us about th' famine," I whined petulantly.

The old man removed his pipe and looked at it inquisitively. "M' head's spinnin' roun' like a peery!" he exclaimed.

"When did ye ate aanything?" the sweep asked — after the manner of a medical man.



"A PAIR OF McGUCKIN'S SHOES"

"Yestherday."

"Ay, well, it's the mate ye haven't in yer bowels that's makin' ye feel quare."

"What's th' matther wid th' inventor?" my mother asked, as Billy removed his pipe and stared vacantly into the fire.

"I'm seein' things two at a time, b' Jazus," he said anxiously.

"We've got plenty of nothin' but wather," she said. "Maybe ye'd like a good dhrink, Billy?"

Before he could reply, the bog-man raised himself to a half-sitting posture, and yelled with all the power of his lungs; "Whoa! Back, ye dhirty baste, back!"

The yell chilled the blood in our veins. He sat up, looked at the black figure of the sweep, and in a moment he had spread poor Billy on the floor with a terrible smash on the jaw. Before my father could move a hand, Felix followed up his advantage by jumping on top of the sweep. We youngsters set up a howl that aroused the alley. My father and Billy soon overpowered the bog-man. When Billy Baxter responded to our cry of "Murdther!" he found O'Hare sitting on Madden's neck and my father on his legs.

"Where's th' mare?" was the bog-man's first inquiry.

The events of the night were gone over in detail to him. He listened attentively, then thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth his loose change.

"Hould yer hand out, ye black imp of hell," he said.

The sweep obeyed.

"It's twelve o'clock," Billy ventured, as the bog-man counted the pennies into his hand.

"I don't care a damn if it's thirteen! That's fur whisky, that's fur bread, an' that's fur tay an' sugar. Go on, now, an' don't let the grass grow undther yer flat feet!"

After some minor instructions from my mother the sweep went off on his midnight errand.

"Go home," my father said to Baxter. "I want to spake to this illegitimate murdtherer!"

Baxter retired, swearing.

"Whisht!" my mother said, ten minutes afterward. We listened. The wind was still high, but above its roar we heard a loud banging in the distance.

"It's Billy, dundtherin' at Marget Hurll's dour," my father said.

We crept closer to the fire; the kettle was lowered on the chain, and the old man began his story of the famine. There was a chapter of it that always acted as an antidote — a mitigation, at least — to hunger; for we were always notified of the application before the sermon began, and the application was that we had not yet hungered unto death! A few sentences of the anti-hunger story will suffice:

"'BLISS HIM IN BASKET AN' STORE, AN' TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIS OULD MARE. AMEN'"

"Och, but thim wor awful days! A million men, women, an' childther died of th' hunger; but, begorra, all th' time th' English tuk th' rint, an' they tuk th' crops too, sich as th' wor. Seven childther did th' McWhirthers' hev nixt dour, an' afther starvin' fur four days th' got a poke o' meal an' made porridge, an' whin m' father wint in t' borrow a pot he found four of thim dead — sittin' on the floor aroun' th' pot, wid th' spoons in their han's! Och, ay, 'deed, thim wor awful days!"

We had heard it a dozen times, but it was always new and gave us a sense of gratitude that we had only starved for a day or two at a time and that our hope of life was big.

Old Felix was interested, too. He drew his sleeve across his eyes, and we thought it was to brush away a tear.

"An' ye believe in th' English afther that?" Felix said.

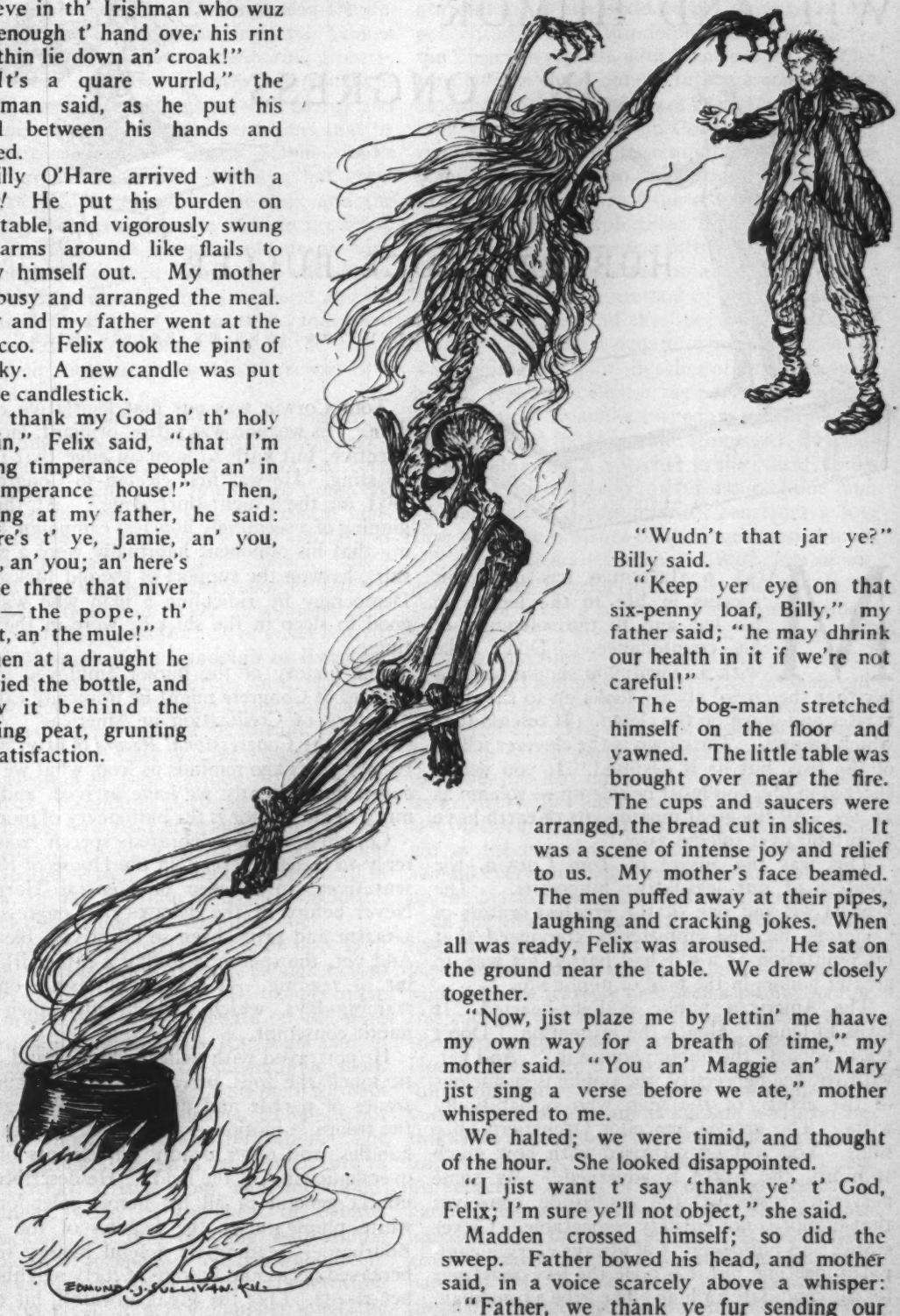
"Ay, 'deed, Felix, jist as you believe in th' Irishman who wuz ass enough t' hand ove' his rint an' thin lie down an' croak!"

"It's a quare wurrld," the bog-man said, as he put his head between his hands and sighed.

Billy O'Hare arrived with a *bang!* He put his burden on the table, and vigorously swung his arms around like flails to thaw himself out. My mother got busy and arranged the meal. Billy and my father went at the tobacco. Felix took the pint of whisky. A new candle was put in the candlestick.

"I thank my God an' th' holy Virgin," Felix said, "that I'm among timperance people an' in a timperance house!" Then, looking at my father, he said: "Here's t' ye, Jamie, an' you, Billy, an' you; an' here's t' the three that niver bred — the pope, th' priest, an' the mule!"

Then at a draught he emptied the bottle, and threw it behind the burning peat, grunting his satisfaction.



FAMINE

"Wudn't that jar ye?" Billy said.

"Keep yer eye on that six-penny loaf, Billy," my father said; "he may dhrink our health in it if we're not careful!"

The bog-man stretched himself on the floor and yawned. The little table was brought over near the fire. The cups and saucers were arranged, the bread cut in slices. It was a scene of intense joy and relief to us. My mother's face beamed. The men puffed away at their pipes, laughing and cracking jokes. When all was ready, Felix was aroused. He sat on the ground near the table. We drew closely together.

"Now, jist plaze me by lettin' me haave my own way for a breath of time," my mother said. "You an' Maggie an' Mary jist sing a verse before we ate," mother whispered to me.

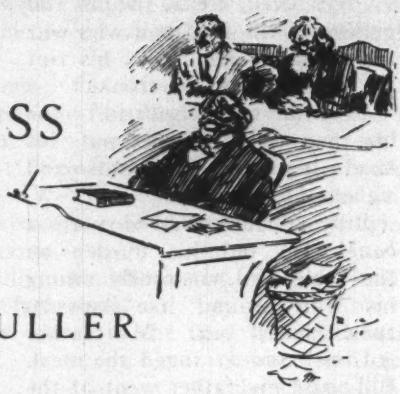
We halted; we were timid, and thought of the hour. She looked disappointed.

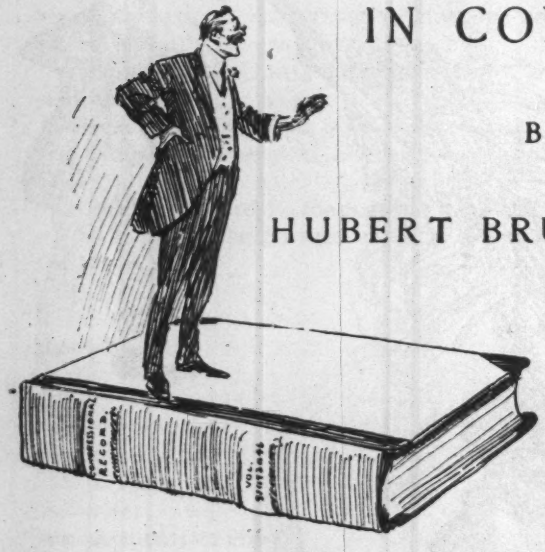
"I jist want t' say 'thank ye' t' God, Felix; I'm sure ye'll not object," she said.

Madden crossed himself; so did the sweep. Father bowed his head, and mother said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper:

"Father, we thank ye fur sending our good friend Felix here th' night. Bliss him in basket an' store, an' take good care of his ould mare. Amen."

WIT AND HUMOR IN CONGRESS





BY

HUBERT BRUCE FULLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

MANY a statesman has owed his success in life to the length of his legs and to the solemnity of his countenance. "Don't joke with a crowd; you should remember that the crowd always looks up to the ringmaster and down on the clown. It resents that which amuses. The clown is the cleverer fellow of the two, but he is despised. If you would succeed in life, you must be solemn — solemn as an ass. All the great monuments of earth have been built over solemn asses."

This was the advice of Tom Corwin, the greatest of our legislative humorists. The keenest wit and one of the greatest orators of Congress, he died embittered, convinced that his reputation as a wit had barred his way to greater honors in the field of public life.

The American public is light-hearted. It loves to laugh. Hence the injunction, "Don't try to educate the public; amuse it." And yet, with strange perversity, the public is suspicious of the ability of the man who is habitually witty. The great Chancellor Oxenstiern once said: "You will be surprised with how much stupidity the world is governed." By some perverse reasoning, the multitude conceives that humor is not entirely respectable. Clever stories and buffoonery will always carry a campaign meeting, but it is none the less disastrous for the candidate for high office to be a comedian. The professional funny man is always popular and is always assured of an enthusiastic audience, but in bestowing honors the people turn to his heavy-witted brother who knows nothing of humor.

Tom Corwin was our first legislative comedian. His weapon was satire, brilliant, incisive, effective, but with so keen an edge that it left no sting. He was first elected to Congress in 1831 on the "night-shirt issue." At the beginning of a seemingly hopeless campaign, learning that his opponent habitually wore a night-shirt, he won the support of the old Jacksonian Democracy by ridiculing a man who was too good to sleep in the shirt he wore in the daytime.

The history of the humor employed in the debates of Congress might be ironically called a "History of Civilization in America." A perusal of the *Congressional Record* of fifty, thirty, twenty years ago reminds us from what we have come, how recently we have arrived, and how much of our humor is the buffoonery of pioneers.

Corwin's most celebrated speech was his reply to General Crary, in the House of Representatives, in defense of General Harrison. Never before in the debates of Congress had sarcasm and satire been so effectively blended. And yet, the speech is to-day a rather irksome bit of reading. It was a burlesque on the training-days, which had already fallen into public contempt.

He portrayed with delicate humor and artistic touch the toils, privations, and sanguinary scenes of parade and drill day. "We can see the troops in motion — umbrellas, hoes and ax-handles, and other deadly implements of war overshadowing all the field." He described the militia general in all his heroic splendor, his white plume, after the fashion of the great Bourbon —"reading its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts. Like the great Suwaroff, his epaulettes may be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still gleaming, gloriously gleaming in the sun. . . . He is mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquities of whose

hinder limbs is described by that most expressive phrase, 'sickle hams.'" Then followed the description of a general retreat from the field of glory, and the bivouac in a neighboring grocery, where "your general unsheaths his trenchant blade, eighteen inches long, and with energy and remorseless fury slices the watermelons that lie in heaps around him. Others of the sinews of war are not wanting. Whisky, that great leveler of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the watermelons are filled to the brim. As the Scandinavian heroes of old drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies in Odin's Hall, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished in copious drafts of whisky assuage the heroic fire of their souls, after the bloody scenes of a parade day."

This speech, considered light and humorous at that time, we now read with drowsy eyes. Before the days of Tom Corwin there had been little or no attempt at humor in Congress. Speeches then were heavy with classical allusions and prosaic and even stupid quotations from Greek and Latin philosophers. Such humor as there was, was heavy enough. The wit was brutal rather than clever; it wounded, and into the wounds poured the acid of bitter hatred.

The picturesque John Randolph of Roanoke, cynic, political hypochondriac, and eccentric genius, was of all men the most hated and feared. No man in Congress escaped his vitriolic tongue. Speaking of Henry Clay and his alleged bargain for the election of John Quincy Adams to the presidency, Randolph declared: "I was defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons,— cut up and clean broke down by a coalition of Blifil and Black George,— by a combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan with the Blackleg." This was the prelude to a harmless duel.

Of the Democratic party Randolph once said: "All they want is men with sense enough to lead and fools enough to follow." Of Congressman Gregg, in the course of a debate on the non-importation of English goods, Randolph said, in that incomparable tone of supercilious scorn that made so many enemies: "It is mere waste of time to reason with such persons. They do not deserve anything like serious refutation. The proper arguments for such statesmen are a strait-waistcoat, a dark room, and depletion." His manner, when in the heat of debate, was ferocious, like that of some wild animal about to devour its enemy. No one who merely reads his words, who never heard his penetrating tones or saw his flashing eye, haughty mien, the long arm and outstretched forefinger pointing scornfully at his opponent, can realize the effect that he produced.

Many of Randolph's thrusts were entirely gratuitous. When Goddard of Connecticut had politely alluded to Randolph's superior ability, the Virginian replied, with infinite scorn, that he regretted he could not "return the compliment except at an expense of sincerity and truth, which even the gentleman from Connecticut, I hope, would be unwilling to require." On another occasion he referred to the remarks of a member from Pennsylvania as "the effusions of empty garrulity." Randolph called "Old Ben" Hardin of Kentucky, who made a bitter attack on Clay, "a kitchen-knife whetted on a brickbat."

At that time one method of shutting off debates was to demand the "previous question." During a prolonged debate in which Randolph was holding the floor, Beecher of Ohio annoyed him by repeated calls for the previous question. The Baron of Roanoke turned on his tormentor and convulsed the House and suppressed Beecher by shrieking: "Mr. Speaker, in the Netherlands a man of small capacity, with bits of wood and leather, will in a few minutes construct a toy that with the pressure of the finger and thumb will cry, 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' With less of ingenuity and inferior materials, the people of Ohio have made a toy that will, without much pressure, cry, 'Previous question, Mr. Speaker! Previous question!'"

John B. Thompson of Kentucky, who served in both Houses of Congress, was a master of the art of ridicule. His characterization of the contempt in which party platforms are held after elections has lost none of its pertinency in the half century that has passed: "The two or three last platform Presidents we have had, when they got in the car of State and safely seated, all around everywhere you could see, 'Do not stand on the platform when the cars are in motion.'"

Of the presidential ambition that blighted the lives and careers of Clay and Calhoun, and that was later to mock James G. Blaine, Thompson said: "I have scarcely ever seen a public man in this country who had once turned his eyes upon the purple and gazed intently at the White House, that ever afterwards seemed to be a fully sane man. His head reels as if he had the vertigo, and he puts up at auction whatever he thinks, as if being once defeated would help him for the presidency at a succeeding election." In his speech in behalf of the old Know-Nothing party, Thompson in 1856 set the Senate in an uproar. The following sentence attracted the greatest applause, and is still quoted and parodied: "It was said some years ago, land a cargo of Irishmen at the Battery, and as they go up Broadway, before they reach half way to the Astor House they will exclaim, 'Hurrah for Andy McJackson and Martin O'Buren! A

dollar a day for dachin' and no hangin' for st'alin'.' They all come in Democrats, and they never get out of the notion."

Of all the humorists of our Congress, probably none approached J. Proctor Knott, a member from Kentucky, who combined an inexhaustible fund of humorous allusion with a remarkable eloquence. His humor was spontaneous and bubbling as from a never-failing spring. He delivered his famous Duluth speech in the House January 27, 1871. Duluth was at that time a town almost unknown. Knott's speech made it famous in a day. In a vein of delicious humor tinted with good-natured irony, he pictured the bleak wastes of the Northwest, the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery, and the necessity of railroad communication, for the preservation of republican institutions on this continent, with a region that "would not produce enough vegetation in ten years to fatten a grasshopper." He portrayed the warlike inhabitants of Minnesota pondering over a new Declaration of Independence and hatching anew the "damnable doctrine of secession" with the resultant constitutional amendments of reconstruction. "The Sixteenth Amendment, it is of course understood, is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are day by day beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cocktails, ride astraddle, and do everything else the men do."

TOM CORWIN
OUR FIRST LEGISLATIVE COMEDIAN

Then he turned the missiles of his humor upon Duluth. "Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses or the soft sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years as the hart panteth for the water-brooks." Never before, he declared, had the dulcet syllables of this celestial word ravished his delighted ear. "I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis was but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth." He condoled with Herodotus, Homer, and a notable list of classical heroes that their deaths had been miserable through ignorance of Duluth. He confessed with subtle touch an embarrassed ignorance of the exact location of the city — "whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frostwork, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset, or one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain — flirting in the form of a city." He described the climate as "unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth — a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters." Having thus convulsed the House of Representatives and pacified the supporters of the measure, Knott declared that he would vote against the bill. "Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!"

Thaddeus Stevens, probably the most powerful and most hated man of our legislative history and the Nemesis of Southern reconstruction, possessed the ability to return a sharp answer when occasion demanded quick wit and a ready tongue. On one occasion Stevens and the Speaker became involved in a controversy that ended in Stevens' savagely rolling up some documents that he had been speaking from, and turning his back on the Speaker in the most insolent manner as he passed furiously up the aisle toward the cloak-room.

"Is the gentleman trying to show his contempt for the Speaker?" shouted that dignitary.

"No," thundered back Stevens, turning around and facing the wielder of the gavel; "I am trying to conceal it!"

Charles Sumner, the eminent statesman of the war and ante-bellum days, had no more sense of humor than a dromedary, but there was something excessively humorous about his colossal self-consciousness. His egotism was innocent in

its simplicity, but inordinately vast. Probably Grant, whom he hated and abused above all public men, came nearest to appreciating the mental make-up of Sumner when he said: "The reason Sumner doesn't believe in the Bible is because he didn't write it himself."

Roscoe Conkling, toward the end of his career in the Senate, quarreled with the newspapers, and frequently, when he arose to speak, every reporter in the press gallery would rush noisily out into the lobby, leaving all the seats vacant. On one such occasion Conkling, flushing at the insult, exclaimed that the only people in the world authorized to use the first person plural "we," in speaking of themselves, were "editors and men with tapeworms."

Samuel S. Cox, representative from Columbus, Ohio, and later from New York City, acquired a national reputation as a humorist. His speeches were grandiloquent, filled with passages of gold-plated elegance, and they won for him the sobriquet "Sunset" Cox, suggesting the high and passionate colors of the evening sky. Cox ruined a promising career by his weakness for joking; yet, when he made a speech that was not funny, he was likely to be judged a failure.

Cox possessed a fund of wit as well as humor. In a single thrust he could discomfit an opponent and confuse an enemy — as when he once silenced William M. Springer of Illinois: "This gentleman, after thinking with his heels and dancing with his head, comes to the conclusion that the bill ought to pass."

Cox it was who, in speaking of the honesty of a fellow Congressman, said: "He went into office with nothing but an umbrella, and he left it with a cane."

On one occasion he referred to a particularly sour-visaged confrère as having only one regret — that there were not more commandments to be obeyed.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE
"I WAS DEFEATED BY THE HITHERTO UNHEARD-OF COMBINATION OF THE PURITAN WITH THE BLACKLEG"

At the height of his fame, Cox was invited to address a Democratic meeting at Montpelier, Vermont. Recalling the poor showing of the Democrats in this New England State, Cox wired that an engagement of importance precluded his accepting the honor, and then added: "If the Democrats of Vermont insist, I should be glad to address them in the library of my home almost any afternoon after four when they may find it convenient to call."

A mere touch of humor will often relieve the tensest situation in a parliamentary body and change livid fury into ready acquiescence. A notable example of this occurred in the bitter days during and preceding the electoral count of the Hayes-Tilden vote in 1876. In January of that year the Democrats, in a threatening mood, met in convention at Washington to take suitable action upon the impending congressional struggle. In a threatening and defiant speech, Henry Watterson, the well-known Louisville editor, declared that "one hundred thousand Kentuckians are waiting to see that justice is done Tilden." At four o'clock in the morning of March 2, 1876, the House of Representatives, after a turbulent and bitter session of eighteen hours, quite without precedent in our history, announced its readiness to receive the Senate for the final count of the electoral vote. The members were worn and ill-humored with the continued struggle and strain of days, and the Democrats were sullen and dispirited in their defeat. An air of dejection permeated the hall. While the House was waiting for the Senate, suddenly above the hum of conversation a Democratic member called loudly for Watterson to bring on his "hundred thousand." This sally was greeted with a cheer. The hundred thousand did not appear, but in their place slowly filed in the Senate.

One of the most interesting wits of later days was the celebrated "Jerry" Simpson of Kansas, often called "Sockless Jerry" for reasons that the name implies. He served in Congress during the days of the apotheosis of Populism, and with its death Simpson passed into humorous history. He possessed the Lincoln story-telling type of humor, and the originality of his remarks, coupled with a certain breeziness of expression, always assured him an attentive audience whenever he rose to address his colleagues. On one occasion he was giving expression to his Populistic hatred of banks and bankers. "I feel about bankers," said he, "as I do about certain insects, not to be mentioned in society, which in our worst Kansas hotels come forth from secret places to murder sleep. I have considered these

PROCTOR KNOTT

HE DESCRIBED DULUTH AS "A PLACE OF UNTOLD DELIGHTS, A TERRESTRIAL PARADISE"

insects, Mr. Speaker. They are, I doubt not from the expression of their countenances, and speaking from bug standpoints, reputable, kindly, honest, keeping every engagement. I can believe them to be good fathers, good husbands, good sons. It is not these insects as mere insects I condemn. It's the business they are in. So with the bankers, Mr. Speaker; I'm utterly opposed to the business that they're in."

Congressman John M. Allen of Mississippi, better known as "Private John Allen," was one of the readiest debaters in the history of our Congress. His wit was proverbial, and the cleverness of his humor soon made him a national figure. The character of his wittiness is well illustrated in the story of his first election to Congress. Running against him in the primaries for the nomination was an officer of distinguished service in the Civil War who had much to say of his military record. In a joint debate, the officer opened his speech with the remark: "Fellow citizens, I slept one night in a tent on the mountainside, awaiting the battle on the morrow." Then he dilated at length on the heroic service of his career and his promotions for bravery. When he had finished his speech, Allen rose and said: "Friends and fellow citizens, what General Tucker has told you about sleeping in his tent that night before the battle is true. I know, for I was guarding that tent all night long in the cold and wet. Now, I want to say to all of you who were generals in the war, and slept at night in your guarded tents, vote for him; but all you fellows that guarded the generals' tents in the wet and cold, you vote for Private Allen." They voted for the private, he went to Congress, and the name followed him to Washington.

Of all our Congressmen, Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the Fifty-first, Fifty-third, and Fifty-fourth Congresses, will perhaps be remembered as our greatest wit. His speeches did not sparkle with entertaining stories and yarns, as did those of Corwin, or Lincoln, or Proctor Knott. His fame is based upon his cleverness in manipulating words. No other man of his age developed such an aptitude for epigrammatic and clever expression. He possessed both the wit and the sarcasm of the English Disraeli. He acquired an imperishable reputation as a wit; but it was

THADDEUS STEVENS

"IS THE GENTLEMAN TRYING TO SHOW HIS CONTEMPT FOR THE SPEAKER?" "NO; I AM TRYING TO CONCEAL IT!"

in reality not so much wit as a remarkable cleverness of retort that eighteen years of constant practice had developed. Many of his epigrams and caustic comments will be remembered as long as politics survive. Of these one of the most famous was his definition of a statesman as "a successful politician who is dead." He characterized the Senate as "a nice, quiet sort of place where good Representatives go when they die."

Reed first gained a reputation as a wit during a debate in 1880 on a contested election case. His speech on this occasion was both clever and able, and he delivered it with his inimitable Yankee drawl and nasal twang. He was constantly subjected to interruption from the other side of the House, and at last Finley of Ohio insisted on a reply to a point that he had raised. In a few well-chosen words Reed discomfited his tormentor, and then added: "Now, having embalmed that fly in the liquid amber of my discourse, I wish to proceed." Wild peals of laughter and enthusiastic applause from both sides of the House greeted this sally. He was seldom interrupted after that during his entire service in the House of Representatives.

ROSCOE CONKLING
"THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD AUTHORIZED TO USE THE FIRST PERSON PLURAL ARE EDITORS AND MEN WITH TAPEWORMS"

On that famous legislative day, January 29, 1890, when Reed as Speaker counted a quorum, party feeling ran high and excitement was at white heat. Members stormed in impotent fury around the locked chamber, dodged under desks, and even kicked down the doors to escape. It was one of the most dramatic parliamentary scenes ever enacted upon any legislative stage. The tension was suddenly relieved by General Spinola of New York, who, pointing to the picture of the Siege of Yorktown hanging on the wall, gravely accused the Speaker of counting the Hessians in the background to complete the quorum. This bit of humor, injected into so tense a situation, softened the bitterness of the Democrats and won the applause of the other side.

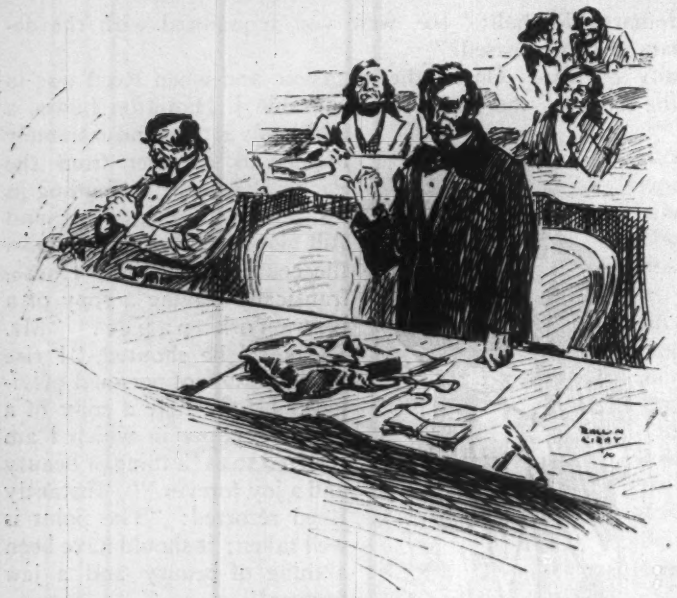
One afternoon, when Breckenridge of Kentucky was delivering a speech in his well-known funereal tones, Reed convulsed the House by pretending to weep. Holding his handkerchief to his eyes, he exclaimed aloud to Cannon (afterward Speaker), while the mournful syllables of Breckenridge were still echoing through the hall: "Joe, were you acquainted with the deceased?"

On another occasion, and when Reed was in the chair, the inimitable J. Hamilton Lewis, a faultlessly attired and extremely loquacious member from the Pacific slope, fairly beaming in his immaculate costume, and still gloved, rushed madly down the center aisle of the House, frantically waving a copy of a New York paper. "Mr. Speaker," he shouted, "I rise to a question of personal privilege. I have here a copy of a morning paper in which I am referred to as 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.'" Instantly Reed retorted: "The point is well taken; it should have been a thing of beauty and a jaw forever."

Another of Reed's retorts, and probably one of the most famous, had rather more serious results. William M. Springer of Illinois, in the course of a discussion when Reed was Speaker, quoted the well-known epigram of Clay: "I would rather be right than be President." *Sotto voce* Reed's inimitable drawl could be heard: "The gentleman need not worry, for he will never be either." This sally clung to Springer until his death, and very likely cost him the speakership at the time Crisp was elected. Ridicule is quite the most powerful political weapon.

It might be added, also, that Reed's reputation for levity hurt him. If he had been less addicted to uttering witticisms his ability to command and his preëminence as a statesman would never have been disputed, and he would have stood a much better chance of succeeding to the presidency when McKinley was elected.

Of the more recent days, Congressman J. Adam Bede of Duluth gained a reputation as a story-teller and wit which was later to rise up and mock his ambitions. Shortly after his first election, in January, 1904, he delivered a speech on the floor of the House which at once established his fame as a humorist. He nominated the Populists "an aimless and useless caterwampus of nincompoopic gabsquirts and rapscallions." "We went out when we saw a Populist," he declared, "and threw salt on his whiskers, and caught him and brought him into the Republican ranks. . . . In Minnesota we have pretty long days, and the sun sits up



SAMUEL S. COX
REFERRING TO A PARTICULARLY SOUR-VISAGED CONFRÈRE, HE SAID HIS ONLY REGRET WAS THAT THERE WERE NOT MORE COMMANDMENTS TO BE OBEYED

nights to shine for the farmers up there and does help a little bit in the prosperity, I admit; but it is due largely to the Republican policies that help the sunshine. . . . We are going to carry the West in the next election, because we can not help it. The election there will be nothing but a supplementary census."

Two years later he made an extremely clever speech, a few parts of which deserve to be quoted: "I do not know whether it is against the rules of this House to speak well of the Senate or not, but I am going to make that attempt. . . . I would rather leave my political rights in the keeping of a member of either House of Congress from the Rocky Mountains, and representing nothing but the sunset, than to one standing in the shadow of a trust company and representing the unearned increment. . . . How can we expect a United States Senator to maintain an administration family of ten children on a salary of five thousand dollars a year, and then subscribe from ten to one hundred dollars to some purpose every time he turns around? . . . It is up to Texas to say, after we have given her permission, whether she will accept it or not, because she has the right now to divide into five States and come here with ten Senators. I have sometimes wondered how the people of this beautiful capital city would feel to see ten stalwart Texans, with sombreros on their heads, their pants in their boots and their guns in their belts, marching on Washington with the firm determination to blow out the gas." J. Adam Bede has passed from the legislative stage, and it is generally suspected that his reputation as a wit injured his political strength in the eyes of his constituency. During campaigns he was one of the most popular and one of the most effective of stump speakers.

The late Francis W. Cushman of Seattle, whose untimely death in July, 1909, terminated a career full of promise, was one of the cleverest of the legislative humorists of our history. Cushman's humor was spontaneous. His words carried with them an oil of unction which healed the bruise they made. Therein he differed from the real wit. The wit excites anger, which in turn becomes malice; the humorist placates his victim and makes a friend of him. In a speech delivered in the House in 1899, shortly after his advent in Congress, Cushman advised the Democrats, in view of their campaign promises and jeremiads of 1896, to keep still "in six different languages, and pray to a just and merciful God that the American people might forget the promises and prophecies of two years ago. . . . The American people," he declared, "are not so much interested in the amount of money in the country per capita as they are interested in the amount of money per pocketa. . . . I lived out in Nebraska a number of years ago, and I am acquainted with the gentleman whose name is breathed with so much reverence on the other side of the House — William Jennings Bryan. I know him. Yes, Mr. Chairman, I know him as well as though I had been through him with a lantern." The next day Cushman was heralded in the press of the country as another Tom Corwin.

Cushman's wittiest speech was delivered in the first session of the Fifty-seventh Congress; it was an attack on the Rules of the House. This criticism of the rules is of added interest in view of the recent agitation centering about the Cannon organization. Cannon was at that time Speaker. Commenting on the natural course of a piece of legislation presented in the House after its report from the committee, Cushman declared: "That bill is then placed on the 'calendar.' The calendar! That is a misnomer. It ought to be called a cemetery, for therein lie the whitening bones of legislative hopes." Then, asserted Cushman, to secure action on the bill the member "puts his manhood and in-

dividuality in his pocket and goes trotting down that little pathway of personal humiliation that leads to — where? To the Speaker's room. All glories that clustered around the holy of holies in King Solomon's Temple looked like thirty cents — yes, looked like twenty-nine cents — compared with that jobbing department of this government. We operate here under a set of rules vesting more power in the hands of two or three men than was ever enjoyed by an Oriental despot or a ten-button mandarin. . . . Mr. Chairman, there are people in Washington city to-day who are going down to a theater and paying out fifty cents apiece of lawful money of the United States, of present standard weight and fineness, in order to see — what? In order to see a performance of Lilliputians. Great God! what a sinful waste of money, when they can come up here and watch this House perform six days in the week for nothing! . . . When I contemplate the system now in vogue in this House, under which no man can do anything unless the Speaker and the Committee on Rules are willing that he should — I say, when I contemplate that system, it gives me a pain in my patriotism. I promise you, sir, that at some time in the future I shall deliver in this House a speech on the subject, 'The Rules of This Body,' and I promise you that that speech will be so warm that it will have to be printed on asbestos paper and each one tied to a hand-grenade for safe distribution."

However, despite the popularity that it gave him, Cushman saw the danger of being classed as a professional funny man. He had serious ambitions, and he soon realized that too many jokes and too much humor would be an insuperable bar to the political future he had planned for himself. So in his later years he avoided those exhibitions of wit and humor with which he so ably entertained the House when he first appeared in Washington.

With the death of Cushman the only great humorist passed out of Congress. One of the cleverest and wittiest men in Washington of latter days was so much better known as a brilliant orator that his ability as a humorist was entirely lost sight of. The late Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa combined with the eloquence of his speeches a certain facility and happiness of expression that might well have earned him a reputation as a humorist. He is perhaps best known by his peroration on the question of admitting American pork into European markets. "I hope the time will come," he said, "when the American hog, with a curl of contentment in his tail and a smile of pleasure on his face, may travel untrammeled through the markets of the world."

THOMAS B. REED
"JOE, WERE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH THE DECEASED?"

His Father's Faith

by William Marcus MacMahon

O'CALLAHAN, as befitted the proprietor, sat on the only chair in his South Brooklyn "Studio of Physical Culture," judicially eyeing the antics of a professional feather-weight shadow-sparring in the middle of the room. Locally, the S. P. C. is known as "Con's Boxin' School," and in the past decade has graduated several knuckle-pushers of note.

It was a Sunday morning. Cornelius Aloysius should have been at confession — and I told him so.

"I've a dispensation," said he to me, a well-paying amateur pupil privileged to loaf and listen; "because once I gave an hour a day for t'ree long mont's to promote the blessid religion of our Holy Choorch. 'Twas all on account of me personal belief that in a million years from now every Jew in the whole world will be sayin' 'Hail Mary!'

"Y' see, there was a young Irish-American friend of mine over on the New York Curb as broker's clerk, a nice-lookin', well-fed, good-natured, light-haired feller of about twenty-two — a boy born and brought up in this ward.

"Well, it seems that one day a group of dark-eyed, black-haired gals come by on Broad Street, either sight-seein' or lookin' for some one they knew there, roped in like so many bulls an' bears, wit' perhaps a lamb or two, yellin', 'A half for a quarter!'

"'Who is the little "goose" wit' the *small* nose?' says me hero, out loud, in the Copper Ore crowd.

"'Tis Max Baum's sister,' a Jew boy replies; 'an' he will half kill ye for that insult!'

"'Twas a compliment, ye kike!' says the Gentile, doin' his best to catch the girl's eye wit'out actually flirtin'. 'An' I *must* have an introduction!'

"'Max'll kill ye dead now!' declared the other. 'Her name is Miriam; she's just out of St. Cecilia's — an' I'll give ye a knockdown to her at our Purim ball, ye Mick!'

"'I take it!' says Vic McKee, speakin' brokers' slang. Then the young Jewess happens to look straight at him, an' he concludes: 'Fer the love of heaven, compare the trade now!'

"An' so it came about that a Goy* eloped to Noo Joysey wit' the lovely Miss Baum. They were made man an' wife before a joostice of the peace, then managed to get a priest's ceremony by a number of intilligent white lies, after which Vic assumed a Jewish name an' proudly stood up under a canopy while two rabbis performed for them. The Mithodist minister was bed-ridden, or our Nooly-Weds would 've made a complete job of it!

"An' back in Noo Yoik the new Mrs. McKee had waitin' for her a rayception committee of four whalin' big bold Jew brothers, furious at her marryin' outside of their faith. There was Max, the broker; Maurice an' Irving, race-track men; an' Anselm, the pool-room owner. Not a one of them weighed under two hundred pounds or taped less than six feet in height, broad-shouldered buckos, quick wit' loud, angry words, an' not backward wit' their fists — not at all what you'd expect Hebrews to be!

"Well, mebbe a year or more after that mixed marriage, I meets McKee on the street, lookin' as worried as the lightest man in a battle royal.

"'That street-fight,' says I, 'which you call a market has been run in by the police?'

"'Never while the Stock Exchange is behind us,' says he, 'an' Frank the sweeper is there to keep the asphalt clean!'

"'Then yer gamblin' on the wrong side of the right stock?' says I.

"'Not since I've been promoted to outside broker for the firm — an' can corral an honest sixteent' now an' then!'

"'Aw, tell an old neighbor,' says I, 'what's ailin' ye?'

"'Ye can do nothin',' says he. 'Four brothers-in-law, every giant one of them a rough-

*Giaour, Christian.

an'-tumble wonder wit' his dukes, have sworn on a book that reads from right to left that me baby boy shall be brung up in the Jewish religion! An' I am *not* a fightin' man.'

"'Come on up to the Studio,' says I, grittin' me teet' in a sudden rage against the chosen people; 'an', be all the sacred saints outside the synagogue, *I'll* do something!'

"I made him stand in the middle of the gym-a-na-si-um, wit' heels together an' hands at his side.

"'Have ye game blood in yer veins?' says I.

"'I dunno!' says he — an' I knocked him down wit' the flat of me hand against his cheek.

"When he jumped up an' made for me wit'out a sound, murder in his heart an' this chair in his hand, I knew that the mayterial was there for a first-class massacre of the Jews if they made a Yid out of me lad's lad.

"So, after side-steppin' for me life an' smoothin' him down, I says: 'Vic, boy, I know nothin' about Jewish custom; just how long have ye for lessons an' trainin'?'

"'Let's see!' says he, countin' on his fingers. 'Oh, wit'in a couple days of t'ree mont's.'

"Well, sir, then began the best series of sparrin' instructions that ever a professor gave, an' the most fait'ful trainin' any one not a professional ever took. We went in for fancy stunts, of course, but more attention was paid to fightin' stuff, particularly the elbow, the shoulder, *and* the knee — especially that neat trick of smashin' an opponent's nose wit' the heel of the left hand. Notice, there's no give to yer extended arm, an', after this blow lands, the beak never looks the same!

"Every day, after the market closed, McKee came here for road-work, wrestlin', rope-skippin', an' bag-punchin', an' I sent a nigger rubber over him, muscle by muscle, like a monkey huntin' a flea. Sure, that boy got the combined trainin' of a race-horse, a pit-dog, an' a game-cock, all for the love of Mary — or it may have been Miriam!

"An' he showed it! 'Twas a wonderful change I made, turnin' near two hundredweight of soft laziness into one hundred an' sixty-five pounds of blond lightnin', wit' the paws of him pickled in vinegar an' tannic acid until to shake his hand sounded like new shoes.

"Then, one fine spring afternoon, he says to me: 'Come along up to the house, Cornelius Aloysius O'Callahan! I'm to argue wit' the worst of the brothers-in-law whether 'tis to be a rabbi or a priest at the man child's christenin'.'

"'I'm wit' ye to the knockout!' says I; 'an' I'll take along a couple rough-necks to clean up the other t'ree.'

"'No need; come alone!' says he.

"An' when I got to his place, there, in the parlor, sat a trio of the ugliest, flat-nosed Micks I ever laid me two eyes on.

"'*Thiggun thu Gaelic?*'* says I.

"'Speak Yiddish, Professor!' says McKee. 'Them's Anselm, Irving, an' Maurice Baum wit' an improvement made to their beaks in a little argyment! Friend brothers-in-law, which shall it be?'

"'The briest!' says they, in one voice.

"'Vic, me noble lad,' says I, 'praise be, it takes more than the shape of a nose to change a Hibernian into a Hebrew! Now show me the envied heir that claims ye for a father!'

"'Oh!' says he, 'I expect to be called to the Maternity Hospital to-morrow night. He ain't born yet!'

"An' while I'm staggerin' there, tryin' to grasp the monumintal assurance of that inexperienced father-to-be, in walks Max Baum — a fine figure of a man, as prosperous as a butcher's dog, wit' strong, sloping shoulders on him, an' fists like cobble-stones.

"'A rabbi 'twill be!' says he. 'An' I brung along a pair of brass-knuckles to talk it over in the cellar! Come on, you *bāt'zimir!*'

"They went. 'No need of heelin' wit' this metal on the front of your hand,' I whispers to Vic. 'Give it to him bechune the eyes!'

"Well, when I called, 'Time!' I saw me lad's left lash out like a snake, only to coil around the big Jew's neck. Baum side-stepped mighty spry for a heavy-weight amateur, slipped in close, an' sank a hard jolt into the pit of his man's stomach. 'Twould 've knocked the breath out of a truck-horse.

"Half an hour later I got Victor on to his feet, an' we went upstairs. The t'ree imitation Harps were still sittin' in the same chairs, although the tellyphone was ringin' like mad out in the hall. They were not the guys to butt in on anyt'ing, after havin' once been shown their place! So I took down the rayceiver, an' a voice says:

"'Hello, 'lo! 'Tis the McKee residence? Tell him to come right up; mother an' child doin' nicely. No, no; an eight-pound — *girl!*'

"An' I'll always have me suspicions, sir, that the sickness of the Mithodist minister somehow stacked the cards on poor McKee. Sure, I wouldn't put it past a Prothesant!"

* "Do you speak Gaelic?"

The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XIII

"So I see your name this morning, Stephen, on their list."

Henry Barron held up a page of the *Times* and pointed to its first column.

"I sent it in some time ago."

"And pray what does your parish think of it?"

"They won't support me."

"Thank God!"

Barron rose majestically to his feet, and from the rug surveyed his thin, fair-haired son. Stephen had just ridden over from his tiny vicarage, twelve miles away, to settle some business with his father connected with a family legacy. Since the outbreak of the Reform Movement there had been frequent disputes between the father and son — if aggressive attack on the one side and silent endurance on the other make a dispute. Barron scorned his elder son as a faddist and a dreamer; while Stephen could never remember the time when his father had not seemed to him the living embodiment of prejudice, obstinacy, and caprice. He had always reckoned it, indeed, the crowning proof of Meynell's unworldly optimism that, at the moment of his father's accession to the White House estate, there should have been a passing friendship between him and the Rector. Yet, whenever thoughts of this kind presented themselves explicitly to Stephen, he tried to suppress them. His life, often, was a constant struggle between a genuine and irrepressible dislike of his father, and a sore sense that no Christian priest could permit himself such a feeling.

He made no reply to his father's interjection. But Barron knew very well that his son's self-control was no indication of lack of will — quite the contrary; and the father was conscious of a growing exasperation as he watched the patient compression of the young mouth. He wanted somehow to convict and crush Stephen; and he believed that he held the means thereto in his hand. He had not been sure, before Stephen arrived, whether he should reveal the situation or not. But the temptation was too great. That the son's mind and soul should finally have escaped his father, "like a bird out of the snare of the fowler," was the unforgivable offence. What a gentle, malleable fellow he had seemed in his school and college days! — how amenable to the father's spiritual tyranny! It was Barron's constant excuse to himself for his own rancorous feeling — that Meynell had robbed him of his son.

"You probably think it strange," he resumed harshly, "that I should rejoice in what, of course, is your misfortune — that your people reject you; but there are higher interests than those of personal affection concerned in this business. We who are defending her must think first of the Church!"

"Naturally," said Stephen.

His father looked at him in silence for a moment — at the mild, pliant figure, the downcast eyes.

"There is, however, one thing for which I have cause — we all have cause — to be grateful to Meynell," he said, with emphasis.

Stephen looked up.

"I understand he refused to sanction your engagement to Hester Fox-Wilson."

The young man flushed.

"It would be better, I think, father, if we are to talk over these matters quietly,— which I understood is the reason you asked me to come here to-day,— that you should avoid a tone towards myself and my affairs which can only make frank conversation difficult or impossible between us."

"I have no desire to be offensive," said Barron, checking himself with difficulty, "and I have only your good in view — though you may not believe it. My reason for approving Meynell in the matter is that he was aware, and you were not aware"— he fell into the slow phrasing he always affected on important occasions —"of facts bearing vitally on your proposal; and that, in the light of them, he acted as any honest man was bound to act."

"What do you mean?" cried Stephen, springing to his feet.

"I mean"— the answer was increasingly deliberate —"that Hester Fox-Wilson — it is very painful to have to go into these things, but it is necessary, I regret to say — is not a Fox-Wilson at all, and has no right whatever to her name!"

Stephen walked up to the speaker.

"Take care, father! This is a question of a *girl* — an unprotected girl! What right have you to say such an abominable thing?"

He stood, panting and white, in front of his father.

"The right of truth," said Barron. "It happens to be true."

"Your grounds?"

"The confession of the woman who nursed her mother — who was *not* Lady Fox-Wilson."

Barron had now assumed the habitual attitude — thumbs in his pockets, legs slightly apart — that Stephen had associated, from his childhood, with the long bullying, secular and religious, that Barron's family owed to Barron's temperament.

In the pause, Stephen's quick breathing could be heard.

"Who was she?"

The son's tone had caught the father's sharpness.

"Well, my dear Stephen, I am not sure that I shall tell you while you look at me in that fashion! Believe me, it is not my fault, but my misfortune, that I happen to be acquainted with this very disagreeable secret. And I have one thing to say: you must give me your promise that you will regard any communication from me as entirely confidential, before I say another word."

Stephen walked away to the window, and came back.

"Very well; I promise."

"Sit down. It is a long story."

The son obeyed mechanically, his frowning eyes fixed upon his father. Barron at once plunged into an account of his interview with Judith Sabin, omitting only those portions of it that connected the story with Meynell. It was evident, presently, that Stephen — to the dawning triumph of his father — listened with an increasingly troubled mind. And, indeed, at the first whisper of the story there had flashed through the young man's memory the vision of Meynell arguing and expostulating on that July afternoon when he, Stephen, had spoken so confidingly, so unsuspectingly, of his love for Hester. He recalled his own amazement, his sense of shock and strangeness — what Meynell said on that occasion seemed to have so little relation to what Meynell habitually was. Meynell, for whom love, in its spiritual aspect, was the salt and significance of life, the foundation of all wisdom — Meynell on that occasion had seemed to make comparatively nothing of love! — to deny its simplest rights — to put it despotically out of count. Stephen, as he had long recognised, had been overborne and silenced by Meynell's personality rather than by Meynell's arguments — by the disabling force mainly of his own devotion to the man who bade him wait and renounce. But, in his heart, he had never quite forgiven, or understood; and for all the subsequent trouble about Hester, all his own jealousy and pain, he had not been able to prevent himself from blaming Meynell. And now — now! If this story were true, he began to understand. Poor child — poor mother! With the marriage of the child must come — he felt the logic of it — the confession of the mother. A woman like Alice Puttenham, a man like Meynell, were not likely to give Hester to her lover without telling that lover what he had a right to know. Small blame to them if they were not prepared to bring about that crisis prematurely, while Hester was still so young! It must be faced, but not, *not* till it must!

Yes, he understood. A rush of warm and pitiful love filled his heart, while his intelligence dismally accepted and endorsed the story his father was telling with that heavy, tragic touch which the son instinctively hated as insincere and theatrical.

"Now, then, perhaps," Barron wound up, "you will realise why it is I feel Meynell has acted considerately, and as any true friend of yours was bound to act. He knew — and you were ignorant. Such a marriage could not have been for your happiness, and he rightly interposed."

"What difference does it make to Hester herself!" cried Stephen hotly, "supposing the thing is true. I admit — it may be true." And, as

he spoke, a host of small confirmations came thronging into his unwilling mind. "But in any case ——"

He walked up to his father again.

"What have you done about it, father?" he said sharply. "I suppose you went to Meynell at once."

Barron smiled, with a lift of the eyebrows. He knocked off the end of his cigarette, and paused.

"Of course you have seen Meynell?" Stephen repeated.

"No, I haven't."

"I should have thought that was your first duty."

"It was not easy to decide what my duty was," said Barron, with the same emphasis,— "not at all easy."

"What do you mean, father? There seems to be something more behind. If there is, considering my feeling for Hester, it seems to me that, having told me so much, you are bound to tell me *all* you know. Remember — this story concerns the girl I love!"

Passion and pain spoke in the young man's voice. His father looked at him with an involuntary sympathy.

"I know. I am very sorry for you. But it concerns other people also."

"What is known of the father?" said Stephen abruptly.

"Ah, that is the point!" said Barron, making an abstracted face.

"It is a question to which I am surely entitled to have an answer!"

"I am not sure that I can give it you. I can tell you, of course, what the view of Judith Sabin was — what the facts seem to point to. But — in any case, whether I believed Judith Sabin or no, I should not have said a word to you on the subject but for the circumstance that — unfortunately — there are other people in the case."

Whereupon — watching his son carefully — Barron repeated the story that he had already given to Flaxman.

The effect upon Meynell's young disciple and worshipper may be imagined. He grew deadly pale, and then red; choked with indignant scorn; and could scarcely bring himself to listen at all, after he had once gathered the real gist of what his father was saying.

Yet, by this time, the story was much better worth listening to than it had been when Barron had first presented it to Flaxman. By dint of much brooding, and under the influence of an angry obstinacy that must have its prey, Barron had made it a good deal more plausible than it had been to begin with, and would, no doubt, make it more plausible still. He had brought in, by now, a variety of small local observations bearing on the relations between the three figures in the drama — Hester, Alice Puttenham, Meynell — which Stephen must and did often recognise as true and telling. It was true that there was much friction and difference between Hester and the Fox-Wilson family; that Alice Puttenham's position and personality had always teased the curiosity of the neighbourhood; that the terms of Sir Ralph's will were perplexing; and that Meynell was Hester's guardian in a special sense, a fact for which there was no obvious explanation. It was true, also, that there emerged at times a singular likeness in Hester's beauty — a likeness of expression and gesture — to the blunt and powerful aspect of the Rector. . . .

And yet! Did his father believe, for a moment, the preposterous things he was saying? The young man sharpened his wits as far as possible for Hester's and his friend's sake, and came presently to the conclusion that it was one of those violent, intermittent half-beliefs which, in the service of hatred and party spirit, can be just as effective and dangerous as any other. And when the circumstantial argument passed presently into the psychological — even the theological — this became the more evident.

For, in order to explain to himself and others how Meynell could possibly have behaved in a fashion so villainous, Barron had invented a whole psychological sequence. He was prepared to show in detail how the thing had probably evolved — to trace the processes of Meynell's mind. The sin once sinned, what more natural than Meynell's proceeding? Marriage would not have mended the disgrace or averted the practical consequences of the intrigue. He certainly could not have kept his living had the facts been known. On the one hand, his poverty — his brothers to educate, his benefice to be saved. On the other, the natural desire of the Fox-Wilsons and of Alice Puttenham to conceal everything that had occurred. The sophistries of love would come in — repentance, the desire to make a fresh start, to protect the woman he had sacrificed.

And all that might have availed him against sin and temptation, a steadfast Christian faith, was already deserting him, must have been already undermined. What was there to wonder at? What was there incredible in the story? The human heart was corrupt and desperately wicked; and nothing stood between any man, however apparently holy, and moral catastrophe, except the grace of God.

Stephen bore the long, incredible harangue as best he could, for Meynell's sake. He sat with

his face turned away from his father, his hand closing and unclosing on his knee, his nerves quivering under the exasperation of his father's monstrous premises and still more monstrous deductions. At the end he faced round abruptly.

"I do not wish to offend you, father, but I had better say at once that I do not accept, for a single instant, your arguments or your conclusion. I am positive that the facts, whatever they may be, are *not* what you suppose them to be! I say that, to begin with. But now the question is, what to do? You say there are anonymous letters about. That decides it. It is clear that you must go to Meynell at once! And, if you do not, I must."

Barron's look flashed.

"You gave me your promise," he said imperiously, "before I told you this story, that you would not communicate it without my permission. I withhold the permission."

"Then you must go yourself," said the young man vehemently. "You must!"

"I am not altogether unwilling to go," said Barron slowly. "But I shall choose my own time."

And, as he raised his cold eyes upon his son, it pleased his spirit of intrigue, and of domination through intrigue, that he had already received a letter from Flaxman giving precisely opposite advice, and did not intend to tell Stephen anything about it. Stephen's impulsive candour, however, appealed to him much more than Flaxman's reticence. It would, indeed, be physically and morally impossible for him — anonymous letters or no — to lock the scandal much longer within his own breast. It had become a living and burning thing — like some wild creature straining at a leash.

A little while later Stephen found himself alone. He believed himself to have got an undertaking from his father that Meynell should be communicated with promptly — perhaps that very evening. But the terms of the promise were not very clear, and the young man's mind was full of a seething wrath and unhappiness. If the story were true, so far as Hester and her unacknowledged mother were concerned — and, as we have seen, there was that in his long and intimate knowledge of Hester's situation, which, as he listened, suddenly fused and flashed in a most unwilling conviction — then what dire, what pitiful need, on their part, of protection and of help! If, indeed, any friendly consideration for him, Stephen, had entered into Meynell's conduct, the young man angrily resented the fact.

He paced up and down the library for a time, divided thus between a fierce contempt for Meynell's slanderers and a passionate pity for Hester.

His father had gone to Markborough. Theresa was, he believed, in the garden, giving orders. Presently the clock on the bookcase struck three, and Stephen awoke, with a start, to the engagements of the day.

He was in the act of opening the library door when he suddenly remembered: Maurice!

He blamed himself for not having remembered earlier that Maurice was at home — for not having asked his father about him. He went to look for him, could not find him in any of the sitting-rooms, and finally mounted to the second-floor bedroom that had always been his brother's.

"Maurice!" He knocked. No answer; but there was a hurried movement inside, and something that sounded like the opening of a drawer.

He called again, and tried the door. It was locked. But, after further shuffling inside, as if some one were handling papers, it was thrown open.

"Well, Maurice, I hope I haven't disturbed you in anything very important. I thought I must come and have a look at you. Are you all right?"

"Come in, old fellow," said Maurice, with affected warmth. "I was only writing a few letters. No room for anybody downstairs but the pater and Theresa, so I have to retreat up here."

"And lock yourself in?" said Stephen, laughing. "Any secrets going?" And, as he took a seat on the edge of the bed, while Maurice returned to his chair, he could not prevent himself from looking with a certain keen scrutiny both at the room and his younger brother.

He and Maurice had never been friends. There was a gap of nearly ten years between them, and certain radical and profound differences of temperament. And these differences nature had expressed, with an entire absence of subtlety, in their physique — in the slender fairness and wholesomeness of Stephen as contrasted with the sallowness, the stoop, the thin black hair, the furtive, excitable look of Maurice.

"Getting on well with your new work?" he asked, as he took unwilling note of the half-consumed brandy-and-soda on the table, of the saucer of cigarette ends beside it, and the general untidiness and stuffiness of the room.

"Not bad," said Maurice, resuming his cigarette.

"What is it?"

"An agency; one of these new phonographs — Yankee, of course. I manage the office. A lot of cads — but I make 'em sit up."

And he launched into boasting of his success in the business — the orders he had secured, the

economies he had brought about in the office. Stephen found himself wondering, meanwhile, what kind of a business it could be that entrusted its affairs to Maurice. But he betrayed no scepticism, and the two talked in more or less brotherly fashion for a few minutes, till Stephen, with a look at his watch, declared that he must find his horse and go.

"I thought you were only coming for the week-end," he said, as he moved towards the door.

"I got seedy — and took a week off. Besides, I found pater in such a stew."

Stephen hesitated.

"About the Rector?"

Maurice nodded.

"Pater is in an awful way about it. I've been trying to cheer him up. Meynell will be turned out, of course."

"Probably," said Stephen gravely. "So shall I."

"What'll you do?"

"Become a preacher somewhere — under Meynell."

The younger brother looked curiously at the elder.

"You believe in him as much as that? Father's dead set against him, and I've no use for him! Never had!"

"That's because you didn't know him," said Stephen briefly. "What did you ever have against him?"

He looked sharply at his brother. The disagreeable idea crossed his mind that his father, whose weakness for Maurice he well knew, might have told the story to the lad.

Maurice laughed, and pulled his scanty moustache as he turned away.

"Oh! I don't know — we never hit it off. My fault, of course. Ta, ta."

As Stephen rode away, he was haunted for a few minutes by some disagreeable reminiscences of a school holiday when Maurice had been discovered drunk in one of the public-houses of the village by the Rector, who had firmly dug him out and walked him home. But this recollection soon passed away under the steady assault of others far more compelling.

He took the bridle-path through Maudeley, and was presently aware, in a clearing of the wood, of the figure of Meynell in front of him.

The Rector was walking in haste, without his dogs. He was, therefore, out on business, which, indeed, was implied by the energy of his whole movement.

He looked round, frowning as Stephen overtook him.

"Is that you, Stephen? Are you going home?"

"Yes. And you?"

Meynell did not immediately reply. The autumn wood, a splendour of gold and orange leaf overhead, of red-brown leaf below, with passages here and there, where the sun struck through the beech trees, of purest lemon-yellow or intensest green, breathed and murmured round them. A light wind sang in the tree-tops, and every now and then the plain broke in, purple through the gold, with its dim colliery chimneys, its wreaths of smoke, and its paler patches that stood for farms and villages.

Meynell walked by the horse in silence for a while, till suddenly, wiping a hot brow, he turned and looked at Stephen.

"I think I shall have to tell you, Stephen, where I am going, and why," he said, eyeing the young man with a deprecating look, almost a look of remorse.

Stephen stared at him in silence.

"Flaxman walked home with me last night — came into the Rectory, and told me that yesterday he saw Meryon and Hester together in Howlett's wood — as you know, a lonely place where nobody goes. It was a great blow to me. I had every reason to believe him safely abroad. All his servants have clearly been instructed to lie. And Hester! — well, I won't trust myself to say what I think of her conduct! I went up this morning to see her — found the whole household in confusion! Nobody knew where Hester was. She had gone out immediately after breakfast, with the maid who is supposed to be always with her. Then, suddenly — about an hour later — one of the boys appeared, having seen the woman at the station — and no Hester. The woman, taken by surprise,— young Fox-Wilson just had a few words with her as the train was moving off,— confessed she was going into Markborough to meet Hester and come back with her. She didn't know where Miss Hester was. She had left her in the village and was to meet her at a shop in Markborough. After that, things began to come out. The butler told tales. The maid is clearly an unprincipled hussy, and has probably been in Meryon's pay all the time."

"Where is Hester? — where are you going to?" cried Stephen, in impatient misery, slipping from his horse, as he spoke, to walk beside the Rector.

"In my belief, she is at Sandford Abbey."

"At Sandford!" cried the young man, under his breath. "Visit that scoundrel in his own house!"

"It appears she has once or twice declared that, in spite of us all, she would go and see his house and his pictures. In my belief, she has done it this morning. It is her last chance.

We go to Paris to-morrow. However, we shall soon know."

The Rector pushed on at redoubled speed. Stephen kept up with him, his lips twitching.

"Why did you separate us!" he broke out at last, in a low, bitter voice.

And yet he knew why — or suspected! But the inner smart was so great, he could not help the reproach.

"I tried to act for the best," said Meynell, after a moment, his eyes on the ground.

Stephen watched his friend uncertainly. Again and again he was on the point of crying out:

"Tell me the truth about Hester!" — on the point, also, of warning and informing the man beside him. But he had promised his father. He held his tongue with difficulty.

When they reached the spot where Stephen's path diverged from that which led by a small bridge across the famous trout stream to Sandford Abbey, Stephen suddenly halted.

"Why shouldn't I come too? I'll wait at the lodge. She might like to ride home. She can sit anything — with any saddle. I taught her."

"Well — perhaps," said Meynell dubiously. And they went on together.

Presently Sandford Abbey emerged above the road, on a rising ground — a melancholy, dilapidated pile; and they struck into a long and neglected evergreen avenue leading up to it. At the end of the avenue there was an enclosure and a lodge, with some iron gates. A man saw them, and came out to the gate.

"Sir Philip's gone abroad, sir," he said affably, when he saw them. "Shall I take your card?"

"Thank you; I prefer to leave it at the house," said Meynell shortly, motioning to him to open the gate. The man hesitated, then obeyed. The Rector went up the drive, while Stephen turned back a little along the road, letting his horse pasture on its grassy fringe. The lodge-keeper, sulky and puzzled, watched him a few moments, and then went back into the house.

The Rector paused to reconnoitre as he came in sight of the house. It was a strange, desolate, yet most romantic spot. Although, seen from the road and the stream, it seemed to stand on an eminence, it was really at the bottom of a hill that encircled it on three sides; and what with its own dilapidation, its broken fences and gates, the trees that crowded about it, and the large green-grown pond in front of it, it produced a dank and sinister impression. The centre of the building, which had evidently been rebuilt about 1700, to judge from its rose-red brick, its French classical lunettes, its pedimented doors and windows, and its fine *perron*, was clearly the inhabited portion of the building. The two wings of much earlier date, remains of the old Abbey, were falling into ruin. In front of one a garage had evidently been recently made, and a motor was standing at its door. To the left of the approaching spectator was a small deserted church, of the same date as the central portion of the Abbey, with twin busts of William and Mary still inhabiting a niche above the classical entrance, and marking the triumph of the Protestant succession over the crumbling buildings of the earlier faith. The windows of the church were boarded up, and a few tottering tombstones surrounded it.

No sign of human habitation appeared as the Rector walked up to the door. A bright sunshine played on the crumbling brick, the small-paned windows, the touches of gilding in the railings of the *perron;* and on the slimy pond a few ducks moved to and fro, in front of a grass-grown sun-dial. Meynell walked up to the door and rang.

The sound of the bell echoed through the house behind, but, for a while, no one came. One of the lunette windows under the roof opened overhead, and, after another pause, the door was slowly opened a few inches by a man in a slovenly footman's jacket.

"Very sorry, sir, but Sir Philip is not at home."

"When did he leave?"

"The end of last week, sir," said the man, with a jaunty air.

"That, I think, is not so," said Meynell sternly. "I shall not trouble you to take my card."

The youth's expression changed. He stood silent and sheepish, while Meynell considered a moment, on the steps.

Suddenly a sound of voices from a distance became audible through the grudgingly opened door. It appeared to come from the back of the house. The man looked behind him, his mouth twitching with repressed laughter. Meynell ran down the steps and turned to the left, where a door led through a curtain-wall to the garden. Meanwhile the house door was hastily banged behind him.

"Uncle Richard!"

Behind the house, Meynell came upon the persons he sought. In an overgrown formal garden, full of sun, he perceived an old stone bench under an overhanging yew. Upon it sat Hester, bareheaded, the golden masses of her hair shining against the blackness of the tree. Don mounted guard beside her, his nose upon her lap; and on a garden-chair in front of her lounged Philip Meryon, smoking and chatting.

At sight of Meynell they both sprang to their feet. Don growled at first, and then, as soon as he recognised Meynell, wagged his tail. Philip, with a swaying step, advanced towards the newcomer, cigar in hand.

"How do you do, Richard! It is not often you honour me with a visit."

For a moment Meynell looked from one to the other in silence.

And they, whether they would or no, could not but feel the power of the rugged figure in the short clerical coat and wide-awake, and of the searching look with which he regarded them. Hester nervously began to put on her hat. Philip threw away his cigar, and braced himself angrily.

"Your mother has been anxious about you, Hester," said Meynell, at last. "And I have come to bring you home."

Then, turning to Meryon, he said: "With you, Philip, I will reckon later on. The lies you have instructed your servants to tell are a sufficient indication that you are ashamed of your behaviour. This young lady is under age. Her mother and I, who are her lawful guardians, forbid her acquaintance with you."

"By what authority, I should like to know?" said Philip sneeringly. "Hester is not a child — nor am I."

"All that we will discuss when we meet," said the Rector. "I propose to call upon you after breakfast to-morrow."

"This time you may really find me fled," laughed Philip insolently. But he had turned white.

Meynell made no reply. He went to Hester, and, lifting the girl's silk cape, which had fallen off, he put it round her shoulders. He felt them trembling. But she looked at him fiercely, put him aside, and ran to Meryon.

"Good-bye, Philip, good-bye — it won't be for long!"

And she held out her two hands — pleadingly. Meryon took them, and they stared at each other — while the Rector was conscious of a flash of dismay.

What if there was now more in the business than mere mischief and wantonness? Hester was surprisingly lovely, with this touching, tremulous look, so new and, to the Rector, so intolerable!

"I must ask you to come at once," he said, walking up to her; and the girl, with compressed lips, dropped Meryon's hands and obeyed.

Meryon walked beside them to the garden door, very pale, and breathing quick.

"You can't separate us," he said to Meynell, "though, of course, you'll try. Hester, don't believe anything he tells you — till I confirm it."

"Not I!" she said proudly.

Meynell led her through the door, and then, turning peremptorily, desired Meryon not to follow them. Philip hesitated, and yielded. He stood in the doorway, his hands in his pockets, watching them, a splendid figure, with his melodramatic good looks and vivid colour.

XIV

HESTER and Meynell walked down the avenue side by side. Behind them, the lunette window under the roof opened again, and a woman's face, framed in tousled black hair, looked out, grinned, and disappeared.

Hester carried her head high, a scornful defiance breathing from the flushed cheeks and tightened lips. Meynell made no attempt at conversation till, just as they were nearing the lodge, he said: "We shall find Stephen a little farther on. He was riding, and thought you might like his horse to give you a lift home."

"Oh, a *plot!*" cried Hester, raising her chin still higher, "and Stephen in it too! Well, really, I shouldn't have thought it was worth anybody's while to spy upon my very insignificant proceedings like this. What does it matter to him, or you, or any one else, what I do?"

She turned her beautiful eyes — tragically wide and haughty — upon her companion. There was absurdity in her pose, and yet, as Meynell uncomfortably recognised, a new touch of something passionate and real.

The Rector made no reply, for they were at the turn of the road, and beyond it Stephen and his horse were to be seen waiting.

Stephen came to meet them, the bridle over his arm.

"Hester, wouldn't you like my horse? It is a long way home. I can send for it later."

She looked proudly from one to the other. Her colour had suddenly faded, and from the pallor the firm yet delicate lines of the features emerged with unusual emphasis.

"I think you had better accept," said Meynell gently. As he looked at her, he wondered whether she might not faint on their hands with anger and excitement. But she controlled herself, and, as Stephen brought the brown mare alongside and held out his hand, she put her foot in it, and he swung her to the saddle.

"I don't want both of you," she said passionately. "One warder is enough!"

"Hester!" cried Stephen reproachfully. Then he added, trying to smile: "I am going into Markborough. Any commission?"

Hester disdained to answer. She gathered up the reins and set the horse in motion. Stephen's

way lay with them for a hundred yards. He tried to make a little indifferent conversation, but neither Meynell nor Hester replied. Where the lane they had been following joined the Markborough road, he paused to take his leave of them; and, as he did so, he saw his two companions brought together, as it were, into a common picture by the overcircling shade of the autumnal trees which hung over the road; and he perceived as he had never done before the strange likeness between them. Perplexity, love, despairing and jealous love; a passionate championship of the beauty which seemed to him outraged and insulted by the common talk and speculation of indifferent and unfriendly mouths; an earnest desire to know the truth, and the whole truth, that he might the better prove his love and defend his friend; and a dismal certainty through it all that Hester had been finally snatched from him — these conflicting feelings very nearly overpowered him. It was all he could do to take a calm farewell of them. Hester's eyes, under their fierce brows, followed him along the road.

Meanwhile she and Meynell turned into a bridle-path through the woods. Hester sat erect, her slender body adjusting itself with unconscious grace to the quiet movements of the horse, which Meynell was leading. Overhead the October day was beginning to darken, and the yellow leaves, shaken by occasional gusts, were drifting mistily down on Hester's hair and dress, and on the glossy flanks of the mare.

At last Meynell looked up. There was intense feeling in his face — a deep and troubled tenderness.

"Hester! — is there no way in which I can convince you that if you go on as you have been doing — deceiving your best friends, and letting this man persuade you into secret meetings — you will bring disgrace on yourself and sorrow on us? A few more escapades like to-day's, and we might not be able to save you from disgrace."

He looked at her searchingly.

"I am going to choose for myself!" said Hester, after a moment, in a low, resolute voice. "I am not going to sacrifice my life to anybody."

"You *will* sacrifice it if you go on flirting with this man — if you will not believe me, who am his kinsman and have no interest whatever in blackening his character, when I tell you that he is a bad man, corrupted by low living and self-indulgence, with whom no girl should trust herself. The action you have taken to-day, your deliberate defiance of us all, make it necessary that I should speak in even plainer terms to you than I have done yet — that I should warn you, as roughly as I can, that by allowing this man to make love to you, perhaps to propose a runaway match to you — how do I know what villainy he may have been proposing? — you are running risks of utter disaster and disgrace."

"Perhaps. That is my affair."

The girl's voice shook with excitement.

"No! — it is not your affair only. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself! It is the affair of all those who love you — of your family, of your poor Aunt Alice, who cannot sleep for grieving ——"

Hester raised her free hand and angrily pushed back the masses of fair hair that were falling about her face.

"What is the good of talking about love, Uncle Richard?" She spoke with a passionate impatience. "You know very well that *nobody* at home loves me! Why should we all be hypocrites? I have got, I tell you, to look after *myself* — to plan my life for myself! My mother can't help it if she doesn't love me. I don't complain, but I do think it a shame you should say she does when you know — know — *know* — she doesn't! My sisters and brothers just dislike me — that's all there is in that! All my life I've known it — I've felt it. Why, when I was a baby they never played with me — they never made a pet of me — they wouldn't have me in their games. My father positively disliked me. Whenever the nurse brought me downstairs, he used to call to her to take me up again. Oh, how tired I got of the nursery! I hated it. I hated nurse; I hated all the old toys — for I never had any new ones. Do you remember"— she turned on him —"that day when I set fire to all the clean clothes that were airing before the fire?"

"Perfectly!" said the Rector, with an involuntary smile that relaxed the pale gravity of his face.

"I did it because I hadn't been downstairs for three nights. I might have been dead, for all anybody cared. Then I was determined they should care — and I got hold of the matches. I thought the clothes would burn first, and then my starched frock would catch fire, and then — everybody would be sorry for me at last. But, unfortunately, I got frightened, and ran up the passage screaming. Silly little fool! That might have made an end of it — once for all ——"

Meynell interrupted.

"And after it," he said, looking her in the eyes, "when the fuss was over, I remember seeing you in Aunt Alsie's arms. Have you forgotten how she cried over you, and defended you — and begged you off? You were ill from the excitement. She took you off to the cottage and nursed you till you were well again and it had all blown over — as she did again and again

afterwards. Have you forgotten *that* — when you say that no one loved you?"

He turned upon her with that bright, penetrating look, with its touch of accusing sarcasm, which had so often given him the mastery over erring souls. For Meynell had the pastoral gift almost in perfection — the courage, the ethical self-confidence, and the instinctive tenderness that belong to it. The certitudes of his mind were all ethical; and in this region he might have said, with Newman, that "a thousand difficulties cannot make one doubt."

Hester had often yielded to this power of his in the past, and it was evident that she trembled under it now. To hide it, she turned upon him with fresh anger:

"No, I haven't forgotten it! — and I'm *not* an ungrateful fiend — though, of course, you think it. But Aunt Alsie's like all the others now. She — she's turned against me!" There was a break in the girl's voice that she tried in vain to hide.

"It isn't true, Hester; I think you know it isn't true."

"It *is* true! She has secrets from me — and when I ask her to trust me — then she treats me like a child — and shakes me off as if I were just a stranger. If she holds me at arm's length, I am not going to tell her all *my* affairs!"

The rounded bosom under the little black mantle rose and fell tumultuously, and angry tears shone in the brown eyes. Meynell had raised his head with a sudden movement, and regarded her intently.

"What secrets?"

"I found her, one day, with a picture. She was crying. It — it was some one she had been in love with; I am certain it was — a handsome, dark man. And I begged her to tell me, and she just got up and went away — so then I took my own line!"

Hester furiously dashed away the tears she had not been able to stop.

Meynell's look changed. His voice grew strangely pitiful and soft.

"Dear Hester, if you knew — you couldn't be unkind to Aunt Alice."

"Why shouldn't I know? Why am I treated like a baby?"

"There are some things too bitter to tell," he said gravely — "some griefs we have no right to meddle with. But we can heal them — or make them worse. You" — his kind eyes scourged her again — "have been making everything worse for Aunt Alsie for a long time past."

Hester shrugged her shoulders passionately, as though to repel the charge, but she said nothing. They moved on in silence for a little. In Meynell's mind there reigned a medley of feelings — tragic recollections, moral questionings, which time had never silenced, perplexity as to the present and the future, and with it all the liveliest and sorest pity for the young, childish, violent creature beside him. It was not for those who, with whatever motives, had contributed to bring her to that state and temper to strike any note of harshness.

Presently, as they neared the end of the woody path, he looked up again. He saw her sitting sullenly on the gently moving horse, a vision of beauty at bay. The sight determined him towards frankness.

"Hester! — I have told you that if you go on flirting with Philip Meryon you run the risk of disgrace and misery, because he has no conscience and no scruples, and you are ignorant and inexperienced and have no idea of the fire you are playing with. But I think I had better go further. I am going to say what you force me to say to you — young as you are. My strong belief is that Philip Meryon is either married already, or so entangled that he has no right to ask any decent woman to marry him. I have suspected it a long time. Now you force me to prove it."

Hester turned her head away.

"He told me I wasn't to believe what you said about him!" she said in her most obstinate voice.

"Very well. Then I must set about proving it at once. The reasons that make me believe it are not for your ears." Then his tone changed. "Hester — my child! You can't be in love with that fellow — that false, common fellow! You can't!"

Hester compressed her lips and would not answer. A rush of distress came over Meynell as he thought of her movement towards Philip in the garden. He gently resumed:

"Any day, now, might bring the true lover, Hester! — the man who would comfort you for all the past and show you what joy really means. Be patient, dear Hester — be patient! If you wanted to punish us for not making you happy enough, well, you have done it! But don't plunge us all into despair. And take a little thought for your old guardian, who seems to have the world on his shoulders, and yet can't sleep at nights for worriting about his ward, who won't believe a word he says and sets all his wishes at defiance."

His manner expressed a playful and reproachful affection. Their eyes met. Hester tried hard to maintain her antagonism, and he was well aware that he was but imperfectly able to gauge the conflict of forces in her mind. He resumed his pleading with her — tenderly, urgently. And at last she gave way, at least

apparently. She allowed him to lay a friendly hand on hers that held the reins, and she said, with a long, bitter breath:

"Oh, I know I'm a little beast!"

"My old-fashioned ideas don't allow me to apply that epithet to young women! But if you'll say 'I want to be friends, Uncle Richard, and I won't deceive you any more,' why, then you'll make an old fellow happy! Will you?"

Slowly she let her cold fingers slip into his warm, protecting palm as he smiled upon her. She yielded to the dignity and charm of Meynell's character, as she had done a thousand times before; but in the proud, unhappy look she bent upon him there were new and disquieting things — prophecies of the coming womanhood, not to be unravelled. Meynell pressed her hand, and put it back upon the reins with a sigh he could not repress.

He began to talk with a forced cheerfulness of their coming journey — of the French *milieu* to which she was going. Hester answered in monosyllables, every now and then, he thought, repressing a sob. And again and again the discouraging thought struck through him, "Has this fellow touched her heart?"— so strong was the impression of an emerging soul and a developing personality.

Suddenly, through the dispersing trees, a light figure came hurriedly towards them. It was Alice Puttenham. She was pale and weary, and when she saw Hester, with Meynell beside her, she gave a little cry. But Meynell, standing behind Hester, put his finger on his lips, and she controlled herself. Hester greeted her without any sign of emotion; and the three went homeward along the misty ways of the park. The sun had been swallowed up by rising fog; all colour had been sucked out of the leaves and the heather, even from the golden glades of fern. Only Hester's hair, and her white dress as she passed along, uplifted, made of her a kind of luminous wraith; and beside her, like the supports of an altar-piece, moved the two pensive figures of Meynell and Alice.

From a covert of thorn in the park, a youth, who had retreated into its shelter on their approach, watched them with malicious eyes. Another man was with him — a sheepish, red-faced person, who peered curiously at the little procession as it passed, about a hundred yards away.

"Quite a family party!" said Maurice Barron, with a laugh.

In the late evening Meynell returned to the Rectory, a wearied man, but with hours of occupation and correspondence still before him. He had left Hester with Alice Puttenham, in a state which Meynell interpreted as at once alarming and hopeful: alarming because it suggested that there might be an element of passion in what had seemed to be a mere escapade dictated by vanity and temper; and hopeful because of the emotion the girl had once or twice betrayed, for the first time in the experience of any one connected with her. When they entered Alice Puttenham's drawing-room, for instance,— for Hester had stipulated that she was not to be taken home,— Alice had thrown her arms round her, and Hester had broken suddenly into crying, a thing unheard of. Meynell, of course, had hastily disappeared.

Since then the parish had taken its toll. Visits to two or three sick people had been paid. The Rector had looked in at the schools, where a children's evening was going on, and had told the story of Aladdin with riotous success; he had taken off his coat to help in putting up decorations for an entertainment in the little Wesleyan meeting-house of corrugated iron; the parish nurse had waylaid him with reports; and he had dashed into the back parlour of an embarrassed small tradesman, in mortal fear of collapse and bankruptcy, with the offer of a loan, sternly conditional upon facing the facts and getting in an auditor. Lady Fox-Wilson, of course, had been seen, and the clamour of her most unattractive offspring allayed as much as possible. And now, emerging from this tangle of personal claims and small interests, in the silence and freedom of the night hours Meynell was free to give himself once more to the intellectual and spiritual passion of the Reform movement. His table was piled with unopened letters; on his desk lay a half-written article and two or three foreign books, the latest products of the Modernist movement abroad. His crowded, belittered room smiled upon him as he shut its door upon the outer world; for within it he lived more truly, more vividly, than anywhere else — and all the more since its threadbare carpet had been trodden by Mary Elsmere.

Yet, as he settled himself by the fire with his pipe and his letters for half an hour's ease before going to his desk, his thoughts were still full of Hester. The incurable optimism, the ready faith where his affections were concerned, which was so strong a note of his character, was busy persuading him that all would be well. At last, between them, they had made an impression on the poor child; and as for Philip, he should be dealt with this time with a proper disregard of either his own or his servants' lying. Hester was now to spend some months with a charming and cultivated French family. Plenty of occupation, plenty of amusement, plenty of appeal to her intelligence. Then, perhaps, travel for a

couple of years, with Aunt Alice — as much separation as possible, anyway, from the Northleigh family and house. Alice was not rich, but she could manage as much as that, if he advised it, and he would advise it. Then, with her twenty-first year, the crisis must be met and the child must know! Lovers would be a difficulty then, as now; but it would be a cold-blooded lover that would weigh her story against her face.

Yet, comfort himself as he would, dream as he would, Meynell's conscience was always sore for Hester. Had they done right — or hideously wrong? Had not the child been sacrificed to the mother? Were not all their devices a mere trifling with nature — a mere attempt to "bind the courses of Orion," with the inevitable result in Hester's unhappy childhood and perverse youth?

The Rector, as he pulled at his pipe, could still feel the fluttering of her thin hand in his. It seemed to stir in him again all the intolerable pity, the tragic horror, of the past. Poor, poor little girl! But she should be happy yet, "with rings on her fingers," and everything proper!

Then, from this fatherly and tender preoccupation he passed into a more intimate and poignant dreaming. Mary in the moonlight, under the autumn trees, was the vision that held him — varied sometimes by the consciousness of her in that very room, sitting ghostly in the chair beside him, her lovely eyes wandering over its confusion of books and papers. He thought of her exquisite neatness of dress and delicacy of movement, and smiled happily to himself. "She must have wanted to tidy up!" And he dared to dream of a day when she would come and take possession of him — books, body, and soul — and gently order his life. . . .

"Why, you rascals!" he said jealously to the dogs, "she fed you — she stroked and petted you — I know she did. Out with it! She likes dogs — you may thank your lucky stars she does!"

But they only raised their eager heads and turned their loving eyes upon him, prepared to let loose pandemonium as soon as he showed signs of moving.

"Well, you don't expect me to take you out for a walk at ten o'clock at night, do you — idiots!" he hurled at them reprovingly; and, after another moment of bright-eyed interrogation, disappointment descended, and down went their noses on their paws again.

His trust in the tender steadfastness of Mary's character made itself powerfully felt in these solitary moments. She knew that while these strenuous days were on he could allow himself no personal aims. But the knowledge that he was approved by a soul so pure and so devout had both strung up all his powers and calmed the fevers of battle. He loved his cause the more because it was ever more clear to him that she passionately loved it, too. And, sensitive and depressed as he often was,— the penalty of the optimist,— her faith in him had doubled his faith in himself.

There was a singular pleasure, also, in the link his love for her had forged between himself and Elsmere — the dead leader of an earlier generation. "Latitudinarianism is coming in upon us like a flood!" cried the *Church Times*, wringing its hands. "In other words," thought Meynell, "a New Learning is at last penetrating the minds and consciences of men — in the Church no less than out of it." And Elsmere had been one of its martyrs. Meynell thought with emotion of the emaciated form he had last seen in the thronged hall of the New Brotherhood. "*Our* venture is possible — because *you* suffered," he would say to himself, addressing not so much Elsmere as Elsmere's generation, remembering its struggles, its thwarted hopes, and starved lives.

And Elsmere's wife? — that rigid, pathetic figure, who, before he knew her in the flesh, had been to him, through the reports of many friends, a kind of legendary presence — the embodiment of the Old Faith. Meynell only knew that, as far as he was concerned, something had happened — something which he could not define. She was no longer his enemy; and he blessed her humbly in his heart. He thought also, with a curious thankfulness, of her strong and immovable convictions. Each thinking mind, as it were, carries within it its own Pageant of the Universe, and lights the show with its own passion. Not to quench the existing light in any human breast, but to kindle and quicken where no light is; to bring for ever new lamp-bearers into the Lampadephoria of life, and marshal them there in their places, on equal terms with the old, neither excluded nor excluding: this, surely, this was the ideal of Modernism.

Elsmere's widow might never admit his own claim to equal rights within the Christian society. What matter! It seemed to him that in some mysterious way she had now recognised the spiritual necessity laid upon him to fight for that claim; had admitted him, so to speak, to the rights of a belligerent. And that had made all the difference.

He did not know how it had happened. But he was strangely certain that it had happened.

But soon the short interval of rest and dream he had allowed himself was over. He turned to his writing-table.

What a medley of letters! Here was one from a clergyman in the Midlands:

"We introduced the new liturgy last Sunday, and I cannot describe the emotion, the stirring of all the dead bones, it has brought about. There has been, of course, a secession; but the church at Patten End amply provides for the seceders, and among our own people one seems to realise at last something of what the simplicity and sincerity of the first Christian feeling must have been! No 'allowances' to make for scandalous mistranslations and misquotations — no foolish legends or unedifying tales of barbarous people — no cursing psalms — no old Semitic nonsense about God resting on the seventh day, delivered in the solemn singsong which seems to make it not only nonsense but hypocrisy. . . .

"I have held both a marriage and a funeral this week under the new service-book. I think that all persons accustomed to think of what they are saying felt the strangest delight and relief in the disappea ance of the old marriage service. It was like the dropping of a weight to which our shoulders had become so accustomed that we hardly realised it till it was gone. Instead of pompous and futile absurdity — as in the existing exhortation and homily — beautiful and dignified quotation from the unused treasures of the Bible. Instead of the brutal speech, the crudely physical outlook of an earlier day, the just reticence and nobler perceptions of our own, combined with perfectly plain and tender statement as to the founding of the home and the family. Instead of besmirching bits of primitive and ugly legend, like the solemn introduction of Adam's rib, in the prayers, a few new prayers of great beauty. Some day you must tell me who wrote them, for I suppose you know? — (and, by the way, why should we not write as good prayers to-day as in any age of the Christian Church?) Instead of the old 'obey' for the woman, which has had such a definitely debasing effect, as I believe, on the position of women, especially in the working classes — a formula, only slightly altered, but the same for the man and the woman. . . . In short, a seemly, and beautiful, and moving thing, instead of a ceremony which, in spite of its few fine, even majestic elements, had become an offence and a scandal. All the fine elements have been kept and only the scandal amended. Why was it not done long ago?

"Then, as to the burial service. The Corinthian chapter stripped of its arguments which are dead, and confined to its cries of poetry and faith which are immortal, made a new and thrilling impression. I confess I thought I should have broken my heart over the omission of 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'; and yet, now that it is gone, there is a sense of moral exhilaration in having let it go! One knew all the time that whoever wrote the poem of Job neither said what he was made to say in the famous passage, nor meant what he was supposed to mean. One was perfectly aware, from one's Oxford days, as the choir chanted the great words, that they were a flagrant mistranslation of a corrupt and probably interpolated passage. And yet, the glory of Handel's music, the glamour of association, overcame one. But now that it is cut ruthlessly away from those moments in life when man can least afford any make-believe with himself or his fellows — now that music alone declaims and fathers it — there is the strangest relief! One feels, as I have said, the joy that comes from something difficult and righteous *done* — in spite of everything!

"I could go on for hours telling you these very simple and obvious things which must be so familiar to you. To me the amazement of this movement is that it has taken so long to come. We have groaned under the oppression of what we have now thrown off, so long and so hopelessly; the Revision that the High-Churchmen made such a bother about a few years ago came to so little; that now, to see this thing spreading like a great springtide over the face of England is marvellous indeed! And when one knows what it means — no mere liturgical change, no mere lopping off here and changing there, but a transformation of the root ideas of Christianity; a transference of its whole proof and evidence from the outward to the inward field, and therewith the uprush of a certainty and joy unknown to our modern life — one can but bow one's head, as those that hear mysterious voices on the wind.

"For so into the temple of man's spirit, age by age, comes the renewing Master of man's life — and makes His tabernacle with man. 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.'"

Meynell bowed his head upon his hands. The pulse of hope and passion in the letter was almost overpowering. It came, he knew, from an elderly man, broken by many troubles, and tormented by arthritis, yet a true saint and at times a great preacher.

The next letter he opened came from a priest in the diocese of Aix:

"The effect of the various encyclicals and of the ill-advised attempt to make both clergy and

laity sign the Modernist decrees has had a prodigious effect all over France — precisely in the opposite sense to that desired by Pius X. The spread of the movement is really amazing. Fifteen years ago I remember hearing a French critic say — Edmond Schérer, I think, the successor of Sainte-Beuve: 'The Catholics have not a single intellectual of any eminence — and it is a misfortune for *us*, the Liberals. We have nothing to fight — we seem to be beating the air.'

"Schérer could not have said this to-day. There are Catholics everywhere — in the University, the École Normale, the front ranks of literature. But, with few exceptions, *they are all Modernist;* they have thrown overboard the whole *fatras* of legend and tradition. Christianity has become to them a symbolical and spiritual religion, not only personally important and efficacious, but of enormous significance from the national point of view. But, as you know, *we* do not at present aspire to outward or ceremonial changes. We are quite content to leaven the meal from within; to uphold the absolute right and necessity of the two languages in Christianity — the popular and the scientific, the mythological and the mystical. If the Pope could have his way, Catholicism would soon be at an end — except as a peasant-cult — in the Latin countries. But, thank God, he will not have his way. One hears of a Modernist freemasonry among the Italian clergy — of a secret press — an enthusiasm like that of the Carboneria in the '40's. So the spirit of the Most High blows among the dead clods of the world — and, in a moment, the harvest is there!"

Meynell let the paper drop. He began to write, and he wrote without stopping, with great ease and inspiration, for nearly two hours. Then, as midnight struck, he put down his pen and gazed into the dying fire. He felt as Wordsworth's skater felt on Esthwaite, when, at a sudden pause, the mountains and cliffs seemed to whirl past him in a vast headlong procession. So it was, in Meynell's mind, with thoughts and ideas. Gradually they calmed and slackened, till at last they passed into an abstraction and ecstasy of prayer.

When he rose, the night had grown very cold. He hurriedly put his papers in order before going to bed, and, as he did so, he perceived two unopened letters which had been overlooked.

One was from Hugh Flaxman, communicating the news of the loss of two valuable gold coins from the collection exhibited at the party: "We are all in tribulation. I wonder whether you can remember seeing them when you were talking there with Norham? One was a gold stater of Velia with a head of Athene."

The other letter was addressed in Henry Barron's handwriting. Meynell looked at it in some surprise as he opened it, for there had been no communication between him and the White House for a long time.

"I should be glad if you could make it convenient to see me to-morrow morning. I wish to speak with you on a personal matter of some importance — of which I do not think you should remain in ignorance. Will it suit you if I come at eleven-thirty?"

Meynell stood motionless. But the mind reacted in a flash. He thought:

"*Now* I shall know what she told him in those two hours!"

TO BE CONTINUED

UNDER THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

I LOVE the massed humanity, each curious wrinkled face
Of this crude helter-skelter market-place
Beneath the huge abutments of the bridge.

In the vast cluttered twilight of the piers
The shiny heaps of horrible fishes lie,
Each with an opaline leer in his flat eye.
How adamant their courage who take and touch
These limp, long monsters of the slimy smutch!

The ancient women have abundant wit,
And like staunch bales they plant their knees and sit.
Frilled femininity — what do they know of it?
They shake their cotton stuffs, and woe, say I,
To him who lingers, lingering not to buy!

There stride two Russians in tall furzy caps;
They wore them on the frozen steppes, perhaps.
Now by the East River in the grotesque dark,
They wear them still, distinguished, passionate, stark,

In this gross nether circle, full of red-rimmed eyes,
Of fins and smutty wings and harpy cries,
Where these two bushy bonneted black kings
Rule the grim realm of startling under-things.

Such epic arms, such Chaldee length of beard,
And the wolf-glare of men in tyranny reared.
Always the colloquial frenzy of these folk
Seems murderous, such the madness of their croak
In the fierce tongue their Slav forefathers spoke.
Absorbed they with the solemn primitive greed
That spurs us all, each soul unto his need.